

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

THE MOUNTAIN-REGION OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IT is safe to assert that there is no part of that vast extent of country, which lies between the St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico, that is so

With the majority, this ignorance will probably continue so long as palace-cars do not penetrate into the country, and hotels with all the luxuries of civ-



LOOKOUT POINT.

slightly known, and so little appreciated, as the mountain-region of North Carolina. While the White Mountains and the Adirondacks are yearly thronged with tourists, and the mountains of Virginia have been for half a century known to pleasure-seekers, these wild and beautiful highlands are to-day less visited, less written of, and less talked of, than the defiles of the Sierra Nevada and the peaks of the Rocky Mountains. Comparatively speaking, indeed, there are few persons who are even aware that the grandest scenery east of the Mississippi is to be found where the great Appalachian system reaches its loftiest altitude, in North Carolina.

ilization are not to be found there. But to those who love Nature well enough to be able to endure some inconvenience in order to behold her in her most enchanting phases; to those who have any desire to enter a land where the manners, customs, and traditions of by-gone generations still linger; to those, above all, who can feel the loveliness of pas-

toral valleys, and the grandeur of cloud-girdled peaks, and who appreciate these things the more for a spice of difficulty and adventure, Western North Carolina offers a most attractive field, and is, after all (even from a nineteenth-century point of view), very easy of access.

Geographically considered, no one can fail to perceive the incomparable advantages of the region. Touching Virginia with its upper corner, and Georgia with its lower, bounded by Tennessee and South Carolina, this table-land possesses a climate which cannot be equaled in the Atlantic States. Its height—"for," says an excellent authority on the subject, "nineteen-twentieths of the land is found between the elevations of eighteen hundred and thirty-five hundred feet above the ocean"—renders the atmosphere delightfully pure and bracing, while its southern latitude preserves it from harshness. It is at once invigorating and balmy, cool in summer, yet so mild in winter that it is very unusual for the ground to be covered with snow for a week at a time. Especially in the valleys, sheltered by the lofty mountain-chains, there is an equability of temperature so remarkable that it does not require the gift of prophecy to foresee that the country must in time become the greatest health-resort on the eastern slope of the continent.

That it has not already become so can only be attributed to the fact that it is still very much a *terra incognita* to invalids and tourists. Asheville and the Warm Springs enjoy a certain measure of fame—the first having of late come prominently into notice as a place of residences for consumptives; the last having for fifty or more years possessed in the Southern States a wide popularity as a watering-place. Situated within three miles of the Tennessee border, on the banks of the rushing French Broad, where that river cuts its way through the Smoky Mountains, these healing springs are peculiarly accessible from the Gulf States. Mobile and New Orleans, as well as Nashville and Memphis, send representatives here every summer, who form a very agreeable society; but they are, as a rule, people who like the gay routine of watering-place life, and who rarely penetrate into the mountains, though the scenes of wild loveliness around might allure them to farther quest of the treasures which Nature hides in the folds of the great hills. On the high plateau of Henderson County another place of noted resort is found at Flat Rock, where, long before the war, a number of wealthy planters from the sea-coast of South Carolina erected summer residences, and where their beautiful homes still form a delightful neighborhood.

Within these limits Western Carolina may be said to be known—partially, at least—but beyond them lies county after county, rich in the most wonderful gifts of Nature, of which even Carolinians—"I speak this to their shame"—know less than they know of the Alps or the Yosemite. Let us take a glance at the map, to assist us in forming some idea of the extent of the region. We perceive that it is encircled by two great mountain-chains—the

Blue Ridge forming its eastern boundary, the Great Smoky the western—within which lies an elevated land, two hundred and fifty miles in length, with an average breadth of fifty miles. It is also traversed by cross-chains, that run directly across the country, and from which spurs of greater or lesser height lead off in all directions. Of these transverse ranges there are four—the Black, the Balsam, the Cullowhee, and Nantahala. Between each lies a region of valleys, formed by the noble rivers and their minor tributaries, where a healthful atmosphere and picturesque surroundings are combined with a soil of singular fertility.

The Blue Ridge is the natural barrier dividing the waters falling into the Atlantic Ocean from those of the Mississippi Valley, and its bold and beautiful heights are better known than the grander steepes of the western chain. It abounds in scenery of the most romantic description. The streams that burst from the brows of the mountains leap down their sides in unnumbered flashing cascades, while cliffs and palisades of rock diversify the splendid sweep of towering peaks and lofty pinnacles, where

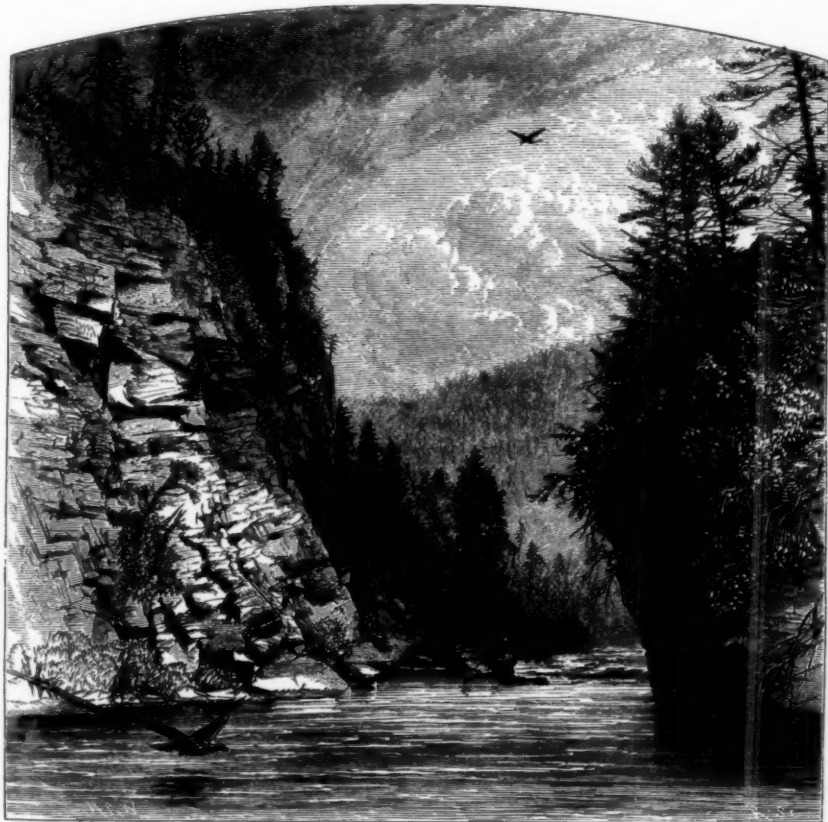
"A 'wildering forest feathers o'er
The ruined sides and summits hoar."

Especially when approached from the eastern side, the grandeur of this range is most perceptible, and along its entire course, from Virginia to Georgia, it is broken by gaps which in picturesque beauty cannot be rivaled. The most magnificent of these gateways is Hickory-Nut Gap, where for nine miles the traveler winds upward to the realm of the clouds along a narrow pass of inexpressible loveliness, hemmed before, around, and behind, by stately heights, the road no more than a shelf along the mountain-side, and far below the Broad River, whirling and foaming over its countless rocks amid a wilderness of almost tropical foliage. Then, when the top of the gap is reached—where for forty years has stood an excellent house of entertainment known as "Sherrill's"—what a view of the land which one has entered is spread unto "the fine, faint limit of the bounding day!" Mountains, mountains, and yet again mountains, fading into the enchanting softness of azure distance, with a paradise of happy valleys lying between! From crested hill to level meadow, a greenness which is like a benediction clothes all the nearer prospect, while afar the swelling heights wear tints so heavenly that no artist's pigments could reproduce them. A subtle sense of repose seems borne in every aspect of the scene. One feels that if any spot of earth holds a charm for a weary body, or disquieted spirit, that charm is here.

On the western side of this "land of the sky" runs the chain of the Great Smoky—comprising the groups of the Iron, the Unaka, and the Roan Mountains—which, from its massiveness of form and general elevation, is the master-chain of the whole Alleghany range. Though its highest summits are a few feet lower than the peaks of the Black Mountain, it presents a continuous series of high peaks which nearly approach that altitude—its culminating

point, Clingman's Dome, rising to the height of six thousand six hundred and sixty feet. Though its magnitude is much greater than that of the Blue Ridge, this range is cut at various points by the mountain-rivers, which with resistless impetuosity tear their way through the heart of its superb heights in gorges of terrific grandeur. Scenery grand as any which tourists cross a continent to admire is buried in these remote fastnesses, utterly unknown save to the immediate inhabitants of the country, and a few adventurous spirits who have penetrated thither. For the wild magnificence of the scenes along its water-ways, Western North Carolina cannot be surpassed. The fame of the French Broad has somewhat gone abroad, but who knows anything of the Pigeon and Tennessee, the Tuckasegee and Hiwassee? The beauties in which the lesser streams abound are scarcely heeded by the people themselves,

The most famous of the transverse ranges is that of the Black Mountain, the dominating peak of which is now well known to be the loftiest of the Atlantic summits. One is surprised to consider how long the exact height of these mountains remained undetermined, and Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, was esteemed the highest point east of the Rocky Mountains, while, in truth, not fewer than thirty peaks in North Carolina surpass it in altitude. The Black Mountain is a group of colossal heights, which attain their greatest elevation near the Blue Ridge. With its two great branches, it is more than twenty miles long, and its rugged sides are covered with a wilderness of almost inaccessible forest. Above a certain elevation, no trees are found save the balsam-fir, from the dark color of which the mountain obtains its name. It is not likely that any one who has ever crossed the Blue Ridge by Swannanoa Gap



LINVILLE RIVER.

and one finds glens in which the silver flash and rainbow-spray of tumultuous cataracts make the forest glorious, where one feels that the spot, as far as sight-seers are concerned, is virgin indeed.

will forget the first impression which the outlines of this range make on the mind. Sublimity and repose seem embodied in the sweeping lines of its massive shoulders, and its dark-blue peaks stand forth in re-

lief, if the atmosphere chances to be clear, or wear a crown of clouds if it is at all hazy. During the season, parties of excursionists constantly visit it from Asheville, ascending the highest peak, and returning within three days; but to make the acquaintance of the mountain in a satisfactory manner a longer time is required.

Nevertheless, a great deal can be seen in even one visit to the summit of Mount Mitchell; and, although nothing is more uncertain than the weather of the Black, if the visitor is fortunate enough to find a clear day, he will obtain a view which is almost boundless in extent. All Western Carolina lies spread below him, together with portions of Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, and South Carolina. He can trace across the breadth of the Old Dominion the long, undulating line of the Blue Ridge, which, entering North Carolina, passes under the Black, and thence runs southerly until it reaches South Carolina, when it turns to the west, and, making a curve, joins the Smoky near the northeast corner of Georgia. Overlooking this range, from his greater elevation, he sees every height in that part of North Carolina which lies east of it. Far away on the border of the two Carolinas stands a misty mound, which is King's Mountain, of Revolutionary fame; and from this point the eye sweeps over an illimitable expanse, returning to where the spurs of the Blue Ridge cover the counties of Rutherford, Burke, and McDowell, with a network of hills.

Chief among these is the range of the Linville Mountains, through which the Linville River forces its way in a gorge of striking grandeur. This gorge is fifteen miles in length, and the heights which overshadow it are in many places not less than two thousand feet high. The river plunges into its dark depths in a beautiful fall, and then rushes forward over a bed of rock. Cliffs worn by the ceaseless action of the water into the most fantastic shapes lean over it, detached masses of granite strew its channel, and the tumult of its fretted water only ceases when it falls now and then into crystal pools of placid gentleness. Along its course the Table-Rock rises with perpendicular face, the Hawkbill stands with curved beak of overhanging rock, and Short-off Mountain looks down on its dancing water.

Returning to the region west of the Blue Ridge, we find the Black diverging into two chains, one of which stretches northward, with a series of cone-like peaks rising along its dark crest, and ends in a majestic pyramid, while the northwestern ridge runs out toward the Smoky. Another branch is the range of Craggy, which trends southward, with its lofty peaks—the Bull's Head, the Pinnacle, and the Dome—in bold relief. This chain is noted for the pastoral character of its scenery, and the myriads of gorgeous flowers which cover its slopes. Here the rhododendron—especially its rare, crimson variety—grows to an immense size, and makes the whole range in the month of June a marvel of floral loveliness.

Northward of the Black Mountain stand two famous heights, which Professor Guyot calls "the two great pillars on both sides of the North Gate to the

high mountain-region of North Carolina." These are the Grandfather Mountain in the Blue Ridge, and the Roan Mountain in the Smoky. Both of these command a wide view, but the Roan is specially remarkable for the extent of territory which it overlooks. The traveler on its summit is always told that his gaze passes over seven States—to wit, North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina—but, since States are not laid off in different colors, like the squares of a chess-board, he may be pardoned for perceiving no great difference in the imaginary lines which divide the vast expanse. The mountain itself, and the immediate view, are better worth attention. On one side it commands the apparently infinite diversity of the North Carolina highlands, on the other the rich valley of East Tennessee and the blue chain of the Cumberland Mountains, stretching into Kentucky. Like many of the Smoky and Balsam heights, its summit is bare of timber, and forms a level, verdant prairie, ending in an abrupt precipice on the Tennessee side.

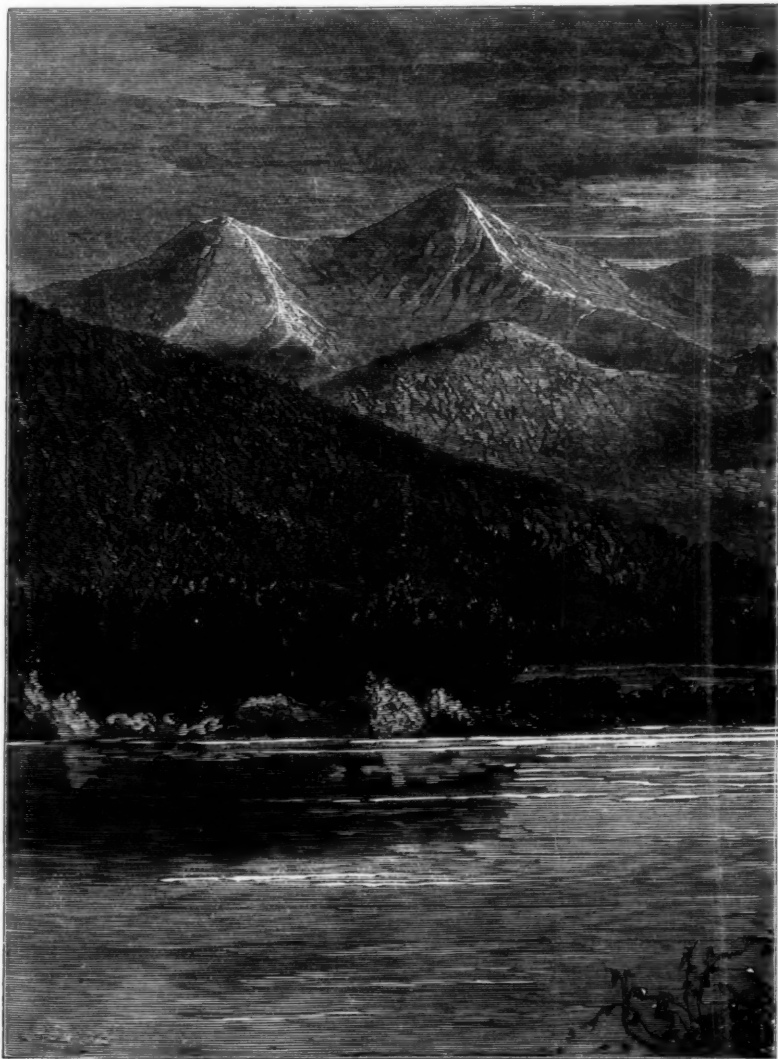
Next to the Black, in the order of transverse chains, comes the Balsam, which, in point of length and general magnitude, is chief of the cross-ranges. It is fifty miles long, and its peaks average six thousand feet; while, like the Blue Ridge, it divides all waters, and is pierced by none. From its southern extremity two great spurs run out in a northerly direction. One terminates in the Cold Mountain, which is more than six thousand feet high; the other rises into the beautiful peak of Pisgah, one of the most noted landmarks of the country. Among the mountains which, seen from Asheville, lie in blue waves against the southern horizon, this commanding pyramid stands forth most prominently, and from its symmetrical outline, not less than its eminence, attracts the eye at once. Nor does this attraction end with the first view. Its harmonious lines are a constant source of delight, and the robes of soft color which it wears are constantly changing and ever charming. To see it, as it often appears, a glorified crest of violet, against a sky divinely flushed with sunset rose and gold, is one of those pleasures which custom cannot stale.

It follows, naturally, with all who have the true spirit of mountaineering, that they desire to stand on that uplifted eminence. Those who carry this desire into effect are gratified by a view less extensive than that of the Black or the Balsam, but hardly less worth beholding. The summit of Mount Pisgah forms the corner of the counties of Buncombe, Henderson, Transylvania, and Haywood, and over the outspread face of each—broken by innumerable hill-waves and smiling valleys—the gaze passes to where the tall peaks send their greeting from the borders of South Carolina and Tennessee. Near by rise the Cold Mountain and Shining Rock, with the wooded heights of Haywood rolling downward to the fertile valley of the Pigeon—a beautiful stream, which finally cuts its way through the Smoky and joins the French Broad in Tennessee.

The course of the latter river is plainly to be

marked by its width of cultivated lowlands, as it passes through Transylvania and Henderson, to where Asheville lies, surrounded by an amphitheatre

lover of Nature should forego. I have known those who have not looked on its beauty for thirty or forty years, in whose memory still remain — fresh as if



MOUNT PISGAH.

of hills. Among these hills the river enters, and pours its current along a constantly-deepening gorge, narrow as a Western cañon, and inexpressibly grand, until it also cuts a passage through the Smoky, and reaches Tennessee. For thirty-six miles its waters well deserve their musical Cherokee name—Tah-keestee, "the Racing River"—and the splendor of their ceaseless tumult fascinates both eye and ear. A journey along this gorge is something which no

they had been seen but yesterday—the great overhanging cliffs, the verdure-clad mountains, the giant boulders that strew the channel—tokens of Titanic warfare, round which the triumphant water whirls and surges in tossing rapids—and the fairy islets which it holds in so gentle an embrace. Over the heights which hem this gorge Pisgah looks, and sees the distant mountains of Mitchell and Yancey mingling their forms and colors with the clouds.

There is a greater attraction in the unknown than in the known, however; and the traveler who has followed the French Broad to where it surges around Mountain Island and sweeps beneath Paint Rock; who has stood on the hills of Asheville, and admired the gentle loveliness of the valleys which encompass it; who has tracked the Swannanoa to its birthplace in the ice-cold springs of the Black Mountain, and climbed to the summit of that Appalachian patriarch—it is natural that such a traveler, turning his back on these places made familiar by exploration, should look with longing at the dark chain of the Balsam, forming so lofty a barrier between himself and the still wilder, still more beautiful region that lies farther westward.

If he possesses courage and resolution, if he does not shrink from trifling hardships, and if he can endure cheerfully a few inconveniences, let him resolve to scale those heights, and gaze at least upon all that lies beyond. There is very little difficulty in executing such a resolution, and nobody who can appreciate the sublime in natural scenery, or who likes the zest of adventure, will ever regret having executed it.

Should he be able to do so, let him descend Mount Pisgah on the Transylvania side, for in all this Eden of the sky there is no spot which wears the crown of sylvan beauty so peerlessly as that fair county. Other counties may boast mountains as high, and atmosphere as pure, but no other has in its aspect such a mingling of the pastoral and the grand, no other possesses such graceful alternations of landscape, which, with the strong effect of contrast, charm the beholder at once. It is with a thrill of positive rapture that one sees for the first time the matchless valley of the French Broad—serene with golden plenty, and held in the soft embrace of encircling heights. In the midst of this valley is situated the pleasant village of Brevard, where the traveler will do well to establish his headquarters. He will find most comfortable lodging and most admirable fare, together with that cordial hospitality which is ever ready to oblige the wayfarer and stranger. Should he possess that mountaineering spirit to which allusion has been made, he need not fear that time will hang heavily on his hands. There are speckled trout in the streams; there are deer in the coverts of the forests; and there are countless places of picturesque interest, many of which are within the easy range of a day's excursion.

This queen of mountain-valleys lies twenty-two hundred feet above the sea, and has at this point an average width of two miles. The three forks of the French Broad—two of which rise in the Balsam, and one in the Blue Ridge—meet at its upper end, and the united stream flows, with many a winding curve, down the emerald plain. Framing the broad fields and grassy meadows are forest-clad heights, and yet beyond rises the blue majesty of the grandest peaks in Western Carolina.

To fully appreciate the charm which fills every detail of this picture, it should be viewed from the summit of a cliff on its eastern side known as Dunn's Rock. The elevation of the hill, which rises ab-

ruptly in this castellated crag, is probably not more than five hundred feet above the level of the river; but the river is one which lingers in the memory in colors that no lapse of time can dim. While it is easy to find more extended views, it would be impossible to find one of greater fairness. The pastoral valley lies spread in smiling beauty for fifteen miles, with every curve of the river plainly to be traced throughout that length, the shining water fully revealed in many a mile of undulating stretch—no longer a coy nymph of mountain-glens, but a gracious, though capricious, queen of the sweet lowlands, carrying her crystal current in endless yet most bewitching vagaries around the fertile plantations, and trailing her silver drapery about the base of the green hills. Belts of shadowy woodlands stretch across the cultivated expanse, roads like yellow ribbons wind here and there, dwellings gleam out, half hidden in trees, and Brevard nestles at the feet of the bold elevations which rise behind it.

It is difficult to say whether the eye lingers with greatest pleasure on the idyllic softness of this scene, or on the magical distance where peak rises beyond peak until the most remote melt into blue infinity. Farthest toward the west stands the sharp crest of Chimney-Top and the massive outlines of Great Hogback—a noble mountain, deserving a better name. From these well-known summits the waving line sweeps onward in azure beauty until it culminates in the peaks of the Balsam. The loftiest of these stand in full view, together with the whole length of the range of Pisgah. Symmetrical as ever, this familiar pyramid appears, among a multitude of lesser heights, while through the soft-hued gap, where the Arcadian valley curves around Fodder-Stock Mountain, one discovers faint and far the mighty dome of the Black.

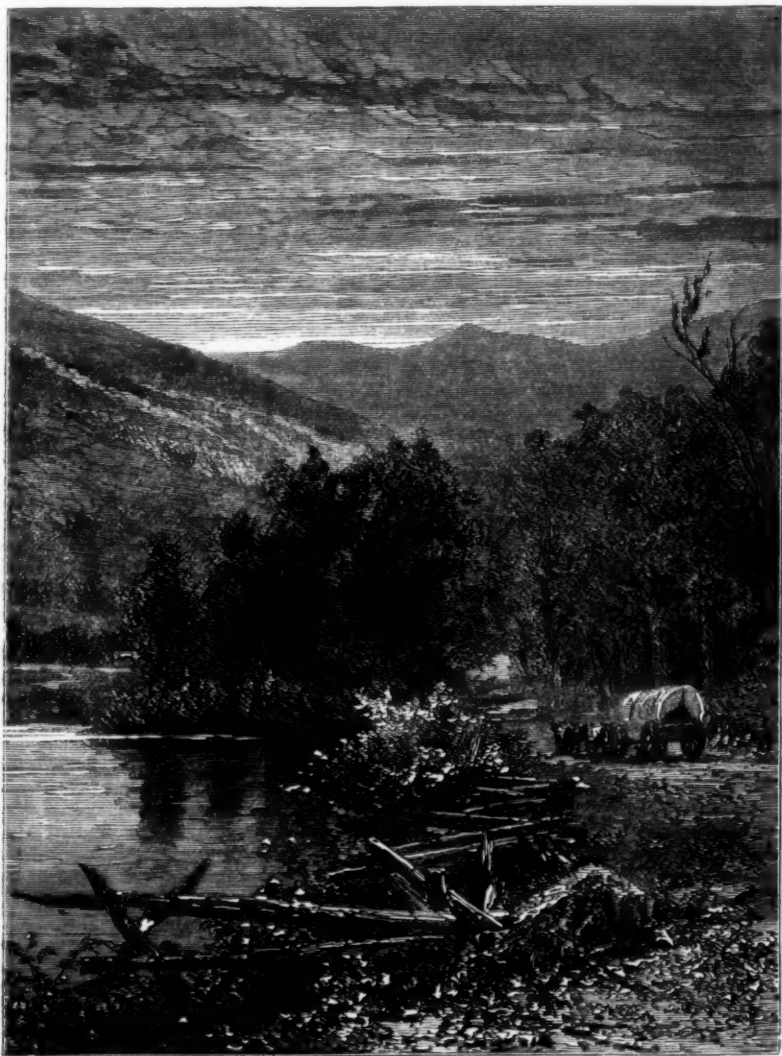
Besides Dunn's Rock, there are many other eminences around Brevard which repay a hundred-fold the exertion of ascending them; while down the glens of the hills impetuous streams come rushing in Undine-like cascades. Such are the lovely Falls of Conestee, of Looking-Glass, and Glen Cannon. Into these enchanted recesses the lances of sunlight are scarcely able to pierce to find the laughing water, so luxuriant is the forest-growth which forms depths of twilight obscurity, where ferns, and mosses, and unnumbered bright, sweet flowers flourish.

From Brevard the way to the Balsam is plain and short. Following the north fork of the French Broad into what is called the Gloucester Settlement, the traveler will find himself at the foot of this range. Here he can readily secure a guide, and make the ascent of the peaks, which attain their highest elevation at this point. Professor Guyot has recorded his opinion that, "considering these great features of physical structure" (the Balsam heights), "and the considerable elevation of the valleys which form the base of these high chains, we may say that this vast cluster of highlands between the French Broad and the Tuckasee Rivers is the culminating region of the great Appalachian system."

It is at least certain that their appearance im-

presses one with a deeper sense of grandeur and sublimity than even the Black Mountain. Immense ridges rise on all sides; lofty peaks lift their heads into the dazzling region of the upper air; escarpments of rugged rock contrast the verdure of the forest which clothes all other points; while trackless

path is a trail only visible to the eyes of a mountaineer, which plunges down precipitous hill-sides, winds along dizzy verges, where a single false step would send horse and rider crashing into the abyss below, and mounts ascents so steep that the saddles threaten to slip back over the straining animals, and a cau-



THE FRENCH BROAD.

gorges and deep chasms, where the roar of unseen cataracts alone breaks the silence of solitude, are the characteristic features of the region. Leaving the domain of Gloucester, a traveler of faint heart and wavering courage may be struck with dismay at the wildness of the scenes into which he is led. The

tious rider will look well to his girths. Knob after knob is climbed, and yet the dominating heights—as one catches glimpses of them now and then—seem far away as ever. Nevertheless, it is evident that one's labor is not in vain. The air grows more rarefied, the horizon expands, the world unrolls like an

azure scroll, and over it spreads the marvelous haze of distance.

It was the good fortune of the writer to be one of a party who made this ascent during the past summer, and it is little to say that all difficulties and perils were forgotten when we stood at last on the summit of the highest peaks, and felt that we were in the centre of the great system of diverging heights spread around us, far as the gaze could reach, to the uttermost bounds of land and sky. There is an intense exhilaration of mind and body consequent upon attaining such an elevation, and we were exceedingly fortunate in having two days of perfect weather—days of the radiant softness which only September gives.

The spot where we found ourselves was a treeless tract of several hundred acres on top of the Balsam range. The Cherokees believe that these open spaces are the footprints of the devil, made as he stepped from mountain to mountain, and this largest prairie they regard with peculiar awe as his favorite sleeping-place—probably selected because he likes now and then a complete change of climate. On maps of the State this point is marked "The Devil's Old Field," and, apart from the association with his satanic majesty, the title is not altogether inapposite. So peculiar is the appearance of these openings, where grass and bushes of all kinds flourish luxuriantly, that one is almost forced to believe that at some remote period man had his habitation here. Like the Black, the Balsam takes its name from the fir which grows upon it, but, unlike the Black, these trees, instead of covering the whole upper part of the mountain, are found only on the north side. On the southern slopes the deciduous forest grows to the summit, and there—as if a line of exact division had been drawn—the latter growth ends, and the sombre realm of the balsam begins.

Having been bold enough to pitch our camp in the midst of the Devil's Old Field, we were probably punished by finding ourselves next morning wrapped in mist at the time that we should have been witnessing the sun rise beyond a thousand peaks. By eight o'clock, however, the clouds lifted, the mist dissolved away, and seated on the rocky crest of a high knob, with air so lucid and fresh that it seemed rather of heaven than earth fanning our brows, we were truly "girdled with the gleaming world." On one side spread the scenes over which we had journeyed—every height south of the Black clearly visible, and distinctly to be identified—while on the other the country on which we had come to gaze stretched westward, until its great ridges, like giant billows, blended their sapphire outlines with the sky. Overlooking this immense territory, one felt overwhelmed by its magnitude, and the imagination vainly strove to picture the innumerable scenes of loveliness that lay below, among what seemed a very chaos of peaks, gorges, cliffs, and valleys.

That the face of this part of the country should appear especially covered with mountains, is not strange when one considers that five great ranges

traverse and surround it. Looking west from the Balsam, we saw on our left the Blue Ridge, on our right the Smoky, and in front the Cullowhee, with the Nantahala lying cloud-like in the far distance. Countless intervening chains spread over the vast scene, with graceful lines blending, and dominant points ascending, forming a whole of wondrous harmony. Near at hand the heights of the Balsam, clad in a rich plumage of forest, surrounded us in serried ranks—a succession of magnificent peaks, infinitely diversified in shape, and nearly approaching the same standard of elevation. What exquisite veils of color they drew around them, as they receded away, wrapping their mighty forms in tenderest purple and blue! The infinite majesty of the great expanse, the unutterable repose which seemed to wrap the towering summits in their eternal calm, filled the mind with delight and awe. No words seemed fitting save the exultant ones of the canticle: "O ye mountains and hills, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him forever!"

On the summit of the height where we sat, the counties of Haywood, Jackson, and Transylvania, meet. Of these Jackson is the most westwardly, and is rich in scenery of the noblest description, being bounded by the Balsam, the Blue Ridge, the Cullowhee, and Great Smoky—the innumerable spurs of which cover it in all directions. Yet here, as elsewhere, the pastoral joins hands with the rugged. These mountains are nearly all fine "ranges," where thousands of cattle are annually reared with little trouble and less expense to their owners; and through the midst of the county the wildly-beautiful Tuckasee flows. Rising in the Blue Ridge, this river forces its way through the Cullowhee Mountains in a cataract and gorge of overwhelming grandeur, and, augmented at every step by innumerable mountain-torrents, thunders, foams, and dashes over its rocky bed, until united to the Tennessee—which comes with headlong haste down from the Balsam—and, losing its name in the latter, it cuts a cañon of inexpressible majesty through the Smoky, and pours its current into the valley of East Tennessee. In Jackson, on the southern side of the Blue Ridge, the head-waters of the Savannah River also rise. The Chatoga, which washes the base of the great Whiteside Mountain, flows into Georgia, and, with the Tallulah, forms the Tugaloo, which is the main head of the Savannah.

At the southern end of this county is Cashier's Valley, famous for its salubrious climate, and so accessible from South Carolina that many gentlemen from the low-country have erected summer residences there. It is more of a table-land than a valley, lying on the side of the Blue Ridge, so near the summit that its elevation above the sea cannot be less than thirty-five hundred feet, and hemmed on all sides by splendid peaks, among which Chimney-Top stands forth conspicuously, while in full view, only four miles southwest, Whiteside lifts its shining crest, as a beacon and landmark. At this point the Cullowhee Mountains join the Blue Ridge. There are few parts of the country less visited, and

there is none that repays exploration better. Whiteside, alone, is worth traveling any distance to see, for it is undoubtedly the grandest rampart of this picturesque land. Standing more than five thousand feet above the ocean, its southeastern face is an immense precipice of white rock—the constituent parts of which are said to be quartz, feldspar, and gneiss—which, rising to the height of eighteen hundred feet, is fully two miles long, and curved so as to form part of the arc of a circle. A more imposing countenance never mountain wore, and it is impossible to say whether its sublimity strikes one most from the base or from the summit.

To reach the foot of the stupendous precipice, it is necessary to climb upward, for probably a mile, through a bewildering world of green woods and massive rocks. When one has fairly entered into these vast forests their tangled depths of sylvan shade and sheen form a region of absolute enchantment. On every side are graceful forms of trees and clusters of foliage, draping vines and delicate tendrils, velvet mosses and ferns, in plummy profusion. Starry flowers lift their sweet chalices, the massive trunks of trees "fit for the mast of some tall admiral" lie buried in verdure. Under arches of cloistral greenness the crystal streams come glancing, like—

" . . . a naiad's silvery feet
In quick and coy retreat,"

and the music of their swiftly-flowing water alone breaks the woodland stillness. Through such scenes one ascends to the mighty cliffs of Whiteside, and pauses beneath them with a sense of amazement and awe. The first precipice rises six or seven hundred feet in sparkling whiteness, with an outward inclination of probably sixty feet. At one or two points it is practicable for an expert climber to scale this cliff, and stand on the second and even grander ledge. From this shelf—where a narrow belt of trees runs, presenting from a distance the appearance of a verdant zone across the mountain's side—the higher precipice rises in majestic ascent for more than a thousand feet. It is not altogether smooth of surface—as one fancies when approaching it—but is worn by the great forces of Nature, concerning which we can only vaguely conjecture, into numerous escarpments of wild and inexpressibly picturesque form. Cave-like recesses abound, and the largest of these is known as "the Devil's Supreme Court-House." It is an enormous cavity in the face of the precipice, where, according to Cherokee tradition, the prince of the powers of darkness will on the day of doom erect his throne, and try all spirits who fall under his jurisdiction. The approach to it is along a ledge so narrow and dangerous that few people are sufficiently cool of head and steady of nerve to dare its passage. Pending the session of the court the cave is a favorite haunt of the bears which still abound in the neighborhood. Hunters sometimes go thither to seek them; but there is a story told of one hunter which might dissuade others from undertaking such an expedition. This man, hoping to find a bear in the cave, was proceeding cautiously



CLIFFS ON THE FRENCH BROAD.

along the ledge which led to it, when he suddenly, to his dismay, found the bear sooner than he wanted him. Bruin had left the cave, and was leisurely taking *his* way along the narrow shelf, when he, too, was unpleasantly surprised by the appearance of a man in his path. Both came to a dead halt. To the hunter it was a moment of trying anxiety. To turn was impossible, even if it would not have been ill-advised to do so. He had his gun, but dared not fire, for fear of only wounding the animal, and thereby rendering it desperate. Fortunately, it was one

the infinite beauty of the prospect thrills one like noble music. The smiling valleys and green depths of forest far below, the azure fairness of distant heights, the misty sweep of ocean-like plains, the fleecy clouds which drift across the radiating sky—all combine to awaken emotions of absolute ecstasy. "From the orient to the drooping west," mountains on mountains rise, cloud-girt, blue-robed, soft as the hills of paradise. Southward the plains of South Carolina fade away into glimmering haze, while west of the Cullowhee lies the domain of Macon and



HAWKBILL MOUNTAIN.

of the occasions when inaction proved the best thing possible. After they had steadily eyed each other for some time, the bear decided to retrace his steps. He made an attempt to turn, but the effort sealed his fate. His weight overbalanced him, and down the precipice he went, a crashing mass in which there was not a whole bone when the hunter descended to it.

But if the cliffs are grand, what can be said of the view when the bold brow of the mountain is gained? It is readily ascended from the rear, and when one advances to the verge of its splendid crest

Cherokee—a territory abounding in lofty ranges and fruitful valleys, rushing streams and immense forests—extending to where the cloud-capped peaks of Georgia are defined against the distant horizon. Turn where one will, an infinity of loveliness meets the sight, and the delicious purity of the atmosphere makes one dream of a sanitarium which may be some day established here. It is impossible, however, to regret that such a day has not yet come, that multitudes of tourists have not yet invaded these fair solitudes, and—engraved their names upon the shining rocks!

It may be confidently asserted of this whole region that if it belonged to another country its fame would long ago have been heralded abroad; but it is only lately that Carolinians themselves are waking to a knowledge and appreciation of the wealth of beauty hidden in these wonderful fastnesses. To enumerate briefly the advantages which the country possesses sounds almost as if one were describing a fabulous *El Dorado*. Yet they belong to the order of indisputable truths. To its unsurpassed climate especially many prominent medical men are beginning to call attention, and year by year the number of those who owe renewed health to it waxes greater. It is said that there is no place between the two oceans where the sufferers from that autumnal catarrh known as "hay-fever" or "hay-cold" can find such complete relief as at *Cesar's Head*—a bold and beautiful headland of the Blue Ridge, jutting over the South Carolina line. An excellent hotel on the summit of the mountain provides all necessary comforts, and those who desire a dry yet balmy atmosphere, without the least suspicion of dampness or harshness, will find it here. Persons who, if they descend even as low as Asheville, suffer from hay-fever pitifully, can spend weeks on this mountain with perfect immunity from their tormentor. Those who are suffering in any degree with throat or lung disease also find the air beneficial in the extreme. How invigorating and delightful it is to one fresh from a debilitating climate, words can hardly express. Health and strength are borne on every breath of the breeze which comes to the great cliff of Lookout. Seated on this rocky point, the world seems little more than a dreamland far below, and one feels an intense satisfaction in being exalted so high above the vast, shadow-dappled expanse, over which a magical blue light ever hangs, yet where, despite its heavenly seeming, one knows so surely that the manifold troubles and cares of life are active as ever.

Since the features of the region are usually discussed with regard rather to invalids and tourists than settlers, it may not be amiss to add a little practical information on the subject of its agricultural capabilities. No country in the world is better timbered or watered, and few possess a more fertile soil. On this point I cannot do better than to quote a writer (General T. L. Clingman) who has devoted time and labor to preparing accurate accounts of the climate, character, and products, of Western Carolina:

"There are few of the lands too steep for cultivation. They produce good crops of Indian-corn, wheat, oats, and rye. In contests for prizes in the agricultural fairs in Buncombe, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty bushels of the former grain have been produced. No region surpasses it for grasses. Timothy and orchard-grass, perhaps, do best, but clover, red-top, and blue-grass, thrive well. This region seems to surpass all others for the production of the apple, both as to size and flavor. The grape is thrifty, and grows abundantly. Besides the Catawba, a native of Buncombe, there are many

other native varieties, some of which are of good size and delicious flavor.

"All kinds of live-stock can be raised with facility. Sheep in flocks of fifty or sixty browse all winter in good condition. I never saw larger sheep anywhere than some I noticed in Hamburg Valley, Jackson County, the owner of which told me that he had not for twelve years fed his sheep beyond giving them salt to prevent their straying away. He said that he had on his first settling there tried feeding them in winter, but he observed that this made them very lazy, and therefore he abandoned the practice.

"Horses and horned cattle are usually driven out in the mountains about the first of April, and are brought back in November. Within six weeks after they have thus been 'put into range,' they become exceedingly fat and sleek. There are, however, on the tops and along the sides of the higher mountains, evergreens or winter grasses on which the horses and cattle live well through the entire winter.

"Very little has yet been done with the minerals of this region. Iron-ores exist in great abundance in many places. The magnetite is found in quantities at many points, and where it is being worked in Mitchell it yields an iron equal to the best Swede. There is in Cherokee County a vein of hematite which runs by the side of a belt of marble for forty miles, and is in many places from fifty to one hundred feet thick. It is easily worked, and affords good iron. Copper-ores are found in many of the counties, and where the veins have been cut in Jackson they are large and very promising. Gold has been profitably mined in Cherokee, Macon, and Jackson; and lead, silver, and zinc, are found at certain points. After the completion of the railroads now in course of construction the chrome-ores and barytes may acquire value."

Notwithstanding these varied natural advantages, the country, taken as a whole, is very sparsely settled. That the inhabitants of its remoter parts—especially in certain localities—are too frequently ignorant and lawless there can be no doubt; but the majority of the population are intelligent, industrious, and eminently good citizens. If their modes of living are still somewhat primitive, no one can question the warmth of their hospitality, the cordial readiness which they exhibit to oblige—sometimes to their own inconvenience—the stranger who halts at their gates. In the course of many journeys I have often had occasion to test this natural courtesy, and it is a simple matter of justice to record that I have never known it fail. Secluded from the fret and tumult of the world, life among these hills is reduced to very simple conditions, and the student of human nature will find many a quaint custom, hear many an odd provincialism, as he pauses where the comfortable farm-houses stand in the shadow of the great hills.

There is still another class—a minority everywhere and always—of people whose culture makes their life, in all save its material aspect, wide as the

world. Such people are charming, meet them where one will, but they seem especially charming when Nature, in her most winsome guise, forms a background for their graceful courtesy of manner, their cordial warmth of heart. Of the land in which their

pride is equal to their love, one may say, as Moore of "Sweet Innisfallen:"

"May calm and sunshine long be thine!
How fair thou art let others tell,
While but to feel how fair be mine!"

LOVE OR STUDY.

BY M. E. W. S.



CANTO I.

Scene: EMELYN'S Library.

EMELYN (*muses*). Which is best?
Love or study?

"*Aspettare, non venire;
Star in letto, non dormire;
Ben servire, non gradire—
Son tre cose per morire.*"

Dull Italian lesson, dreary!
O my heart, I'm sad and weary!
Visions light and airy, glancing,
Bring me dreams of song and dancing:
Then *his* eyes so dark and dear,
And my horse so gayly prancing,
That is better far than dancing;
If my love is but beside me,
With his own right hand to guide me
(Save me, too, if Beppo rear),
I can ride without a fear!

Why should I, this summer morning,
List the old Italian's scorning?
Disappointed, sad, and weary,
What knew he, the dry and dreary,
Of young love and summer morning,
Air as sweet as new-mown hay,
Honeysuckle, roses gay?
Roses which my lover may
Say are pale beside my cheeks!
I can listen when he speaks,

E'en though the roses rise too high,
Covering me from lip to eye!

Beppo, champing in the stable,
Pulls at rope as he is able;
Proud old Beppo sighs for me;
Dear old horse, I sigh for thee!
Better than Italian lesson,
One gay, rambling hour with thee!

Frederick, too, I know he listens,
Listens for the hour to chime;
He, pale student, is a slave, too,
Slave to learning and to time!
But he counts with love's precision
Just how soon he'll come to me—
The stupid hours 'twixt him and me!
Now, I'll make a brave decision,
Learn my lesson, "One, two, three!"
Say it to my master fairly,
Earn his praise, 'tis given rarely;
Poor, dear, dull, old Agramonte!

[*She translates.*]

"To wait for one who comes not"—
Yes, that is what I do;
"To lie in bed and sleep not"—
Oh, that I never do!
"To serve well without pleasing"—
Dear Frederick, what say you?
And shall I die of these three things?
Italian, you're not true!

The TEACHER enters.

TEACHER. *Buon giorno, signorita!*

EMELYN. Dear teacher, how are you?

Pray give me this fair morning,
For flower, and bird, and dew;
My heart is sadly fretting,

My dear old horse to see—
My Beppo proudly stepping,
His movement bold and free!

TEACHER. No, lady; give this morning,

So fresh and fair, to me.

Here's Dante, proudly stepping,

O'er cloud, and land, and sea;

And with his hand to guide us,

A movement bold and free!

We will visit Paradiso,

We will ride o'er earth and heaven,

We will go to the Inferno—

Shuddering? No, then, gentle lady,

Not beneath those circling centres,

Not where icy tortures laid he,

Not to that deep, dark Inferno,

Dread and chilling, will I take thee!

Tasso, here, shall charm and lead thee:

He shall talk to Leonora,

Thou shalt hear how he adored her.

Listen, lady, while I read thee—
Give, oh, give this hour to me !
EMELYN. Yes, dear teacher, I will listen,
If the song is youth and love !
Dante's stern and heavy measure
Is my lightsome brain above !
This dear earth contains my treasure,
Heaven will come when life is done ;
Not the Inferno's dreadful shadow ;
Shadows, deep and dark, I shun.
Give me this gay summer morning—
Give me this warm summer sun !
TEACHER. Ah ! dear lady, life is various :
Sunbeams come and sunbeams go ;
Can we, on this shore precarious,
Always bliss and safety know ?
Take these joys, so sure and certain :
Learning's sober consolation ;
Art, to cheer our desolation ;
Music, like an angel singing ;
Poetry, a perfume flinging—
These are joys that do not go.
Then, when Sorrow draws her curtain,
Shutting out the sun's delight,
Knowledge lights one constant taper
Through our sad and sombre night.
So, dear pupil, young and beautiful,
Learn thy lesson, sad and duteous ;
Thou, so young, and straight, and slender,
On thy cheek the fair and tender
Glow of early summer rests ;
In thine eye I read the gladness
Of a heart which knows no sadness ;
In thy laughter, low and sweet,
The sounds of rippling waters meet ;
To learn of thee the art of singing,
Birds come near and build their nests.
Thou *primavera* of the year !
To us all glad some objects bringing,
Of all sweet promises the best,
All around thee—ever flinging,
Odors clean of violet,
Eglantine and mignonette.
What wonder that all men adore thee,
Praise, and bend the knee before thee ?
EMELYN (*smiling*). And this is Tasso you are read-
ing ?
No wonder she, whom he is leading
Down the path of stately garden,
Did the best her heart to harden
'Gainst the princes of her land !
Now, indeed, I see them stand—
Tasso, and his proud Leonore.
Read me more, oh ! read me more
Of lovers such as she and he !
TEACHER. No, dear lady, 'twas not Tasso,
The lover, who spoke then—'twas me !
Sad I am, and wan, and weary ;
Well thou callest me dull and dreary,
All unfit for such as thee !
Thou wilt wed with youth and beauty,
And forget, as comes each new tie,
All these lessons, grave and gay.
But I shall remember ever
Moments of the spring-like day
When my Winter found its May !
And I fain would give thee something
Fitting for that wintry weather
Which may come to thee and dwell—

Something which thy memory tells thee,
" Patience, now my sorrow's come,
Patience, now the thought comes home,
The old Italian loved me well !"
Nay, dear pupil, thou art blushing ?
In thy cheek the wild-rose flushing
Tells of anger, not of love !
Never will I speak again
A single word to give thee pain.
Tell me, in Italian measure,
Who is he—thy heart's dear treasure,
Whom thou lovest without guile ?
Tell me of his eye, and smile !
EMELYN. Yes, dear teacher, I will tell thee—
Who so brave and true as he ?
Kind as are thy words and accents,
Not so speaks my love to me !
With his eyes, in sudden lightning,
Tells he me the sweetest story—
Then a smile, all Nature brightening,
Comes to give his face its glory !
Over every gracious feature
(And in tint, in form, in face,
He is Nature's favorite creature ;
In beauty, his the proudest place
In all our noble Saxon race)—
All, all, tells his love for me !
Words he needs not, for I see,
E'en as I laugh and chat the while,
He dowers me with a precious smile.
I pause a moment, as I'm dancing,
To look, and see him ever glancing
Those dark eyes ! Oh ! will they fail me ?
Sometimes, alas ! their shadows quail me—
Sometimes a great dark cloud I see :
Why should he stoop to worship me ?
TEACHER. My scholar Frederick ? Yes, I know,
For I have seen his dark eyes glow
When Beppo passes 'neath the blind ;
And often in his books I find
A red rose pressed, which thou hast dropped.
And often, too, the lesson stopped
A good half-hour before the time ;
He minds it not. Though Tasso rhyme,
Thou art the subject of all verse,
In Greek acute or Latin terse,
In Spanish grave or Gallic gay ;
Whether we ponder, praise, or pray,
Thou art the thought, the hope, the lay !
EMELYN (*laughing*). Lay of what minstrel, master
mine ?
Remember that last fault of thine !
Now read me the Italian line.
TEACHER (*reads*).
" *Aspettare, non venire ;
Star in letto, non dormire ;
Ben servire, non gradire—
Son tre cose per morire.*"
EMELYN (*sotto voce*).
" *To serve well without pleasing ?*"
What if that fate were mine !
TEACHER. Dear pupil, thou art weary ;
I go, nor come again,
Until this sunshine glorious
Is hid by cloud and rain.
(*Sotto voce.*) Until some tear-drops stealing
That tender cheek shall stain !

CANTO II.

Scene: FREDERICK'S Library.

FREDERICK (*musings*). Study or love?
What says the clear and admirable Latin?

"*Sed te nos facimus
Fortuna, Deam catologue locamus.*"

Thus Dryden dresses in his English satin:

"*Fortune a goddess is to fools alone,
The wise are always master of their own.*"

True, good old Dryden, admirably done!
The Latin cleared the way, the Saxon won!
Shall I then dream and give away my life,
Because a little girl has blushing cheeks?
Thus early take unto myself a wife,
Because for her my heart unwonted speaks?
Is it not better that Ambition's power
Should hold the life through all its earlier hour,
And let Love come, when the will says it may?
When Life is conquered, Love may have his day!

TEACHER (*entering*). Eh, signor, does the stately Latin

Take thy thoughts away from me?
The Latin's lovely younger daughter—
Such is she I bring to thee!

FREDERICK. Thanks, Agramonte; take this easy-chair,

And read "Il Principe," so false and wise!
To-day I look on life with sombre glance,
Not with a scholar's or a lover's eyes.
If we read Tasso, we'll of gleaming lance,
Jerusalem delivered, fair Clorinde,
The noblest Amazon, whom Tancred loved.

[*He translates.*]

"The thongs that braced her helm asunder flew,
With naked head she stood exposed to view,
Loose to the wind her golden tresses streamed,
And 'mid the storm of war the sun of beauty beamed,

Flashed her bright eyes with anger, stern and wild,

Yet lovely still—how lovely had she smiled!"

[*Speaks.*]

Yes, they are lovely—these fierce women-men!
Teacher, thou dost not like them? Well, what then?

TEACHER. Nay, read of sweet Erminia, undefiled!

[*He reads.*]

"With the rude steel's ungrateful load she pressed
Her golden hair, soft neck, and swelling breast.
Her arm, unequal to a task so great,
Gives way beneath the buckler's massy weight;
Scarce can her limbs the unequal weight sustain,
Her feet move slowly, and she steps with pain."

FREDERICK. A pretty picture, but I love it not.
Read of Clorinda wounded by his hand,
As she falls dying on a foreign strand.

TEACHER (*reads*).

"*Ma ecco ormai l'ora fatale è giunta,
Che'l viver di Clorinda al suo fin deve;
Spinge egli il ferro nel ben ser di punta
Che vi s'immerge e'l sangue avido beve.*"

FREDERICK. 'Tis Tasso's masterpiece!
The record fair of chivalry and love;
Yet, master mine, what do these stories prove?
Tancred, the hero, stabs the truest heart,
The cold Armida wins the bravest knight,

Gentle Erminia, scorned, yet passing fair,
Heals Tancred's wounds, and stanches with her hair

The flowing blood which trickles from his side;
What worth man's warfare, what his love, or pride,

If this the story, when his day shall end?

TEACHER. Eh! signor, thus the rhymesters tend,
Man often strikes the heart which loves him best,
And takes the poorest, losing all the rest.

FREDERICK. I tire of Tasso: turn to Machiavel,
And read about the Carnival, instead
Of the great game which Europe played so well,
And failed to win in!

Yes, a Saracen's head

Is all proud Europe gained, in these her grand Crusades.

Yet had success

But followed all these sanguinary raids,

The East with art and culture, would forever bless

Godfrey de Bouillon, Tancred, and the knight
Who bore upon his banner, "Jesus and the right."

TEACHER (*reads from Machiavelli*). "*Gia fummo,
or non siam più spirti beati.*"

FREDERICK. Nay, let me translate "The Song of Demons:"

"Driven from the mansions of immortal bliss,

Angels no more, the fate

Of pride was ours;

Yet claim we here in this

Your rude and ravaged state,

More torn with faction and fierce powers

Of vengeance, than our realms of hate,

The rule we lost in heaven, o'er man below,

Famine, war, blood, fierce cold, and fiercer fire,

Lo! on your mortal heads

These vials pour from hands that never tire.

And ere while the glad season spreads

The feast and dance are with you now,

And must with you remain

To foster grief and pain,

And plague you with fresh woes,

And crimes that bring forth woes."

TEACHER. A bitter theme; but what is this

That flutters from thy page—a crimson rose?

FREDERICK (*picking it up*). Yes, a lady's gift! good teacher,

We are fools—fools toying with our passions,

While the world—

The world with all its gifts, is waiting to be conquered.

TEACHER. What is worth conquering but love?

FREDERICK. The land and sea, wealth, power, and man's esteem.

TEACHER. You are ambitious, but remember this,

The line you just have read me:

"Driven from the mansions of immortal bliss,

Angels no more, the fate

Of pride was ours."

[*Exit TEACHER.*]

CANTO III.

Scene: The Open Air.—The Lovers riding together.

EMELYN. Dear Frederick, thou art pale;

If study so enthalls thee,

Both life and light will fail.

Give o'er these midnight musings,

Be gay and bright awhile ;
 Look, love ! the day is festal—
 I pray thee, look and smile !
 Of books and dreams I'm jealous,
 Ah, give these hours to me !
 FREDERICK (*smiling*). Give all my hours to thee !
 My girl, a sovereign might do that—
 Not so, alas ! can I !
 By hardest work I earn thee,
 By many a long-drawn sigh.
 The man who dares to gather
 A flower so rich and rare,
 Within his arms to guard thee,
 Upon his breast to wear,
 Must be no vulgar craven,
 But read his record fair.
 What have I then to offer,
 A scholar, poor and proud,
 For thee, when voices linger
 To sing thy praises loud ?
 What fate too glad, luxurious
 For beauty such as glows
 In eyes like twilight tender,
 In cheeks like summer rose !
 Thy form so fawn-like, slender,
 Thy hands so small and white,
 That like the stars which twinkle,
 They come to me at night,
 In dreams too sweet to tell thee ;
 They fan my lip and brow
 With touch more soft and fragrant
 Than the breeze which cools it now !
 My Emelyn, sweet vision—
 I see thee, pale and old !
 And I dread thy fond decision :



Shall I, the grave, the cold,
 Shall I, this beauty take ?
 The freshness of thy morning
 On my hard fortunes break ?
 Or shall I go alone, love,
 Then come, some summer day,
 To find thee fond and waiting,

And at thy footstool lay
 The prizes I have conquered ?—
 Which shall it be, love, say ?
 EMELYN. What care I for my beauty ?
 If so thou please to call
 The eye and lip that loves thee,
 But thou shouldst have it all.
 Where lies my love, my duty,
 Save where thy fortunes are ?
 And what have hands and eyes to do
 But serve thee all my life ?
 Let me thy hardest fortune share,
 Thou shouldst not fear ; thy wife
 Shall not a care, a burden be,
 But only hope and rest for thee !
 FREDERICK (*aside*). Too easy won by half !
 Now for a joke, a glove, a laugh,
 And then I ride away.

CANTO IV.

HALF A YEAR LATER.

EMELYN'S Library.

TEACHER (*alone*). Half a year, and I am here again !
 Obedient to her word, who rules my life ;
 And when I see her, can my heart refrain
 To tell her of the fresh, importunate strife
 Which comes when *she* is near me ?
 Deserted, broken-hearted—yes, I know ;
 Will she believe it ? Yes ? I love her better so.

EMELYN enters.

TEACHER. So, dear lady, you have sought me,
 Bade me come to teach again ;
 Tell me, why so silent art thou ?
 Whence this saddening pain ?
 Has the cloud with lightnings freighted
 Sailed across thy summer sky,
 And the storm that quails the spirit
 Dimmed the radiance of thine eye ?
 EMELYN. Yes, dear teacher, thou hast said it :
 "Sunbeams come and sunbeams go ;
 Can we, on this shore precarious,
 Always bliss and pleasure know ?"
 Dost thou not remember saying,
 "And I fain would give thee something
 Fitting for that wintry weather
 Which may come to thee and dwell—
 Something which thy memory tells thee
 The old Italian loves thee well ?"
 Dost thou not remember saying,
 "There are joys that do not go :
 Learning's sober consolation ;
 Art, to cheer our desolation ;
 Music, like an angel singing ;
 Poetry, a perfume flinging ?"
 TEACHER. Yes, dear lady, I remember,
 But I grieve to hear thee say
 May has gone, and now December
 Ushers in a wintry day.
 What has happened ?—tell me all ;
 Tell me as a daughter might ;
 I question with a father's right.
 EMELYN (*with broken voice*). Dear teacher, this dry
 rose was red,
 But now, like it, my love is dead.
 Here Frederick's letters and the flowers
 That once were records of the hours

We spent together. See, I pressed
 In Tennyson this myrtle-leaf,
 And sought the story of Maud ;
 But, oh ! the vision was brief !
 " Oh, beautiful, clear-cut face,
 Why come you so cruelly meek ?"
 It seems in these lines it caressed,
 That the myrtle my fortune would speak ;
 And here is a pansy I gave him,
 And the verse that it covered was this : [Reads.
 " And though cold and unkind be thine eyes,
 Let unchilled live their kindness below,
 In my heart all its love for thee lies,
 Like a violet covered with snow."

[She weeps.



TEACHER. Dear lady, turn away from these ;

Thy fate we all have known :
 Some flowers must bloom to fade,
 That all the world will own.
 Burn all these folded letters,
 And the rose and violet too,
 The world holds many a flower—
 Come away from the sorrowful rue.
 We'll read of Italian cities
 As the sun is going down,
 And the water that flows so silently
 Through the doge's silent town ;
 I'll tell thee of brides of Venice
 That were carried off to sea,
 And the grooms who stood, and raved, and wept,
 For the slaves that were to be ;
 I'll tell thee of old Ravenna,
 And its church with the miracle wall,
 And the nun who haunts its cloister
 So proud, so pale, so tall ;
 I'll tell thee of proud Ferrara,
 And its learning-loving lord,
 Who wooed Bianca Capello,
 And died by his brother's sword.
 And then I will take thee to Florence,
 Ah, dearest city of all !
 Where Angelo's spirit is pacing
 Before the cathedral-wall.

Thou shalt see the Madonna del Sacco,
 And hear of that sorrowful life,
 The painter, Andrea, who drew her,
 But died of his terrible wife.
 Then Genoa, city of palaces,
 Awaits but the bliss of thy smile !
 And Naples, and fairy Palermo,
 And many a flower-decked isle.
 And, greater than all I have told thee,
 My city, my country, my home,
 The world's greatest wonder and glory,
 Whose stones are her history—

Rome !

Each day shall have marvels of romance
 Less sad, but as fleeting as thine,
 And above each sunset of emotion
 Another new planet shall shine.
 Believe me, loved pupil, each heart-break,
 Each knowledge of what we're bereft,
 But shows us the depth of our treasure,
 The thousands of joys that are left.
 Thou shalt hear my own story, dear lady,
 If so thou wilt listen awhile,
 Of the ilex that grew in my garden,
 Of the princess who gave me her smile ;
 Of my palace so fair in the moonlight,
 Where the nightingales sing in the shade ;
 Of the chapel with altar and angels,
 Where always my mother has prayed.
 Thou shalt hear how I left them for country,
 For freedom, religion, and right.
 And then thou shalt hear of my prisons,
 The dungeon's dark terror and might,
 And then thou shalt read me this letter,
 A letter which will not burn !
 For it bears in its bosom glad tidings,
 And the sweetest of orders—" Return !"
 The cause that I fought for and suffered
 Now triumphs o'er hill-sides of Rome,
 And Italia's sons may recover
 Their country, their king, and their home !
 In dreaming of these, my strange stories,
 Let thy sorrowing heart find relief.
 To see the great world and its wonders
 Brings a patience, a certain relief—
 A love that shall silently wait thee,
 As a gondola waits at the door
 Of some fair marble palace in Venice
 To carry thee lovingly o'er.
 Shall my love wait a year, love, or more ?
 Let me on the violet borders
 Teach ever my dear native tongue !
 It is not that I am so old, love,
 It is but that *thou* art so young ;
 Not older am I than Rinaldo
 Who sought for Irené alone,
 Who sought by Mnemosyne's statue—
 Mnemosyne's statue in stone.
 Ah, let not his fate, his misfortune,
 His grief, and his sorrow, be mine !
 Say that, in my fair Roman palace,
 The step that is coming is thine !
 I shall patiently wait for thy answer,
 As the worshiper waits at the shrine.
 EMELYN. Dear teacher, I've read of Rinaldo,
 And Mnemosyne's statue so fair,
 I have read of the Lady Irené,
 With the light in her golden hair ;
 And I read that when she could not love him,
 And the clouds had come o'er the skies,

He took from his bosom a kerchief
And blinded poor Memory's eyes.
Love's funeral now is just passing—
I scarcely can see, for the tear
That my eyes with its shadow is blinding,
His mourners, his flower-decked bier.
Less fortunate I than Rinaldo,
I cannot blind Memory now—
Thy story, thy love, and thy promise,
Bring shame, but not hope, to my brow;
For I have been wholly unworthy—
So noble, so patient, art thou!
TEACHER. At the gate of my old Roman garden
There stands, on a violet-bed,
Ariadne, the daughter of Minos,
Who gave to Theseus a thread;
She guided him out of the mazes,
So great was her love and his faith.
I pray thee blind Memory's statue,
And list what the oracle saith:

"No labyrinth, even of feeling,
But Love can soon furnish a clew;
No danger shall come in the darkness
To him who is loyal and true!"
Thus speaks me my own marble goddess:
Shall I be less hopeful than she?
EMELYN. I pray thee, dear teacher, look round us:
No flower, no leaf on the tree!
Ah! this is that dreary December
That surely "was coming to me"—

"*Aspettare, non venire;
Star in letto, non dormire;
Ben servire, non gradire—
Son tre cose per morire.*"

TEACHER. But, no, thou shalt read me thy Tasso,
And let him sweet images bring.
EMELYN. Yes, oft in the depth of the winter
We sigh for a vision of spring!

"CHERRY RIPE!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

"A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was."

THE birds were chattering, twittering, gossiping, flirting, and quarreling, as energetically as though they had not had the use of their tongues for six months, instead of six hours—for a bird's summer night is a very little longer.

A young man in waistcoat and shirt-sleeves, who stood on a ladder, and leaned his arms on the top of the garden-wall, turned round once or twice impatiently, as though he would have liked to scatter the gossipers, but they took no notice of him—not they!

Man may have dominion over the beasts of the field, but it is to be doubted if he have any over the birds of the air, save that which brute force commands. He may capture, torture, and destroy their bodies, but their spirits he reaches—never!

The dog clings with a more than human fidelity to the hand that chastises and caresses him; the cat creeps homeward night by night to the home that feeds and shelters her; all creation bows more or less to the yoke imposed upon it—all save the bird, who asks of man no other boon than that of liberty—liberty to abandon himself (nobly regardless of the morrow) to his own glorious element, to live or die in it, as Heaven wills.

They care no more for his frowns than his smiles; his angry passions affect them no more than does his tender pity for them when they are starved, and cold, and wretched—a flirt of the wings as long as they will fly, a scrap of song as long as their slender throats can utter sound, and away they go, heedless, irresponsible, thankless, neither to be tamed nor taught of man, unless he confines them in a cage, and deprives them of the final cause of their existence.

But mark! when he opens the door of the prison-house, how the bird will fly upward, like an arrow sped from a bow! Weak and half dead though he may be, he will rather die out in God's air than in the care of man, who has not, with all his gentleness, contrived to establish his power over the brave, self-reliant spirit that breathes in that insignificant, frail, little ball of feathers.

"I have a great mind to go over," said the person in shirt-sleeves; "for who is likely to be out at this time of the morning?"

He sat down on the wall, drew the ladder up after him, and dropped it on the other side.

"A means of exit if I am caught," he said to himself as he descended, "but that's not likely. A dull place," he added, as he stood on the gravel-walk that ran round the gooseberry, currant, and raspberry bushes that in due season provide Miss Sorel's table with fruit-pies, and looked about him. And, in truth, it had not much to recommend it, now that the early freshness of spring had departed, and the goodly ripeness and riches of late summer had not yet crowned it with their plenty.

Opposite him was set Mignon's wooden chair, and on the ground by its side reposed a bulky volume of Grimm's "Goblins." Opening it, he saw written on the title-page, "Mignon, her book," and he smiled as he laid it down again.

Under the chair lay the half-finished handkerchief, and beside it a tiny silver thimble; the latter he tried to fit on the tips of each of his fingers in turn—unsuccessfully. Turning round to give the garden a last stare preparatory to remounting the ladder, he found himself face to face with—a young woman. Now, at six o'clock in the morning, young women are, as a rule, to be found in their beds, so that the trespasser had some excuse for looking, as he felt—profoundly astonished, and very much taken aback.

He might also have looked a fool had not his features been turned by Nature rather in the direction of wisdom than folly—an inestimable boon to him who receives it, since the man who looks wise and does foolish things is ever reckoned more sensible than he who looks a fool but acts like a man of wit, the countenance being open to all eyes, while his motives and actions are not.

Mignon (I can't tell why or wherefore she did it, but she did) blushed; and, it being the first time she had ever blushed at the sight of a man, she overdid the color very much, or the color overdid her, until she looked like a rose that glowed freshly with every breath that stirred its heart.

She faced him thus, full front, for a quarter of a minute, after which she looked at him as calmly as though she wore the ordinary complexion of a maid at six o'clock in the morning, and said:

"And pray *who are you*?"

There was a moment's silence; then the answer came clear and unhesitating:

"I am Adam, the gardener."

He made a slight gesture toward the ladder and garden beyond.

"Oh!" she said; and by now her face was swept as clean of color as though the red rose had turned to a white one. Perhaps she had blushed because she thought him to be Rideout; perhaps she was disappointed—who can tell?

"And, if you are the gardener from next door," she said, frowning, "pray what do you do in *here*? If the fruit were ripe, I should have my suspicions about you, for we lost twelve peaches and nine nectarines last year, but really, just now"—she lifted her head and glanced about her disdainfully—"we have nothing here but—snails!"

If it be the property and sign of virtue to indignantly repudiate unjust suspicion, then was not Adam virtuous; for he let the slur on his probity go by, and remarked:

"They're very bad this year, miss—snails."

"And it is not at all polite to walk into other people's gardens in this way," said Mignon, sitting down, and picking up her work and thimble. "I'm sure I don't know what Miss Sorel would say if she could see you—you must never do it again, you know!"

"Of course not, miss," said Adam, backing toward the ladder; "not but what I should be very happy to be of use to you at any time; and, if you should happen to want any little odd jobs done about the place, such as weeding, miss, or the plants watered, or anything of that sort, you've only got just to pop your head over the garden-wall and say 'Adam,' and I'll be with you in a moment."

"Thank you—Adam," said Mignon, doubtfully. "The fact is, I *should* be glad of a little assistance sometimes, especially when I let the fowls out. Bumble always tries to fly away, and it would be such a dreadful thing for all his wives if he did! Still I don't think I can call you; your master may not like it, to say nothing of our having no ladder; it's so very *mannish*, you see, for a ladies' school—so I

don't quite see how I can pop my head over the wall—thank you all the same!"

"Why, as to the ladder, miss," said Adam, "that's easily managed for I can leave you this one; and, as to my master, he won't make any objections—he's away."

"Don't talk in that manner," said Mignon, frowning again; "it's immoral. You ought to do exactly the same behind his back as you do to his face."

Adam coughed. There was nothing remarkable in the cough, but somehow it set Mignon asking herself whether she would have cared for Miss Sorel to see the love-letter she had received, and the one she had written, two days ago.

She looked the gardener full in the face for the first time, and met his eyes. Honest eyes they were, of that gray color that is usually supposed to denote great intellectual power, but small capacity for loving; whereas it is rather the true lover's color, being less changeable than the blue, and more expressive than the brown or black; clear and reasonable when the passions are at rest, darkening and flaming into splendid earnest when the heart is awake and astir.

"What a strange face for a gardener!" thought Mignon, her eyes traveling slowly downward, and resting on his earth-stained hands.

"Has your master a pretty garden—over there?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "and plenty of flowers all a-blow; and a fountain, and summer-house, and shady walks—it's a gay place, very."

He stood before her looking down upon the slim young figure, the slowly-moving needle, the fair, bent head; his whole energies, and they were not few, concentrated upon the feat of inventing some excuse whereby he might be licensed to remain looking at her a few moments longer.

"It is a fine morning," he said, but whether this remark was the result of the cudgeling of his brains, or a determined attempt to compel a glance of surprise from her at its egregious absurdity, it would be hard to say.

She looked up, wondering why he did not go away; she had, in fact, forgotten his presence, for her thoughts were fixed upon more serious matters—or so, at least, she considered them to be.

"It could not well be finer," she said.

There was a little pause, while the girl glanced at the young man as men and women generally have a way of doing at a class of people different from themselves, less as though they are creatures of flesh and blood like themselves than as at inanimate goods and chattels created for their especial convenience.

"It is not going to rain," said Adam, either from sheer stupidity, or with some latent hope that his witless folly might win from her a smile at his own expense.

But, alas! not only did she not smile, but, appearing to consider that this remark required no answer at all, worked industriously on.

"Good-morning, miss!" he said. "And now," thought he, "she will have to look me in the face again."

"Oh, good-morning," she said, without raising her eyes. "I thought you were gone long ago!"

He mounted a few rungs of the ladder, lingered, looked back, lost himself for a full minute in the contemplation of that dainty rose-leaf face, then said, in the most modest of voices, "Good-morning, miss!"

"Good-morning!" she said, abstractedly, and without looking up.

What was her surprise to hear at least two minutes later a voice remarking high above her, "Good-morning, miss!"

It was too much. The smile for which he had waited flashed out like a ray of sunlight upon the petals of a flower, and all her dimples—he had never had a really good view of them before—showed bravely as she looked up and said for the third time, "Good-morning!" But even on the top of the wall he paused to gaze down upon her ere he dropped on the other side, and vanished.

"What an extraordinary person!" said Mignon, aloud. "But, oh, I am so dreadfully hungry!"

As though in answer to the wish, Prue at this moment appeared, her eyes fixed upon the tray she carried, and that contained the girl's breakfast, which consisted of a cup of coffee, a plate of bread-and-butter, and a brown egg not more than two days old, if its outward appearance did not sadly belie its inner.

"There!" said Prue, setting down the tray on Mignon's lap. "I got it for you as quick as I could—but what made you come out so early this morning?"

"The birds made such a noise," said Mignon, tasting her coffee, "and, as I couldn't sleep, I got up. Now, what do you suppose has happened to me this morning? What would you say if I told you I had just had a *visitor*?"

Prue jumped; it was more than a start—it was a jump.

"A visitor, miss!" she said, turning pale, "and pray, who might that be?"

"A young man," said Mignon, tapping the brown egg smartly, "and an uncommonly good-looking one, too! I am going to begin a diary to-day, and write in it, 'Spoke to a *young* man for the first time in my life, and *he* was—'"

"Who?" cried Prue, breathlessly.

"Ah!" said Mignon, gayly; "wouldn't you like to know? He alighted from the clouds, or, more vulgarly speaking, arrived by the aid of a ladder; and he came after—at least I should think he must have, as there was nothing else here but me—what do you *think*?"

"I don't know, Miss Mignon," said Prue, breathless with impatience; "what a tease you are, to be sure!"

"*Snails*!" said Mignon, looking regretfully at the now empty egg-shell, and turning it upside down, whereby it was metamorphosed from a re-

spectable wreck to a despicable sham. "And whenever I want to speak to him I'm to pop my head over the garden-wall and call out—"

"Yes," said Prue, on tenter-hooks, "call out *what*?"

"*Not* Mr. Rideout!" said Mignon. "Though, indeed, it is almost a pity. Just think of the opportunities one would have for writing and receiving love-letters over a wall with a *PAIR* of ladders!"

"Then, if 'twasn't Mr. Rideout," said Prue, considerably relieved, her suspicion reverting to the mysterious man in gray, "who could it have been, and what was his name, miss?"

"It was only the gardener from next door, by name Adam," said Mignon. "And, do you know, I do not think that he is quite right in his head, for he wished me good-morning *three* times! Tell me, Prue, do you think I shall get a letter from Mr. Rideout this morning? It is very odd that he should not have sent one back to me when you gave him mine. Did he not seem *pleased* with it, Prue?"

"Pleased enough," said Prue, turning away her head and thinking of her last sight of Rideout, dashing in mad pursuit of the thief who stole the letter.

"But didn't he *say* anything?" said Mignon, puzzled by something in Prue's manner.

"Miss Mignon," said the woman, slowly, "you'd best put him out of your head for a bit, anyways till Miss Sorel comes back, for p'raps it won't come to nothing, after all; and if it should turn out as he's no good—"

"No good?" said Mignon, "and 'nothing come of it?' why, you don't suppose I want to *marry* him—do you, Prue? He can hold a pen, can he not, and has got a heart that *feels*? I don't want any more than that—indeed, I shouldn't know what to do with any other attentions; and, if he'll only go on writing me some nice love-letters, he may be as ugly as he pleases! I'm not likely ever to speak to him, you know!"

"He's got a nerve of his own," said Prue, shaking her head, "a very wonderful nerve; and it would not astonish me if he came swaggering into the garden this very minute and said, 'Miss Mignon, I've come to marry you;' and it's my belief that if he did, you'd have to *do it*, miss."

CHAPTER VII.

"How will she love when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her!"

"It's no matter what you do,
If your heart be only *true*,
And his heart was true to Poll,"

said Mignon, with decision, as she dispensed with a liberal hand the barley she held up in her apron.

"I do wish," she went on, discarding elegant quotation for commonplace prose, and addressing the fowls who scrambled and fought and pushed about

her feet, "that you would have to take your meals like ladies and gentlemen, instead of gobbling away as though you were eating for a wager. There can't be a ghost of a digestion among you—perhaps that's why you're so tough and nasty when you're dead, whereas a little common politeness would make you far more respectable in life and satisfactory in death, if only you could be brought to think so! There!" she added, letting fall her apron with its few remaining grains, and smiling at the scrimmage they occasioned, "that's all; so you need not perk your heads about in that inquisitive way, for you won't get any more for ever so long!"

She sauntered toward her accustomed seat, and the feathered flock followed close upon her heels, imagining that where so much barley had been, more might yet be found.

"I can't help feeling sorry for you," she said, sitting down and addressing them indifferently; "you must find it so horribly dull with nothing to do but scratch, scratch, from morning till night, and look forward to meal-times! I wonder, now, if you ever think? Perhaps! And talk, too, in your own fashion. Hans Andersen pretended that he could understand you, but I think that was a make-up of his dear, simple-minded, egotistical, heaven-taught soul! And, indeed, it must have been a happy life that he lived, for surely some beautiful spirit waited upon and informed him of all things rare and exquisite in Nature and creation, breathing lovely images and thoughts into his mind, whispering quaint and delicate secrets, that none but the finest, most spiritualized ear could catch, that passed by the gross ear of the multitude, as the sighing of the wind, or the common, every-day voices of Nature."

The hens did not understand these remarks, and, after standing about for some time in various attitudes of despondency and expectation, they separated and spread about the garden, all save Bumble, the cock, who flew in a clumsy manner to the top of the garden-wall, and thence uttered a loud and derisive cock-a-doodle-doo! that awoke warlike echoes in the gardens round about.

"O Bumble!" cried Mignon, in despair, "this is the third time you have played me that trick in one week! Now, I should like to know how on earth I am to get you down again?"

But Bumble had no intention of leaving a place that was evidently so much to his liking; so his only reply to this appeal was to flap his wings fiercely, toss his head proudly, and nearly dislocate his neck in a still louder note of triumph than before, that was speedily answered by his feathered brethren from half a dozen circumadjacent gardens in every imaginable key—high and clear, husky and deep, shrill and quavering, hoarse and grumbling, weak and piping, every note in the gamut of cock-a-doodle-doo-doo appeared to have its representative, and swelled the inharmonious concert.

Having scaled the wall with a purpose, Bumble did not, however, pause to indulge himself in half an hour or so of crowing, as was his wont of mornings, when time hung particularly heavy on his hands, so

set out with a lordly strut, and an evident intention of taking one of those unauthorized and vagabond rambles that were a source of peril to his neck and grief to his mistress; for if he was brave, he was also foolhardy, and oftener than not returned from these excursions so severely mauled and beaten as to lead her to suppose that he had met with more kicks than halfpence by the way.

On one occasion, indeed, he remained away so long that a scarlet-combed and proudly-spurred gentleman of the neighborhood appeared upon the scene, and was accepted by Bumble's lately-obedient wives with that placidity that (added to greediness) appears to be the peculiar characteristic of the hen-tribe. But, alas! one fine morning Bumble unexpectedly returned, and, discovering the profligate usurper of his affections, there ensued a great and grievous battle that is only to be described with fear and trembling, and that ended not until the doughty and justly-enraged Bumble had, with great loss of blood and feathers to the enemy, achieved a signal victory over the daring intruder.

"He is going," she cried, her eyes anxiously fixed on the extreme tip of his vanishing tail. "Oh! what shall I do?"

Her eyes fell upon the ladder, and it put an idea into her head. To clamber up was the work of a moment; and, on looking over the top of the wall, she discovered Adam, digging, with his back turned to her.

"Adam!" she said, breathlessly; "quick—Bumble! he will be lost! Don't you think you could manage to catch him again?"

But, before Adam could answer, Providence interposed on Mignon's behalf in a somewhat ludicrous manner.

As Bumble went on his way rejoicing, his toes well turned out, and perking his head from side to side, as though he were determined to see all that was to be seen on both sides of the way, he came suddenly face to face with a cat, who was also taking the air from an eminence, and whose approach he did not perceive till his feathers actually touched her fur.

He recoiled with so violent a start, that it would be folly to assert that a fowl has no nerves; indeed, he could not have looked more horrified if he had met a fox prepared to strangle and eat him there and then.

"What a godsend!" cried Mignon, in prodigious excitement. "If only she would chase him back!"

"If only they would stay looking at each other forever!" thought Adam, gazing up at the innocent, childish face that bloomed in all its delicate colors high above him.

But, alas for his hopes! the matter was decided in a few seconds. Puss claiming the right of way, and Bumble being in far too much of a flutter to efface himself in her favor, she flew at him tooth and claw; while he, reversing himself with extraordinary rapidity, raced backward with outstretched neck and flapping wings, nor rested until he had floundered headlong into the bosom of the family he had so lately quitted.

"Oh!" said Mignon, fetching a deep sigh of relief, "that was lucky!—Good-afternoon! I'm just as much obliged to you as if you *had* caught Bumble, you know!"

She nodded blithely, and vanished so suddenly as to plunge Adam, who had not by any means reckoned on so speedy a disappearance, into utter despair.

Were his wits never to be at hand when he wanted them? he asked himself, angrily, as he stood looking at the bare, brown wall, that had appeared to him the finest spectacle on earth a moment ago.

A good general, however, does not pause to bemoan a blunder, but sets to work instantly to repair it, if possible. Not more than ten seconds, therefore, had elapsed ere he had transversed his ladder, and was looking over into the adjoining garden. Alas! it was empty of all save Bumble, who stood the image of discomfiture among his wives, who may, for aught we know to the contrary, have been twitting him with the ignominious end of his expedition. "Such an opportunity," he said to himself, ruefully, "and to have missed it like that!"

Apparently minded to take a little holiday, he folded his arms on the top of the wall, rested his chin upon them, and refreshed his eyes with a good stare at the prospect before him.

He did not appear to grow tired of this amusement until a certain faint sound in the distance hit upon his ears; whereupon, and with such extreme rapidity as might lead any one on the other side to suppose that the perch on which he stood had suddenly collapsed, he disappeared from the summit of the wall.

Footsteps were coming into the garden, voices were drawing near, and in a very few moments he enjoyed the happiness of parting the wall-flower's leaves, and getting an excellent bird's-eye view of Mignon and Prue.

The woman was, as usual, sitting down; the girl standing with her hands behind her back, and voice a little raised in positive assertion.

"Yes," she was saying, "on one point I am resolved—we will *do something*, Prue! we will lead a gay life, you and I, for at least three whole days, beginning at eight o'clock to-morrow morning! In the first place, we will go to Madame Tussaud's."

"Yes, miss," said Prue, immensely relieved at finding Mignon's iniquitous proceedings resolve themselves into nothing worse than a visit to the wax-figures.

"The day after to-morrow," continued Mignon, "we will go to Hampton Court—but not by train, or in any way that we have ever been before, or are likely to go again—we will go on *donkeys*."

"No, miss, we won't," said Prue, with unlooked-for decision; "you'll not demean yourself in that way while I've got the charge of you. But if we could hear of a respectable shay, now—"

Prue was one of those persons who call anything that goes on wheels a "chaise;" and, indeed, it is a comfortable, well-sounding word, that casts a halo of respectability about the most broken-down of

conveyances, for, however vile may be the conveyance that Providence has thought fit to send you, you have but to reflect that in the days of old the finest conveyance was oftener than not dubbed a "chaise," to retain your dignity, and feel that after all things might be worse.

"A shay costs money," said Mignon, shaking her head and pursing up her lips; "you must have a man to drive, and then the horse will want a feed—and I have only got ten shillings and sixpence in the world to last me till Miss Sorel comes back. It is a pity, a very great pity, that neither of us knows how to drive, because then we might get it cheap. I suppose you don't think you could manage to hold the reins, if I took care of the whip, and saw that the basket did not tumble out, and told you when you ought to go slow and when fast?"

"La!" said Prue, tickled into sudden laughter, "just fancy *me* driving—me as never tried to in all my life, nor shouldn't know any more when to go right and when left than the man in the moon!"

"Poor man in the moon!" said Mignon. "I wonder was ever anybody's name taken in vain as often as his is? And, after all, I have no doubt he knows a great deal more about driving and other things than we do, for he must have taken some notes worth having during the last thousand years or two. And as to right and left, I know that when you want to let anything pass, you go straight across, the road—that is to say, if there is nobody in your way; though if we got into much of a muddle, we could draw up altogether, as those three old ladies did yesterday, when that old gentleman stopped to sneeze, standing all in a row behind him till he had put his handkerchief away, and toddled on again. And you know, Prue, it is a well-established fact that Providence always watches over all reckless and drunken people, never permitting them to come to grief as prudent, sober bodies do—and I rather fancy we should come under the heading of *reckless*!"

"Yes, miss," said Prue; "but if you've no objection I'd rather not trust these little matters to Providence. Look after yerself sharp, is my motto, and most people's providence is theirselves."

"You are a poor creature," said Mignon, "but you need not think I shall give up the idea, for I shall not. I must not spend all my money on that trip, though, because—are all gardeners *handsome*, Prue?"

The apparently irrelevant question bore reference to something that was then in her mind.

"I don't know, miss—about the same as other folks, I s'pose. They're mostly dirty fellows—'bliged to be with the work they do—and terribly fond of their beer and baccy."

"But this one is not dirty at all," said Mignon, puzzled. "His shirt-sleeves are as white as snow; and he does not look as if he was fond of beer—not in the least!"

"*Him?*" said Prue; "and pray who may that be, miss?"

"The gardener from next door," said the girl.

"I saw him just now. He was going to help me to catch Bumble. Now do you think he would be very much offended if I were to offer him half a crown? Then he would be sure to help me at any future time with Bumble, and even keep an eye upon him when I was away."

"Offended!" said Prue; "he'd jump at it, miss. But why should you do that, when you've got so little too? And he won't be a bit grateful to you for it, neither"—by which it would appear that Prue knew her own class thoroughly.

"But I don't want him to be grateful," said Mignon; "it's enough pleasure to me to give it. It's a great luxury," she added, sighing, "the greatest of all under the sun, to give!"

He must have been very greedy, as well as dishonorable, that young man who listened to the foregoing conversation, for at her first intimation of her intentions he gave vent to a quickly-stifled exclamation of delight.

"Half a crown!" he said to himself. "I wonder when will she give it me? To-morrow? The day after, the next? If I watched Prue safely off the premises and went over, might she not even give it me to-day?"

He vowed in his heart that by hook or crook he would at the earliest opportunity find his way into her presence; and, in case she should have forgotten her intention, LOOK half-crowns at her with all his might—only he must be quick about it, or this proposed trip to Hampton would swallow up all her capital, and then where would be his half-crown? She might not have another to give to him for months and months, and then where would *he* be?

Clearly there was no time to be wasted; he must waylay her on the morrow (and here a question as to the possibility of getting suitable holiday attire in which to go to Madame Tussaud's obtruded itself disagreeably upon his mind), and it should go hard with him if he did not catch her away from Prue, and gain the promised *pour-boire*.

For the rest, no lover ever hung on the varying expression of a capricious mistress's eye more fondly and faithfully than would he for the tip of Bumble's vagabond tail. Troy was taken by a stratagem, Rome was saved by the cackling of geese, why should not Bumble be the means of guiding him to the end to which his ambitions pointed?

And he fell asleep that night as happy as a king, with the vision before him of Mignon presenting him with a bright, brand-new half-crown, while his eyes were gladdened by the sight of Bumble majestically vanishing in the distance.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Ye who have yearned
With too much love, will here stay and pity,
For the mere sake of truth."

MIGNON stood with her hands behind her back, winking at Mr. Cobbett, who sat at the foot of the Sleeping Beauty, neatly dressed, with his snuff-box

in his hand, and turning his head slowly from side to side, as though he were trying to overhear some of the pure English that he loved. She never could divest herself of the belief that he was as much alive as she herself was; and it would not have astonished her in the least if one day he had closed one of his wicked little eyes in a deliberate return-wink at her, but he never did, and she presently turned away, saying to herself that really he was a gentleman of very little *esprit* after all.

Madame Tussaud herself, that Judy-faced little woman who appeared to be regarding with such pride the spacious, brilliant rooms, Mignon liked, but she could not endure the tea-merchant Honqua, whose all-pervading smile seemed to follow and embarrass her.

"And I am perfectly certain," she said, making a face at him, "that I could not be in the house with you five minutes without trying to put you into a fearful rage, just to see how you would look *without* your smile; but, there, I suppose you would not be Honqua at all then."

She sat down opposite Harry and his six wives, and thought for the hundredth time how exactly like a big, fat, tyrannical turkey-cock he looked, surrounded by a flock of timid, helpless hens, all waiting to have their heads cut off.

"You don't look a very lovable spouse," she said, nodding her head at Catharine of Aragon. "Your wrongs seem to have burned into your blood and turned it dark and bitter; and really, after seeing you, it is not so very difficult to understand why he flirted with Anne Boleyn, and if he had stuck to her I don't know that I should have blamed him much! Only, you see, *when* he got into a *habit* of falling in love with every woman who was not his wife, of course it was not possible to approve of him.

"I think that sly Jane is about the best-looking of the bunch, and she certainly showed uncommonly good sense in departing this life respectably and of her own accord, instead of in obedience to a good hard jog from Harry; and as to that plucky little Mrs. Parr (what a nerve she had got to be sure!), if ever anybody deserved a medal for courage, *she* did!

"I wonder what stuff you were made of?" she thought, looking at the king, burly, clear-faced, as purely red and white as a village beauty in her teens, with amorous blue eyes that spoke the language of love well, or his portraits belie him sorely; "not flesh and blood, surely, or you could never have kept that complexion of yours as you did. Any other man committing one-half your crimes would have grown as yellow as a marigold, and as lean as a starveling hound; but *you* cared not one jot—slew one wife to-day and married your fancy to-morrow as unconcernedly as you ate your breakfast! Did they come stepping softly to your side, I wonder, those poor murdered queens, when you lay a-dying, whispering, 'How does it taste to *you*, this bitterness of death?' You were but a sorry knave after all, in spite of your noble presence and kingly air!

"I wonder where Prue has hidden herself?" she thought as she paused before that imperial blonde

whose beauty won her a crown, and set Europe raving twenty years ago. Mignon always made it a point to go and say, "How do you do?" to the Princess of Wales, the Emperor of Austria, and Marie Antoinette, because they were all so pretty; and it seemed to her the proper thing that these royal people should be handsome, and not plain as they usually are. And she never failed to give a gentle thought to that poor, broken, disrowned monarch, who had lain so still and silent with that black *worsted* face of his beneath the violets that he had loved so well, and that his friends had gathered from far and near to shower down upon him—the last gift that they could offer to their master; the last, the very last honor that they could pay to his memory.

"Oh! there you are, miss," said Prue, turning a corner; "I'd quite lost sight of you, and really it's such a bothersome place for finding people—the fingers get mixed up with the real folks, and there's no telling which is which."

"No," said Mignon, dreamily; "I was wondering just now, Prue, whether these fine ladies and gentlemen step down off their platforms at night when the lights are out, and all the people gone away—do they go rustling softly about, flirting, sighing, whispering, remembering, taking up a love-affair where it dropped a hundred years ago, murmuring love-secrets into little waxen ears, laying their pink lips to chilly painted cheeks—all except the likenesses of living people who can walk about in the daytime, so are obliged to stay quite still and quiet, while the others are holding their revels at night—do Mary o' Scots and Mary of France cross over to each other, and, clasping their little necks, whisper of those unutterably awful moments between the laying of their heads upon the block and the gleam of the sunlight on the descending axe and guillotine?"

"La! miss," said Prue, staring; "of course not—they're only dummies made of wax, as you'd soon see by setting 'em before a fire. And really, when I come here, I feel quite thankful I ain't a king or queen to be stuck up for folks to stare at; one had need to be so very perticler about the shape of one's nose, and the set of one's hair—it would be such a drefful thing to be fixed up a guy for once and always!"

The band struck up a lively air at this moment, and Prue gave a bound as though somebody had surreptitiously pricked her.

As the sun to the flowers, as a scarlet coat to a nursemaid, as a plum-cake to a hungry schoolboy, was the sound of musical instruments to Prue, and off she started, everything forgotten, to seat herself close to the orchestra, and until that tune should be played out not an eyelash would she wink, or a muscle of her body relax, no matter if the very building fell in ruins about her ears.

Mignon turned her steps to the Hall of Kings, which was presided over by a young person who dispensed lemonade, cherry-brandy, tarts, and buns, when she got a chance, which was not often.

The sight of these delicacies reminded Mignon

that she was hungry; so, quite undeterred by fears of what people might think who saw her eating it, she bought a large bun, and sat down to enjoy it opposite the "Claimant." "I don't suppose anybody ever listened to more false swearing in his life than *you* did," she thought, regarding him with interest; "and oh, how you must have laughed in your sleeve at the witnesses during that long, long trial, for you were the only person in court who knew which was telling truth and which falsehood!"

She had eaten about three-quarters of her bun, when somebody passed by at a little distance whose back somehow seemed familiar, yet unfamiliar, to Mignon—a somebody who had a semi-bumpkinish air, as though his clothes, the ordinary Sunday-going attire of a mechanic, and he were not on good terms with each other; and not before he was on the point of vanishing did she recognize the gardener, Adam.

"Perhaps he has been in there, and will be able to tell me all about it," she said to herself, and instantly jumped up and ran after him, bun in hand. "Adam," she said, not loudly, but her voice reached him, and he turned instantly.

"Good-afternoon, miss," he said; "did you call?"

"Yes, I want to speak to you; come here."

She went back to her red-velvet seat and sat down, and the young man followed. He stood before her, and looked down meditatively, first at her, then at the bun. She caught the latter glance, and altogether misunderstood it.

"Perhaps he is hungry," she thought, "and I dare say he is very poor, not able to afford buns or anything of that kind. I'll go and get him one."

She was gone in a moment, and back again almost as quickly, bearing a large jam-puff, which she held out to Adam.

"There," she said, "it's for you, and very good indeed—make haste and eat it."

"Thank you, miss," said poor Adam, "but I'm not hungry; I'd rather not, please, miss;" but on seeing the look of disappointment that came over her face, he took and began to eat it, like a man.

People passing by stared rather curiously at the girl, who sat eating her bun, and at the young man, who stood opposite her, munching his jam-tart with immovable gravity; but Mignon heeded the looks of nobody—she was thinking deeply.

"Adam," she said presently, "have you ever been into the Chamber of Horrors?"

"Yes, miss, once."

"Was it *very* awful? Did it haunt you for days and weeks and months afterward?"

"No, miss," he said, smiling a little; "but were you thinking of going in?"

"Should you say that a person would be likely to tumble down in a fit?" she went on, disregarding his question.

"Not unless she was subject to fits at any other time."

"Or make a person weak on her legs—not able to stand?"

"No, miss, not likely."

"Then I'll go in," she said, briskly. "I suppose you have a little holiday," she added, "and so come here to spend it?"

"Yes, miss," said Adam.

"You could not possibly come to a better place," she said, gravely; and a sweet little mentor she looked—for all the world like a bunch of freshly-plucked violets, he thought, in her white gown, with its dark-blue ribbons; "it will give you an excellent idea of English history, and every young man who wishes to improve himself should know something of the great men of his country!"

"Yes, miss," said Adam, again.

"I'm going now," she said, jumping up; "good-morning;" and she gave him a blithe little nod, paid her sixpence at the turnstile, and was out of sight in a moment. Adam followed, himself unseen. She paused in the antechamber to look down upon the first Napoleon.

"What a little fellow he was, to be sure!" she said, wonderingly; "though, for that matter, every man who has ever made the world ring with his name has been scrubbily served as to inches."

Then, with a fast-beating heart, she stepped over the threshold of the famous chamber, the grizzly abode of which she had heard such terrible stories, but fetched a sigh of relief when, on looking around, she beheld no more or less than (at the first glance) a waxen assemblage of ordinary men and women, and moving to and fro a score or so of real flesh-and-blood people, who chattered, stared, and gossiped, apparently quite unimpressed by the atmosphere of murder that they breathed.

And yet, when Mignon's eye was caught by the cast of Ravallac's head, taken after death, and she went near to examine it—when she noted the cruel and slightly-protruded lips, the stealthy, lurid eyes—the brand of murderer that Nature had imprinted upon every line of his face, and that outlived the unutterable, inconceivable horror of the death he died—she began to understand why this room was indeed terrible, why it had so powerfully affected the minds of some who entered it, because it was a record of things true, things accomplished, because every silent figure here present was the representative of a cowardly, atrocious crime that had been committed—because, side-by-side with the destroyer of life, one beheld in imagination the victim or victims, and saw enacted before one the whole frightful scene. Think you so many bitter tears would have fallen when Mr. Irving walked to his doom as *Charles I.* had the story been an imaginary one—had the woes he represented, been fictitious? The lookers-on knew that it had all happened—that in some such fashion as this the king had bidden his wife and little ones a long farewell; that in just such fashion he had walked forth in the gray of the early morning, guiltless, to his doom.

She glanced down at Marat, with the blood spouting out over his breast, and that restless hand of his clutching at the knife so bravely sped, at those awful glazed eyes looking upward, and upon his face written ineffaceably the one word, "*Magné!*"

Mignon stood quite still, for the first time in her life fascinated. She was surrounded by slayers, but the look upon this slain man's face took her strangely out of herself, producing in her a strong but repressed feeling of excitement.

There came a time in her life when, in one lurid flash of memory, she understood why the sight of these waxen men and women had moved her so strangely—when, upon the faces of the people who had passionately loved her, and one of whom she had madly loved, she read the awful shadow of the slayer and the slain—when, with the certitude of accomplished destiny, she, looking back, believed that on that morning instinct had forecast to her the horror of her future.

She had unconsciously taken her first step toward the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, when at length she turned away from Marat and paused before Palmer, that most accomplished of assassins, whose smooth face, benevolent air, and shapely hand, gave him the air of a fashionable ladies' doctor, who had made his reputation and fortune (as do they all) by a thorough mastery of the fine art of flirtation in all its branches. One would give something to know what were the sensations of his victims when the mask slipped from those smiling, candid features, and murder—cruel, premeditated, and treacherous—leaped out and stared them in the face. Nay, one would also seek to know in what moral convulsion was snapped the link of sympathy that existed between these men and their fellow-creatures—in what memorable moment they acquired that total insensibility of the heart that enabled them, without the stimulus even of hatred or revenge, to destroy human life as mercilessly, as indifferently, as though they dealt with images of wood or iron; for often man is tempted to destroy a fellow-creature, yet at the critical moment his nerve deserts him, his hand will not carry out that which his brain has had the villainy to conceive—in short, the link of sympathy that binds him to his kind, though strained, is not broken, and he fails to become the murderer that his desires would impel him to be. Mignon was still standing before Palmer, when a gentleman, who had by his side a young lady, caught sight of the girl's profile, and, starting violently, made a sudden step or two forward as though to join her. Recovering himself as quickly, however, he said something in a low tone to his companion.

"I am quite ready to go," she said, coldly and wearily; and what a strange voice it was to issue from such young and beautiful lips! "It was a foolish fancy—no more—that brought me in here." Her tone changed with the last few words to a passionate wistfulness that belied their lightness, and words and tone alike, although uttered at some distance, pierced to Mignon's ears, and produced upon her an instantaneous and extraordinary effect. For some seconds she stood perfectly motionless, absolutely incapable of either speech or movement; then, shaking off with a desperate effort the spell that bound her, she gazed wildly around.

"Muriel!" she cried. "Muriel!"

And the cry sounded eerie and strange in the dismal room, and the people fell back from her as she ran hither and thither, with outstretched arms and a breathless look of joy in her eyes that changed to despair as there came no answer back to her, and all around her she saw but the immovable faces of the waxen people and the astonished ones of the crowd.

Then a curious thing happened, and one that those present have never forgotten—never will forget to their dying day. The girl stood quite still, and there broke from her lips the refrain of a foolish, once famous, song:

*"Cherry ripe! Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry!
Full and fair ones—come and buy!
Come and buy! come and buy!"*

Then she paused, lifted her hand, and waited for the burden of the song to be taken up by another pair of lips. There was not a sound, save of the distant footsteps that went to and fro, and the muttered exclamations of the crowd. Then she took up the verse again:

*"If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer there
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land of Cherry Isle—"*

Here the voice that had started so bravely with its lilt of youth and freshness died away into a passionate, quivering sob.

"I shall lose her!" she cried—"I shall lose her!" and the people all fell back to make way for her as she fled through the antechamber and the Hall of Kings. Hindered here, jostled there, she yet reached the street-entrance in time to see a carriage driving rapidly away, from the window of which there looked a girl's face, brown-eyed, brown-haired, fair as the day, the face of Mignon's lost sister, Muriel.

"Muriel!" she cried—"Muriel!" Hopeful and overjoyed, she dashed after her in swift pursuit.

Lost in the sea of traffic, bewildered, confused, she yet pushed blindly on. There was the carriage in the distance that held her darling, and she must get to it—if only these cruel carts and cabs would not come between; if only she could pass that great, ugly van before her! The slender little figure in white made a sudden perilous dash forward, slipped and fell. The driver, occupied in chaffing a passing acquaintance, saw nothing. The horses went stolidly on. Some one, who had followed her all the way, came from behind and caught her in his arms—caught her from the death that in another moment would have come to her at the hoofs of those stolid, well-fed horses.

"Let me go!" she cried, struggling fiercely to free herself; "do you know *what you are doing*? I shall never find her now—*never*! I hate you, and I wish that you were *dead*!"

CHAPTER IX.

"... The pearliest dew not brings
Such morning incense from the fields of May,
As do those brighter drops that twinkling stray
From those kind eyes—the very home and haunt
Of sisterly affection."

A YOUNG man who was digging in his garden with great industry and vigor, and who sent his spadefuls of mould flying hither and thither, as though they were missiles sped after the vanishing heels of an enemy, felt all at once convinced that something unusual had happened to him. He paused in his toil and looked around.

Something had happened. At the top of the garden-wall bloomed a flower that was never grown by sunshine, wind, or rain; that had a wistful, delicate face of its own, and a pair of blue eyes that looked anxiously at the gardener; that was, in short, Mignon.

Do the tears of the very young, and of those to whom sorrow is a word, not a meaning, blister the eyes and wring the heart as those shed by souls to whom misery is an established fact, misfortune a recurrent and ever-faithful guest? I know not. To the fresh, unworn heart, with its springs of emotion as yet unsounded and untouched, these early tears that seem to it so bitter are in sooth but a novel experience that has almost the form of a luxury—a timorous step or two taken into a dark and unbeautiful land, whence it retreats with no more unquiet feeling than has he who wanders from the sunlight into the shadow, from the shadow back into the sunlight, knowing that the latter, not the former, is his home.

It is grief added to grief, nay, it is the very intensity of the memory of grief, that alone produces those scalding, agonizing tears that wear channels about the eyes that death itself has not power to smooth away—the woes of the very young leave the eyes clear as crystal, bright as the day, and are as quickly dried as is the silver dew upon the morning grass.

Adam, throwing down his spade, and looking up at that gentle apparition, discovered in her face no sign of the passionate anger and grief that had convulsed her yesterday; on the contrary, she had a timid air, and her voice was extremely low and somewhat faltering as she said:

"Adam!"

"Yes, miss."

"Would you mind very much if I were to *spea*k to you?" she said.

"To speak to me, miss?" he said, in a voice no whit more resolute than her own.

"Yes, if you do not mind."

He fetched a ladder—it looked very like a new one—pitched it against the wall, and in another moment there was but a hand-breadth between the girl's face and his.

"I want to ask you a question," she said, hanging her head, and looking sorely ashamed. "Supposing that you loved somebody very dearly, better

than anything else upon earth, and you had lost her and were always thinking of her day and night, and longing for the time when you would find her again, to part from her never any more, and it happened one day by the strangest chance that she was quite near you, almost within reach of your hand, and you knew that if you could only get to her the long, weary waiting would be all over, and you would look into her very face, hear her very voice, and almost *die* for pure gladness that your arms were about her again—would you not for the moment *hate* any one who came between you and her, yes, and wish with all your heart that he was *dead*?"

"I should hate him," said Adam, "with all my heart."

"No," she said, gently, "you would not, though in your anger you might be so wicked as to think you did; and afterward, when you found how that person had saved your life, at the risk of his own, would you not feel so desperately sorry and ashamed of yourself that you would be quite afraid to look that person in the face?"

He was beginning to understand the drift of her meaning now, and a sudden brightness overspread his features, and made him look a different man.

"And was it *that* you wished to say to me, Miss Mignon?" he said; and it was curious how different her name sounded on his lips from Prue's literal and English pronunciation of it. "Why, I thought nothing of your words—people say a great many things when they're angry that they don't mean, and I haven't given those a single thought;" and in this he lied, for they had never ceased to ring in his ears since the time that she had uttered them.

"Have you not?" she said, joyfully; "then that is all right, and we will forget all about it, and—would you mind *my shaking hands* with you, Adam?"

He took her soft, fair little hand in his brown, earth-stained one, looking down upon it as though he held some rare and costly gewgaw, that was unfamiliar yet beautiful to his eyes. Then he laid it down as carefully as though he feared it might break.

"Thank you, miss," he said.

"*She* will thank you better than I ever can," she went on, "for what you have done for me; and she will scold me—ever so gently—for putting myself into that state, because I could not overtake her, for she will say, 'And if you saw me in London, might you not have been sure that I should come straight off to you at Rosemary as soon as ever I was able?' only, you see, I did not think of any of that, but only that she would not answer when I called her—no, nor even listen when I sang the old song."

"*And if she can love a sister in this fashion,*" thought Adam, "*what will not her love be when her heart awakens at last to the lover and husband?*"

She had paused in her speech, not because she had suddenly become conscious that she was talking too freely to the young gardener—she was too absolutely ignorant of the *bien-sances* of society, and the word for that—moreover, her instincts were too

pure and good to lead her astray, or cause her to recognize him for any other than the friend that he was; but because there was passing through her mind the memory of the tender foolish promise that she and Muriel had made long years ago: how, if either should find herself separated from the other, she was to go through the world as Blondel did in search of Richard Cœur de Lion, singing the favorite song agreed upon between them; for with the song on the lips of the one, the echo in the heart of the other, how could they fail to find each other at last, as the faithful Blondel sought and found his master?

To their passionate, childlike faith all things had seemed possible, and now that the separation had indeed come they were to Mignon possible still—though it might be doubted if there remained to that other lost beloved sister one article of the simple old-world creed that had so amply sufficed to her in the far-away innocent days of her early youth.

"But now," said Mignon, heaving a deep sigh of delight, "it is all coming straight; and if she does not come to-day she will be sure to come to-morrow, and we shall be together all the rest of our lives, and I hope go away from here."

"You would go away from here," said Adam, abruptly, "go away altogether, miss?"

"I hope so," she said, gayly; "indeed, why should I wish to stay a day longer than I am obliged when I have nothing on earth to leave but the fowls and the raspberry and currant bushes, for of course Prue would come too?"

"You are right," he said; "you have nothing else to leave."

Something odd in his voice arrested the girl's attention.

"Would you like to be going away?" she said. "Do you sometimes grow tired of gardening all the year round, as I do of my lessons and idleness?"

"Sometimes," he said.

"And yet it is a beautiful garden," she said, leaning her arms upon the wall, and gazing abroad at the trim, well-kept fruit-trees and the smart flower-garden beyond; "I don't think I could ever be dull with all those flowers for companions!"

"Would you like a bunch, Miss Mignon?" he said, quickly, and thinking that he saw his way clear to an hour at least of her society.

"Are you sure you would not be robbing your master?" she said, doubtfully; "of course I should like to have them, but—"

"Then, so you shall," said Adam; "I'll bring them over to you in less than two minutes, miss."

And with that the brown head disappeared from one side of the wall, the fair one from the other, and Mignon betook herself to the wooden chair that had never held her in so bright and joyous a mood as was hers to-day.

She looked round at the homely, uncared-for garden, and found it fair and pleasant, as she thought filled her heart how in a few hours perhaps Muriel's eyes would have fallen upon it; she glanced at the fat, sour, green bodies of the gooseberries, and

smiled to think that, after all her devout longings for their fruition, it was very likely she would not be here to eat them. Adam reappeared at the top of the wall, bearing an old mat and gardening-knife in one hand, and a great nosegay of roses in the other.

They were every whit as sweet as though they had been grown a hundred miles from London town, and, as Mignon's hand closed upon them, she saw not the four great walls that shut her in, but the stately terraces and brilliant rose-gardens of her beautiful birthplace, Silverhoe. She gave Adam no thanks; nor did he desire any—it was pleasure enough for him to see the girl's face above the flowers. And there were passing through his mind—and surely it was strange that a gardener should know aught of such matters—the lines:

"Fold
A rose-leaf round thy finger's taperness
And soothe thy lips—"

But aloud he said:

"As I have nothing to do this afternoon, perhaps you will allow me to give the garden a little weeding, miss?"

"Do," she said, absently, being too much taken up with her treasures to particularly mind what he did or did not do.

Having looked all about and decided that the weeds grew thickest in the immediate neighborhood of Mignon, Adam deposited his mat at a distance of about two yards from her feet.

Setting to work in a very business-like and energetic fashion, he had presently a symmetrical row of green tufts before him, and no sound save the scrape, scrape of his knife broke the silence.

Any one coming suddenly upon the pair would have said that, over their weeds and flowers, these two people were thinking very deeply; and so they were, only the thoughts of one were far more profound than those of the other.

"Adam," said Mignon, at last, laying her roses down in her lap, "have you got a sweetheart?"

The question was put with such perfect good faith, moreover with such untroubled confidence in a serious reply, that it was equally impossible to resent or evade the question.

"Perhaps, miss," he said, smiling; and it was extraordinary the difference a smile made to his face—it turned its power to sweetness, and altogether displaced a certain sternness that distinguished it; also bringing to light one of those curious freaks of Nature, a dimple, that is never found on a man's face unless Venus will strongly influence his fortunes at one period or another of his life. "Why, miss?"

"Because, if you had not," she said, lowering her voice, "I know of somebody who would just suit you—a very fine woman; and of course you like a fine woman—do you not, Adam?"

"Pretty well, miss," said Adam, whose taste rather inclined to the *petite* in womankind.

"And you would not mind her being a little old-

er than yourself?" said Mignon; "you would not consider that an *objection*?"

"Not if I liked her," said Adam, smiling, "but I won't ask you to trouble yourself about it on my account, miss, because"—he lifted his head and looked her full in the face—"I'm suited."

"Have you quite made up your mind?" she said, looking greatly disappointed; "do you think she would mind very much if you married *somebody else*?"

"I don't know about her," he said, smiling, "but I should mind it, miss."

"It's a great pity," said Mignon, shaking her head, "for I am sure Prue would have made you a most excellent wife; and then, if ever I have got a garden of my own, you could have been my gardener. It is certainly very provoking!"

"You forget, miss," said Adam, "that even if I liked Mrs. Prue, it's very likely she would not have liked *me*."

"Do you often write love-letters, Adam?" said Mignon, gravely.

"Maybe, miss. Why?"

"I only wanted to know," she said, resting her chin on her hand, and her elbow on her knee, "what you would consider a *reasonable* time to elapse between the writing one and receiving a reply."

"Do you mean if I wrote to her, or *she* wrote to me, miss?"

"If *she* wrote to *you*."

"If I liked her," said Adam, "I should answer it straight off; but if I didn't like her, I should not answer it for two or three days, or perhaps a week."

"Oh!" said Mignon, quite crestfallen. "Then, if a person did not answer another person's letter straight off, you would say a person did not care much about that other person?"

She looked so wistful and lovely as she asked the question that Adam set his teeth hard thinking. "Can she love him—already?"

"One can't always tell, miss," he said, aloud. "People go away sometimes, or are ill, or busy, or something."

"But, surely," said Mignon, "a man usually answers a first love-letter—the very first a girl ever wrote to him?"

Adam turned his head aside; he was pale as he said to himself, "Her first love-letter—Mignon's first love-letter—and to *him*!"

"He would be sure to answer it, miss," he said, quietly, "if he received it—quite sure!"

"Adam," said Mignon, by-and-by, looking at him thoughtfully, "would you have liked to be a gentleman?"

The gardener laid down his knife and stood erect, to stretch his cramped limbs, perhaps, and a magnificent specimen of manhood he made with his superb *physique* and grand face—grand by reason of its unconscious nobility of regard and expression; the face of a man who had long ago begun to think and feel, but who had not yet cast the noble credulity of youth behind him, or attained to that which has

been termed the most immoral of infidelities, a disbelief in human nature.

"I never liked the word 'gentleman,'" he said, a fine scorn lightening his gray eyes and curving his firm lips, firm by nature, not self-repression, for as yet he had nothing to hide, and his features were as Heaven made them, and controlled and regulated by no inward forces. "What could be better than to be a *man*!" he said. "God's namesake, made in his own image, and vested by him with power over all things upon earth! I have always thought the term *gentleman* must have been invented by some proud bit of life-inspired dust who had somehow risen a little bit above his fellows (not by what he *was*, but by that which he possessed), and wanted to mark the difference between himself and them, and so dubbed himself 'gentleman,' while the others were to remain simply *men*."

"But," said Mignon, astonished at Adam's aspect and words, "is there no virtue, then, in the term 'gentle?' does it not mean that a man is courteous, well-bred, chivalrous, faithful, in a word, to his instincts, that are *gentle*?"

"It ought to mean that," said Adam, "but it does not always. Some of the gentlest born are mere ruffians at heart. Some of those who have every attribute that the men of gentle blood should possess wear fustian all their lives, and die, as they have lived, common, or so-called common, men. But to me the word man has about this much of meaning—it means honesty, uprightness, bravery, truth, pure-heartedness, and doing his duty to God and man, which, being translated, is, I take it, his duty to those whom Providence has placed about him, and his duty to himself."

Breaking the momentary silence that followed on Adam's speech, came the sudden bang of a door; it was the one communicating with the other garden.

The sound of hasty footsteps crushing the gravel made Mignon look up with a start, to behold a handsome young man coming rapidly toward her.

Adam, too, turning his head, recognized in the unexpected visitor that graceless young *ruff* and professed lady-killer, Philip Rideout.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE YOUNG DOCTOR.

I.

DR. STOWE'S house fronts on a terrace bordered by a lilac-hedge overgrown with honeysuckles and climbing roses, from which steps descend to the river-bank. Up these precipitous steps two men were climbing one warm June afternoon. They had just fastened their skiff below at the little pier after a two-mile row down the river from the house of a friend; and Dr. Stowe, the elder, showed signs of extreme fatigue, although he uttered not a groan, and abated not a sign of energy, having some dread of his young cousin's scorn before his mind to spur him on. Yet, on reaching the shade and the perfumed air of the terrace, he did say: "Thank Heaven, now we can rest ourselves for the remainder of the day! We will have some iced claret."

"Thanks," returned Dr. Kirk, a young man of not more than twenty-eight. "I never do that sort of thing, nor do I allow myself to feel fatigue after so slight an exertion. Had we really been forced to use our oars, there might be some excuse for iced claret; but we went up with the tide and drifted down with it."

"Well," said Dr. Stowe, good-naturedly, "at your age one should not permit habits of self-indulgence. But, as I am fifty-three years old, perhaps you won't be hard on me."

"Not at all," rejoined Kirk, indifferently.

The young doctor was a blonde, with cool, gray eyes, a determined mouth, and a frown between his brows betraying habits of close study and steady concentration. He had just returned from Europe, where he had been studying for six years under one of the best surgeons in Germany, and now was spend-

ing a week with Dr. Stowe, in company with his mother and sisters. He was an incisive and brilliant talker, and for the past four hours Dr. Stowe had been listening to him with considerable admiration expressed on his tranquil, pleasant face—an admiration mixed with wonder. They had lunched with a party of gentlemen, and Kirk had been drawn into describing certain cases in his practice, and had dwelt with pardonable enthusiasm upon the details of marvelously-intricate operations performed under the great surgeon's scalpel. Easy enough to see that the young fellow's warmest interest was in his profession—that both brain and skill were in perfect order for his work, and, although he had not once mentioned any doings of his own, he impressed his hearers with full conviction of his powers; that he had not only knowledge, but could put his knowledge into action; not only acquirements, but those natural gifts of intellect, insight, skill, and courage, which are all combined in the characteristics of a great surgeon. Dr. Stowe was in most respects a happy man, but in despondent moments told himself that he had failed in all his purposes of life. He had taken few steps in his profession before he discovered that he had neither the courage nor the calmness to become a master of his science; he had quailed and retreated before difficulties, and abandoned his purpose of becoming more than a general medical practitioner. In his happy moments he told himself that, when he felt his capacity to assuage suffering, he had done his best; and that, when he was overwhelmed by the mysteries of a disease he was powerless to control, he had staid his hand, and reverently confessed that his science availed him nothing. Whatever good he had done, he had at least

done no harm. Under the influence of such reflections, he was contented with his career, for he had an easy income, an adored wife, and healthy children; but in listening to Kirk, and for the first time appreciating all the discoveries and seemingly miraculous operations of the day, he felt ashamed of his easy, contented, grasshopper life and its cheap successes, and had finally sunk into silence, telling himself humbly that, in these times, when knowledge of physics, physiology, anatomy, and chemistry, had so amazingly increased, a man like himself, without comprehensive learning, without mastery of half or quarter merely of the registered cases; who hated all the new names and many of the new ideas—such a man, he felt, ought not to dare even to speak out bravely before those clever young fellows who with perfect ease carried about such a burden of knowledge as made him stagger merely to think of it. To be sure, once or twice as he listened to Kirk he was inspired to say that, after all the dogmatic conclusions of science, the light thrown upon many of the terrible problems of vital importance to humanity is about as efficacious in illuminating the deadly dangers which lurk in seats of disease and pain as a hand-lamp is successful in dispelling the shadows of the wild chaos of stormy midnight. But he was always afraid of being called an "obstructive," and accordingly said nothing. Besides, he had certain old-fashioned notions, and it occurred to him that Kirk seemed to have as good an opinion of the brains of the scientific analysts who drew with such intelligence and exactness their adroit deductions from physiology and anatomy, as of the great originator and inspirer of all the forms of life which swarm upon the earth. Give him "matter and a push," and probably he or another could do quite as well.

As the two men reached the house a young woman in well-worn widow's weeds came across the piazza, followed by a little boy four years old. So beautiful a child is rarely seen, and even Kirk, who cared little for the gratification of the eye, involuntarily paused, and looked at him with some of the same pleasure with which he would gaze at a rare flower or a limpid spring in the wilderness. Dr. Stowe lifted his hat:

"How do you do, Mrs. Edwards?" said he, shaking hands with her.—"Bert, my man, how are you to-day?"

The young widow lifted a sad, thoughtful pair of eyes, and bowed and smiled, and Bert tugged at the old doctor's hand and clasped his knees.

"By-the-by, Alick," cried Dr. Stowe, with sudden eagerness, "I want you to look at this little man. We old fellows all declare we never saw or heard of such a case, but I dare say a young wisacre like you knew all about it long ago."

Kirk put his hand under the boy's chin, and looked down into the laughing, cherub face.

"Mrs. Edwards," pursued Dr. Stowe, "this is my young cousin, Dr. Alexander Kirk, and you will be glad to have him examine Bert's case, for his knowledge beats mine all hollow."

Mrs. Edwards looked at Kirk with a slow, thoughtful glance.

"But Bert is quite well, Dr. Stowe," she replied.

"Of course he is; we won't hurt him. But it's a highly-interesting case, you know. Come, now—don't be silly."

"I assure you, madam," remarked Kirk, with high ceremony, "I esteem it a great favor." He smiled as he spoke, and the young woman's reluctance vanished. His smile suggested that he had a heart, whereas she had been painfully impressed by his cold, searching, steady gaze into her little boy's eyes. "He has a face like Raphael's cherub," he went on, lifting the little man to his shoulder—"the prettiest one—who leans his chin on his hand."

Mrs. Edwards sat down upon a garden-bench, and looked after the two men who entered the doctor's office. She sighed as she saw Kirk close the door, for she had grown to resent the suggestion that her beautiful lad was not a perfect child.

Kirk, meanwhile, had lifted the boy to his knee, and was looking at his eyes, raising first one lid, then another.

"What's the matter with his eyes?" growled Dr. Stowe.

"The brain is not just right," said Kirk, doubtfully. "Is it pressure or—"

"Humph!" put in the elder, taking off the little fellow's hat and running his hand through the clustering brown curls. "Just see there—and there!" He regarded Kirk eagerly. "Now, did you ever know anything of the kind?"

"Never," returned Kirk, succinctly, and examined, with a peculiar, slow, cold eagerness, the phenomena pointed out. Dr. Stowe was quite triumphant; at least fifty doctors had seen the boy and declared that no such case was in the books: it was a new disease—or, if not a disease, an entirely distinct and novel form of a defective circulation. The little fellow had always been well, perhaps not so robust and strong as others, but he was his mother's darling, and she had pampered and petted him, fearing lest a rude breath of wind should blow upon him. The trouble dated from his birth, but had—particularly during the past year—steadily increased.

Time passed heavily to the young widow outside, and presently she came timidly toward the window and called Bert. Kirk led him out, and, addressing the mother, asked her half a dozen questions. She answered them clearly.

"Is anything the matter with Bert, Dr. Kirk?" she demanded, then, in her turn.

"Not at present," said he. "I detect no indications even of the smallest derangement of any of his vital functions. Nevertheless, Mrs. Edwards, I should like very much to have him for a patient. I suspect that he is threatened with a dangerous weakness. I believe that I could in such a case afford him immediate and permanent relief."

"He is well now," she cried, sharply.

"To outward appearances, quite well."

"If he is ill, Dr. Kirk," she answered, with a peculiar look about both eyes and lips—"if he is ill,

I will send for you. I will not be miserable until then."

Kirk bowed, walked across the terrace with her, and opened the gate all in silence, but, before he turned away, he offered his hand with his rare smile.

"You will not forget your promise?"

"I hope I may never have cause to remember it," she returned, with a dazzled sort of look.

Kirk walked thoughtfully back to the office.

"The case interests you, Alick," observed Dr. Stowe.

"Remarkably."

"She's a devilish pretty woman, too," added the old doctor, waggishly.

Kirk looked haughty and impassive; he was absolutely frigid at that point of attack.

"What is her class of life?" he inquired. "She seems to be a lady, but you were a little—"

"No woman in the world I respect more," interrupted Dr. Stowe, "but, insensibly, one marks certain distinctions—in fact, she sews for my wife. She is utterly penniless, the widow of a good-for-nothing scamp, who, luckily, got killed in a railway-accident. She has had plenty of trouble, but in every position has gained a real consideration from all with whom she comes in contact. In fact, I suspect she is by nature a remarkable woman."

"My question was a groundless one," said Kirk, with an air of being considerably bored. "I wonder that no one has ever operated on the boy."

"Operated on him?" shrieked Stowe. "What on earth are you thinking about? You said yourself you knew nothing about the case. Dr. S— confessed that he could not, to save his life, tell whether it was merely a local difficulty, a mere tuberosity, or a part of the brain organization."

"That is what I would like to find out," remarked Kirk, blandly. "It seems an awful pity for a scientific man to be so utterly in the dark."

"Now look here, Alick," said Dr. Stowe, "you are a clever young fellow, and I grant that I am an ignoramus in comparison, but, all the same, I am an old man; I brought you into the world myself, and I have had time to find out a thing or two. Your spirit of scientific research is all very well so long as it is beneficent, but I deny that it gives you the right to pull even a beetle to pieces unnecessarily. Without reverence, without tenderness, without a due sense of the infinite mystery which begirts even the simplest forms of life, I declare to you that I regard your spirit of scientific research as poisonous to yourself and deadly to your kind."

"You are really an extremist, sir," returned Kirk, coolly, for he was never moved out of his cool, inflexible habits of self-command, "and scarcely logical. Your sentiments are a matter of romance and prejudice, and do credit to your sensibilities only; for, of course, as a medical practitioner you are well aware that the mere rudimentary knowledge of physiology and chemistry, upon which you act instinctively, without necessity for thought or reason, is the result of careful scientific labor, research, above all of experiment."

"Of course, I am illogical, and I want to be, God knows. Logic is good in a thousand ways, but I pity the man who is led blindfold by it. In some cases the heart must take the place of the brain, or cruelty will follow. I could no more cut up a rabbit to find out its principle of life—but you will despise me. I confess my weakness of mind; it wrings my heart to think that any life should be sacrificed."

"I have no such sentiments," said Kirk, quietly. "Of course, I wish to hedge life with all proper precautions; but if any life—mine, any one's—can be of use to others, it is a sovereign duty for it to be made use of. It is very pretty talk, perhaps, about the 'sacredness of life'—but where do you find any proof of its reality save in the minds of men who love their own existences and those which minister to them? Nature has no ideas about the 'sacredness of life'; every one of her laws is based upon a precisely opposite belief."

Dr. Stowe passed his hand over his eyes and shivered.

"You are young and pitiless, Alick," said he, rising; "one of these days you will be wiser. I am certain that you have a heart, and when it develops it will heal your intellect. Some time death will touch something dear to you, and, feeling then how impotent is all your wild love, all your knowledge, all your skill to put, even for a moment, a throb into a pulseless heart, light into rayless eyes, you will all at once learn that your cold theories were not made for finite beings like ourselves."

Alick saw strong feeling on the old doctor's face.

"I deeply regret to have uttered any views of mine which could pain you thus," said he, courteously. "You will remember, perhaps, that I have been brought up in a school which forbids sentimentality."

The next morning at breakfast Kirk was triumphant: he had already paid a visit to Mrs. Edwards, and been allowed to make an experiment—simple, yet satisfactory—upon Bert.

"How did you contrive to win her consent?" asked Dr. Stowe. "She is almost foolishly terrified if any one touches the boy."

"I convinced her," said Kirk, smiling, "that I was interested in curing the beautiful little fellow. His life, or at least his mental powers, will become ultimately threatened by this trouble. Prompt treatment might avert a serious calamity."

"After all, Alick," cried Dr. Stowe, cordially, "you have a noble heart."

The young man shrugged his shoulders, for he did not court such praise, and was in truth conscious of few benevolent impulses. As he said, he held single existences cheap, and was at all times contemptuous and occasionally angry with the world that, after science had opened the portals of knowledge so wide, men would not become scientific; that, after science had clearly revealed the laws which should govern life and the feelings, nauseous sentimental chimeras interfered with and hampered every step of men's careers. His visit at Dr. Stowe's was over, and he went back to town to his

work. Young although he was, he was already on the road to eminence; unlike other professional men to whom successes come slowly, late, and tempered with much alloy, his was signal and instantaneous. The first surgeon of the day had suddenly felt his powers failing beneath the strain of incessant hard work, and had been glad to secure Kirk as a partner the moment he landed from Europe. Nothing failed the young man; he had not been established a week before chance offered him a difficult case, which two other surgeons had given up. He at once performed an operation which was not only successful, but apparently miraculous, and as his patient was one of the first men of the day, with a great stake in public affairs, his restored health was of sufficient importance to cause the cure to be trumpeted from one end of the country to the other. That Kirk received a fee which placed a man of his simple habits above want for years, was but a contingent result of his success; his career was decided from the outset; not yet twenty-nine years of age, he was already famous.

But, great man although he was, busy man although he was, a letter from Dr. Stowe early in September led him to go up the river for a day. He had never forgotten the remarkable case of little Albert Edwards, and when he learned that the child was suffering from some brain-disorder, and that the mother had told Dr. Stowe of her promise to send for him, he hastily left town and went up to River-dell. He had studied up Bert's case, and the mystery of it baffled him: it was not in the books; whatever presages he felt were his own deductions from known physiological causes. The secret of his success had always been a keen scent—a sort of dog-like instinct combined with a peculiar faculty of intellectual divination in detecting the causes which underlie phenomena. Trouble was nothing to him until he had exhausted research. Hence Bert's malady roused him to turn all his energies to the attainment of some knowledge of it, and, after consulting half an hour with Dr. Stowe, the elder physician gladly left the case in his hands. The child's present illness was simply brain-pressure, as Dr. Stowe believed—brain-exhaustion, as Kirk affirmed. He lay back on his pillow weak and drowsy, his mind rambling feebly, but to the eye he was more than ever beautiful as an angel. Kirk sat watching him all through the night while his mother knelt on the other side of the bed; occasionally the two exchanged a word, but each was utterly engrossed in the sick child. As for the doctor, it was his habit to concentrate all his energies upon any case he undertook; while the mother experienced the passion and anguish of love and dread which none but a mother can feel.

Once or twice it did occur to Alick that the young woman within five feet of him was a woman of a somewhat high order, not only possessed of beauty, but with a sort of strength and dignity about her which made any man forget her poverty, her loneliness, her obscurity, and thrill at her looks and tones as she spoke to her boy, with that thrill of awe

and tenderness which none but a supremely beautiful woman can arouse in man.

At the end of twenty-four hours Bert was quite himself again, and the young widow came back to realities and a sense of the thanks she owed to Kirk.

"But," said he, taking her hand gravely, "I warn you that he must have many of these attacks;" and he skillfully enlightened her on the precise nature of the disease which he had conquered.

"Can I do anything to keep him well?" she asked, pitifully.

"Nothing."

"Can you, Dr. Kirk?"

He flushed.

"I think I might," said he, briefly.

She looked at him with peculiar intensity of feeling lighting up her pale face.

"Where does his danger lie?" she asked. "Will he die?"

"He may unless he is relieved—but I think it, upon the whole, more probable that his mind may not grow with his body. There is, as you well know, an abnormal development." He set the case before her plainly; he believed that he had mastered it. She listened, growing paler and paler every moment.

"What can you do?" she whispered.

"If you will allow it, Mrs. Edwards, I will bring up four eminent surgeons of my acquaintance. They shall thoroughly listen to my diagnosis—investigate the case and decide with you as to the propriety of the steps I shall propose. I am well aware of my drawbacks in compelling faith," he added, smiling; "I am a young man still, and you will be more ready to listen to graybeards than to me."

"I don't know that," she returned, quickly. "For I do believe in your skill thoroughly, Dr. Kirk. You have quite conquered me."

"That is right," said he, well pleased. "I confess this case interests me deeply. I want to make Bert strong and well."

Her lips trembled.

"He is all I have in the world," she observed, presently.

Kirk's suggestion was carried out, and a consultation of physicians listened to the young man and looked into the case. His zeal infected them, and, a little dulled as was their own professional enthusiasm, his disinterestedness in thus working his hardest in the interests of an unknown widow and her insignificant child impressed them with admiration. He carried the day; even Mrs. Edwards was moved to a warm impulse of gratitude, and the boy himself looked up and smiled in Kirk's face as he began the operation. It was but an initiatory step toward the final experiment which was to be tried that day two weeks. Kirk and his colleagues returned at once to town, leaving the case in the hands of Dr. Stowe, who was to report the symptoms by telegraph each day. The fortnight passed and everything had continued favorable, and at four o'clock on the appointed afternoon the six

doctors were assembled in Stowe's office, waiting for Mrs. Edwards and Bert, for whom the carriage had been sent. It was the most perfect of September days; they were all to remember to the end of their lives the hush about the place, the flight of a shower across the mountain-range over the river, the glowing light upon the yellow stubble among the harvested uplands, the flickering gleams through the wooded vistas to the water's edge. The long shadows lay on the grass, and the afternoon seemed all the more beautiful because of the reddened and golden trees which Autumn's hand had touched. Through this yellow light came Mrs. Edwards, supported across the terrace by Mrs. Stowe. Bert followed her, playing with the dogs—one a solemn old collie, and the other a frisky Pomeranian puppy.

"By George," said Dr. F—, "you chose a pretty woman to offer your services to; no wonder you are wrapped up in the case; she is as beautiful as a Madonna. As handsome a mother and child as I ever saw in my life."

Kirk looked contemptuous. He knew it to be a critical moment, but to him responsibility was inspiration, and he never felt cooler in his life. The old doctors admired his courage and were proud of him as he went to the door and gravely admitted Mrs. Edwards. She gave him an anxious look, which he returned with a steady, tranquillizing gaze. Bert loved him dearly, and kissed his lips, and clung about his knees, hugging him closely. He had brought him a bunch of late flowers which he presented with pride and glee, and insisted upon showing how well he could spin the top which the doctor had given him two weeks before for being quiet under his hands.

"What will doctor give Bert to-day?" he asked, with a saucy smile.

"Doctor will give Bert a great basket of grapes and peaches if he will hold still and be a man."

"Bert will be a good boy," the little fellow cried, eagerly, running toward his mother—"Mamma, hold Bert!" and he gayly climbed upon her knee, and answered her kiss with half a dozen.

She had stipulated to hold him through whatever was done, and Kirk had not thought of refusing, for she had both firmness and discretion, and could, moreover, govern her child with a word or look.

The operation began. Five men's faces were knit with deep lines of anxiety and awe; the sixth was calm, inflexible, unmoved. Mrs. Edwards held her boy's head upon her breast, yet saw nothing but the young surgeon's face. The poor little fellow did not feel much pain, and what he did he bore bravely, and smiled into Dr. Kirk's face now and then, as he addressed him brief little sentences, bidding him bear up and think only of how glad his mother would be when he was quite well. He never moved his head, but followed the doctor's movements with curious, patient eyes, as he went to the table, poured out a few drops of a dark fluid, and diluted it with water.

While Kirk was doing this, he explained his method briefly. He felt thoroughly assured of his

case. He was used to this position—obstacles, impossibilities, melting away before his skill. As he returned to the group, and stood looking down at Bert, his soul was flooded with serene exaltation to see, as he believed, the first stirrings of the change which was to result in his absolute satisfaction. He was not proud, only glad, in his security that the provisions of his spoken thoughts had weeks ago foreshadowed precisely these results.

"Now, my good little fellow," said Kirk, smiling into the lovely cherub-face, "in a minute more it will be all over, and you have behaved like my little man."

"Bert told mamma he would be a good boy," he answered, smiling.

Kirk bent down. A sort of shudder passed through the tender little body. . . . The moment was over. The curly head drooped closer against the mother's soft, white throat.

"He seems a little faint!" cried Kirk, taking him in his arms, and carrying him swiftly to the window, which was wide open—"Look up, Bert," said he.

The eyelids flickered; a sort of wavering gleam crossed the little paling face. Dr. Kirk was a strong man, but he had not the strength to hold the little form. He laid it down on the lounge, and bent lower and lower over it with a ghastly face as he met the quickening glances of the other doctors. Mrs. Edwards had followed Kirk, and had flung herself beside the little lad, and was fanning him eagerly.

"Bring ammonia, or camphor!" she cried, in a stifled voice. "Oh, why don't you do something?" She was all the time clasping her child's body, but looked up with harrowing intensity at the six men who seemed turned to frozen images of helpless woe.

"Tell her, somebody!" cried Kirk, in a terrible voice—"tell her the child is dead."

She screamed, and raised the boy's body as if to protect it from some deadly danger.

"No, no!" she cried; "he is only fainting."

But the way the limbs drooped and fell convinced her against her will.

"So you have killed him!" she shrieked, in an agonized voice. "I trusted you, you seemed so wise; and you have killed him!"

She did not shed a tear, but kissed him over and over. She lifted the little shriveled hand, then let it fall. Conviction had struck into her soul. This was easily seen to be the helplessness of death.

Dr. Stowe was crying bitterly, his voice quite choked with tears.

"My dear Mrs. Edwards," said he, putting his hand on her shoulder, "a terrible sorrow has come upon you and upon us all. But I implore you to say nothing cruel. You must submit to the will of God."

"It was not God's will," she cried out, sharply. "Half an hour ago he was quite well. He could talk to me—he could look up at me—hold my hand. He was so happy that we were to have a great supper after we went home from this—"

The thought of the change overcame her utterly.

The shock broke itself out of agonized calm into bitter, burning tears. She was shaken with awful sobs from head to foot, and laid her head on the dead, smiling cherub face, and wept as if her heart would break.

Naturally, the first thought of Dr. Stowe had been the practical one of sending into the house for his wife and daughters. When they came, the men hoped to see the widow leave the senseless clay, and cling to her comforters instead; but nothing could part her from her child.

"You had better speak to her, Kirk," suggested one of the old doctors. "You have more influence over her than any one else."

He shook his head, but rose and went toward her and knelt beside the lounge, and himself lifted one of the little chilly hands. As he did so, a blinding mist of tears came across his vision, and a convulsive tremor shook him from head to foot.

"Mrs. Edwards," said he, agitatedly.

When she saw that he had approached, she shrank away shuddering, and crouched over her boy like a tigress defending her young.

"Don't dare to speak to me!" she cried. "Can't you guess what it costs me merely to look at you? Have you no heart, that you come here to remind me that it was I—I, by my own free consent, gave him up to you to be killed? Yes, killed—you have killed him! He was well, strong, and happy, until you took him from me."

Kirk suffered as if from a stroke of lightning. It was a cruelty that she had felt a faith in him which was mistaken, an expectation which had ended in ghastly disappointment. Still, with all his despairing regrets, five minutes before he had felt conscious of no barrier to their mutual understanding; but, the moment he had touched the child's little dead hand, he had forgotten everything except a sudden realization of the woe he had, no matter how innocently, brought upon this mother. What he experienced was a supreme sensibility to the sorrow which he heard in the cry that came from the depths of an anguished soul. He was conscious of no wish to defend himself against her mad accusations. He did not care for the injustice which condemned his own actions, but he quailed before her sorrow, and without another word went out into the shrubberies, and threw himself, face downward, on the turf.

It was long past sunset before he rose and went back to the house, and the early September dusks and glooms made the contrast of the doctor's office, with its fire and lights, seem cozy and bright; but he sat down joylessly among the four men smoking about the blaze on the hearth.

The old doctors felt badly enough for Kirk, and had, in fact, staid until night on purpose to see him again, and cheer him up. They had no compunction in declaring the matter unfortunate, although it was not one to be deplored by a sensible man. They had examined the boy's brain; it would soon have been forfeited by the very disease which the young surgeon had believed to be at the root of the trouble. His treatment of the case had been admirable, and

they had fully vindicated him to the poor mother, who was, in spite of her grief, ready to listen to common-sense. This strange and calamitous result could have been foreseen by none, but was, in truth, a blessing to science, and would probably be the saving of many lives.

Kirk could not bear it; the details of the autopsy were abhorrent to him. He seemed never to have felt deeply before; all the feelings which in most lives are diffused into a weak and wide benevolence of sentiment, by some tardy recurrence of conditions revealed themselves to him at once. For the past two hours her question, "Have you no heart?" had sounded and resounded in his ears, and he had despised himself. Once, in his wrath and despair, he had clutched a handful of herbage, uprooting everything that grew about him, and threw it down, gnashing his teeth in the impotence of his despair; then, sane even in his fury, with a sort of bitter irony, he cried aloud: "That is like me—yes, that is like me! I care nothing for destroying life—not I!" and he had burst into a flood of tears. For Kirk had genius, and no man possesses that high inspiration who has not emotional capacities as keen as those belonging to his intellectual tendencies.

II.

KIRK and the old doctors went back to town that night, but the young man returned two days later to attend Bert's funeral. He had sent flowers enough to bury the little fellow deep below the fragrant burden. After the services were concluded, and Dr. Stowe was leading Mrs. Edwards to the carriage, he went up and stood bareheaded before her. She stopped and looked at him startled, for his face was dreadful.

"I wish," said he, in a stifled voice—"I wish you would say a kind word to me."

She sobbed hopelessly and helplessly, but extended her hand to Kirk, who did not release it until he had put her in the carriage. Then he walked at once to the train, and did not appear at Riverdell again until December, when he entered Dr. Stowe's office abruptly one evening, having come up from town in the first snow-storm.

"How is Mrs. Edwards?" he asked, as soon as the flow of family inquiries ceased on the doctor's side.

Dr. Stowe shook his head.

"I am inclined," said he, "to worry about her. You see"—and his manner became apologetic—"she had nothing in the world except her boy. She is poor, obliged to work for her living, and, of course, has never had an opportunity to make herself general interests; and, besides, is one of those faithful creatures who retain strong traces of any feeling that has once impressed them."

"She still lives in that little house all alone?"

"She does; she went back there after the funeral and took up her accustomed habits."

"That wretched needle-work!" ejaculated Kirk, with a gesture of despair.

"Of course, she must earn a living."

"I have written to her twice," remarked Kirk, simply. "She has not answered, and I am anxious to see her. I am never free from the thought of her."

"I know that you took the accident deeply to heart, my boy," said Dr. Stowe, touched by something in the young man's manner; "but you must not allow yourself any morbid feelings in the matter."

"I have suffered cruelly," returned Kirk, "but I trust I have spent none of my strength in idle suffering. I have tried to do a little good to balance it; there is ample field in my career for a beneficent activity. I am not always in despair."

"You should never despair. You did your best with Bert; you were cordially anxious to build up that fragile life into perfect strength and beauty; that you failed was a calamity, as it always is when a life is forfeited to disease, not restored to health. I was not anxious for the operation, but, on my soul, I have never blamed you, even in my secret thought."

Kirk sighed.

"Her loss!" said he, "that is the damnable part of it!" His lips trembled, he got up and walked to the fireplace, and leaned on the mantel, concealing his face. "I want," he continued, in an odd voice—"I want to marry her."

"Good God!" ejaculated Dr. Stowe.

"I want a chance to comfort her," pursued Kirk, with more resolution—"I pity her so. I seemed never to have felt pity until Bert was dead. I sometimes think it will kill me if I go on as I have done the past two months. I cannot sleep. Unless I apply my entire mind to the least subject in hand, I find myself drifting away into melancholy reverie. I am always thinking about her."

"Have you offered yourself to her in either of the letters you wrote?" asked the old doctor, sharply.

"I have not. I shall do so to-morrow."

"She won't have you," said Dr. Stowe, dryly.

"She must! Our lives were brought together in that horrible crisis. She needs me just as much as I need her."

"I declare to you, Alick, that, even to speak to you in a friendly manner, she has dread, repugnance, even conscientious scruples, to overcome."

"Has she? God pity me then!"

"Why, my boy, when on earth did you fall in love with her?"

"I don't know that I am in love with her, as you call it. Yet her face haunts me—the look of her eyes, the droop of the mouth. It strikes me, judging by my experience in such matters, that what I feel is much more than mere being in love. I met a girl last winter abroad to whom I intended to offer myself as soon as I was established. She has returned from Europe. I have seen her. I am utterly indifferent to her, although I was attracted twelve months since to the point of thinking of her as my wife. There is but one woman in the world to me now."

"Your mother hopes you will marry Miss Van Cott."

"Marriage is something which concerns only the two people interested in the union."

"I am not so sure of that. Your mother is a proud woman. Socially speaking, you may choose your wife where you will. Now, Mrs. Edwards is of no family; her father was educated—a country schoolmaster—but when he died his widow allied herself with quite common people; then this daughter married into humble life; her antecedents and present associations alike are of a class of which you know nothing, just as yours are something perfectly diametrically opposed to her experience."

"Mrs. Edwards is a pretty, refined woman. I have seen her twenty-four hours at a stretch, and in her fatigue, her misery, her preoccupation, she was always pure and simple, a lady, besides being a noble woman. The drawbacks you allude to I am more than indifferent to—I am even contemptuous of them."

"Your family will be offended at the match."

"You are one of my family. I am sorry to offend anybody, but my whole future welfare depends on this. You are very inconsequent: you declare she won't have me, then assume her consent, and argue about unimportant obstacles. On the whole, you have encouraged me. I don't want to hear another word. It is late. I shall go to bed."

The next morning was crisp and cool, with six inches of snow on the ground. It was but ten o'clock when Kirk knocked at Mrs. Edwards's door. She had seen him approach, and after an interval of doubt and pain opened it for him. He only bowed, then stepped in, closing the door behind him, and followed her into the humble little room where she sat sewing. He saw at once that sorrow had made frightful ravages with her, and, besides his kind feeling, his professional sense was disturbed. She looked so ill he trembled for her. She met his eyes, and sank into a chair powerfully agitated.

"You are not surprised to see me," said he, speaking the first word uttered between them.

She regained her self-command.

"You suggested the possibility of your coming to Riverdell," she returned, coldly.

"I hoped for an answer to my last letter, Mrs. Edwards," said he. "I want you to tell me you forgive me." He put his hand on hers, and looked steadily into her face. "Surely," he continued, "you understand my terrible regrets, my profound dejection and humiliation—not alone my sincere sympathy for you, but my tender love and sorrow for your child."

She would have shaken off his touch, but he only tightened it.

"Many a time," he went on, "I have wished myself dead, and Bert alive in my place."

She looked up, for his tone expressed strange vehemence.

"I do forgive you," said she, in a low voice. "I ought to have written and told you so. I not only forgive you, but, when I think what you may have suffered, I have pitied you. Yet at times I feel hard."

"Oh! thank you."

The words were nothing, but all the finest part of Alick's nature was in his face and tone.

They were silent for a few moments. He was still bending down over her, his hand laid on hers. She was somewhat agitated, and endeavored to control herself.

"It was very good of you," she remarked, abruptly, "to send me that money. Of course I have never drawn an order upon it, and never shall. It is just as you placed it at the bank."

"You might much better have made some use of it," said he, hastily. "But do not let us even allude to such a subject. Mrs. Edwards, I have come to ask you to be my wife."

She stared at him incredulously, without even a change of color.

"I want you to become my wife," he said again, and this time the flush on his face kindled an answer in hers. She struggled to free herself from the clasp of his hand on hers, and betrayed such impatience at his proximity that he retreated and took his stand before the fire.

"I understand your motive in saying this," she observed, after a brief pause. "I know little about the world you live in, but I believe that, even among the finest gentlemen, few would ever have been moved to make a proposal at once so disinterested and so noble."

"You consent?" he cried, eagerly, advancing a step.

"No," she returned, coldly. "Nothing could be more impossible."

"Why impossible?" said he, standing before her. "Do not allow yourself to hate me. In spite of all my short-sighted folly, I deserve something better from you."

Nobody alive had ever seen such a look on Alick's face, nor heard such softness, such tremor, in his voice. No woman could have failed to be moved by it, and, above all, Mrs. Edwards, to whom, from the first, he had been unlike any one she had hitherto seen: bringing a law for her actions in his glance, his words, his smile. She had to struggle now with a powerful temptation, forcing herself to regard it not from her own point of view, but one widely different, which made her reject the promise his words and look held out as a falsehood.

"Do not—do not come near me!" she cried, with much vehemence. "Of course it cannot be. I—do not think I hate you. That is not my reason. It is simply impossible. Besides everything else—were I even so weak as to think for a moment of taking you at your word—such an offer on your part is quite unsuitable to your position. You mean to do me a kindness—you pity me—but you are well placed in the world, while I am a poor, plain, unhappy woman, whose health is failing every day, and whose position in life can never be the same as yours."

"Don't tell me your health is failing!" he cried, almost beside himself. "Have I not eyes to see how thin you are—how pale you have grown? Do not torture me, Mrs. Edwards; you are a woman and

have your prerogatives, and must use them, I suppose. But be kind; you must see how it is with me—I have but one wish in life—I want to make you happy—I can have no peace until you are happy again."

"I can never be happy any more," said she, with something he took for absolute composure. "In fact, I doubt if I have ever been happy. My father died—my mother married again—my step-father was cruel to me—she was indifferent, and I married very early." She paused, and looked up at Alick. "It was a foolish wish to better myself," she went on, with a half-smile, "and I was properly rewarded for marrying on such grounds—it was a miserable time. He died suddenly—awfully. Better so, I told myself, with a hard, cruel heart, for he had ill-treated me. A man like you could not dream how he had ill-treated me. . . . I never had a chance to love anybody or anything but Bert. I gave all my heart to him, and they say God does not permit such love to prosper. . . . I don't know. . . . I have suffered dreadfully since I was left all alone here, but I am beginning to grow callous—to feel the callousness of the condemned. I am not strong, and something tells me that this life is only a bad dream—that I shall wake up presently and find eternal reality and—Bert."

"Do you mean that you believe you are going to die?" he asked, sharply.

She nodded. He seized her hand, felt her pulse, growing pale as he did so.

"I tell you," said he, "you shall be my wife. I can take care of you—I can cure you. I will not have you throw your life away—I will not have it, I say! Don't you feel that I have a claim upon you—don't you feel that you belong to me?"

"No," she returned, gravely; "really, Dr. Kirk, I do not." But her gravity ended in a smile. "You are a very imperious young man," she went on, coolly, for his passionate vehemence gave her the advantage of him. "You take possession of an idea, and you are impelled to do battle for it. You are generous—you feel yourself obliged to do something for me because you pity me. Wait a little: this feeling will pass when you find it necessary to dismiss it from your mind. 'Tis not as if it had taken possession of your heart."

He laughed a little.

"Come, now," said he, taking her hand in his warmly, "confess that you know nothing about my heart when you say that; for, in fact, your image fills it entirely."

She shook her head.

"It cannot be."

"You refuse me? You give me no hope at all? Is there nothing in me that can win a woman?" He was striding about, and paused in front of her. He had always been in a position to be fastidious, and had never once hesitated to avail himself of his privileges, but it had suddenly occurred to him that he was, after all, not calculated to please a fastidious woman. This unaccustomed state of mind was painfully irksome to him, and he rebelled impa-

tiently against any circumstances where his own decision, his own wishes, could not help him.

"Is there nothing in me to please a woman?" he demanded, again.

"It seems to me," she answered, softly, "that you may win whom you will."

"But not yourself?"

"No, Dr. Kirk, not me."

He left her and paced the room again.

"What could win you, I wonder?" he asked, stopping and looking out of the window. His tone brought the tears to her eyes.

"Oh!" she cried, helplessly, "'tis not that I am insensible to your goodness."

"There is no goodness about it; I could easily show that you were quite wrong when you called my offer disinterested. I confess I cannot see why you reject me. Yet I do not wish you to accept me merely because you are lonely and unhappy. It seems to me, Mrs. Edwards"—he flushed like a girl—"it seems to me that something which I feel in my heart toward you must compel an answer in yours."

"Do not say any more," said she, with a calm dignity which silenced him. "I must refuse what you wish, simply because it is impossible that I should accept. I wish, Dr. Kirk, you would not ask me any more."

He regarded her with a peculiar smile.

"I am a stubborn fellow," he observed, presently. "I shall go back to town. I shall write to you every day, and before the 1st of January I shall be here again."

He bade her good-morning, and went out into the street, where presently he met Dr. Stowe flying through the snow-drifts in his cutter.

"She won't have me—yet," Alick told him, smiling. "Nevertheless, I consider her my charge, and I must not be left in ignorance about her. Go and see her every day for my sake, won't you? And, if her health fails in the least, telegraph to me at once."

For some occult reason Kirk had rarely been in better spirits than he was during the next two weeks. He wrote for two hours every night before he went to bed, yet told the editor of a medical journal, who asked for an article from him, that he had not written a word for two months. In fact, what he did write went off to Riverdell in a large white envelope by the early morning mail. But he had not a word from Riverdell until, the day before Christmas, he received a message by the wires:

"She has taken a terrible cold. I think you had better come up and watch your own case.

"R. STOWE."

Kirk delayed setting out until toward evening, for he had certain arrangements to perfect, but at seven o'clock he arrived at the village and went at once to Mrs. Edwards's. A strange woman opened the door, and, in return to his inquiries, informed him that Mrs. Edwards was sick.

"I am her physician," said Kirk, entering, and, taking off his winter wrappings, marched into the

sitting-room at once, and found the young widow lying on a lounge before the fire. For a moment he suffered dreadfully as he sat looking down at the sleeping woman; then she awoke and looked up at him, gazing smilingly, her dark eyes dreamy and beseeching.

He knelt down beside her and flung his arm over her.

"I was just dreaming about you," said she, as if still in a dream.

"That is but fair," he answered her, laughing, "for, asleep or awake, I am always dreaming of you."

And he kissed her shyly.

She shook her head, but smiled into his face frankly as he gazed at her.

"I thought before I went to sleep that I must send for you," she observed. "I wanted to see you once more. I told you I was sure to die."

"But you are not going to die at all," said he, springing up, and looking at the medicines on the table. "Then," said he, pouring something into a glass, "drink that. You feel pretty well, don't you, dear?"

"I do feel better," she returned. "I can breathe more easily."

He felt her pulse and asked her two or three little questions.

"I feared," said he, with the glimmer of a smile in his eyes, "that you would have nothing to travel in this terrible weather; accordingly, I bought you a fur-cloak to-day."

She stared at him bewildered.

"I should have reached here earlier," he pursued, "but I went down-town and secured two passages for Savannah by Saturday's steamer; then to the Clarendon and engaged rooms for to-morrow and next day."

"I really cannot imagine what you are talking about," she faltered, coloring crimson, nevertheless.

"What is your Christian name, Mrs. Edwards?" he pursued.

"Alice."

"And your age?"

"Twenty-five."

"I have to get our marriage-certificate to-morrow morning," he remarked, gravely, "and this information was essential. Besides, I have often wondered of late what your name was—that it happens to be my favorite name, Alice, is a stroke of unexpected good luck."

And he called her Alice over and over again with every intonation of love and joy and triumph. She stared at him with great, melancholy eyes, utterly dumb. What did he mean? Presently she pinched herself.

"Am I awake," she faltered, "or am I dreaming?"

"Never mind," he told her. "Don't get too wide awake, for I want you to sleep well to-night, since you must be well enough to marry me to-morrow. Alice, dear, don't exert yourself against me—don't pretend that you do not believe it will be the

blissest thing for us both. It is to be so. In your heart I am sure you do not wish it otherwise. I have arranged everything for an absence of months with you. Hereafter you shall have everything your own way, but now that you are ill you must submit to my plans for you. The South will do you good."

"I told you it could never be, Dr. Kirk," said she, tremulously. "I meant all I said to you."

"Yet you have read thirteen of my letters without disclaiming anything I declared in any one of them. Yield to me, Alice; if you knew the resolution which lies behind every action and word of mine, you would not once think it worth while to waste a breath in opposition."

She burst into foolish tears, but he held her close to his heart, and loved her the better for such weakness and folly; that she had no will to oppose him seemed her crowning grace.

"You are sure you desire it, Dr. Kirk?" she said, after a time

"I think I desire it—a little. You had better not ask me those questions, madam! I'm trying to be a good doctor. I have some idea how to act in that relation, but as a happy lover I am not so sure of knowing how to behave myself. But I must ask one thing: Is it anything to you that I love you supremely—that I wish to devote my life to you?"

"It is life, energy, strength to me," she answered, raising her eyes to his. "I don't deserve it," she went on, brokenly. "I can't guess why such happiness has come to me, we are so unequal, but to know that you care for me a lit-

tle—that I have something to worship, to put faith in—"

"Do you really put any faith in me nowadays?" he cried, in a tremulous voice. "Hereafter, I'll try to deserve it, my darling."

When, the following May, Dr. Kirk returned from the South with his wife, there was much talk in his coterie about the influence his "Quixotic marriage," as it was called, would have upon his prospects. But, after he had established himself in his house, and presented his wife to his friends, such doubts and queries vanished at once. She was simply one of the loveliest young married women of the day, and everybody was forced to confess that, let Dr. Kirk have married her with what romantic and generous impulses he might at the outset, there could be no question but that he was by this time madly in love with her. Her story was widely known, and the imaginative were disposed to find a peculiar melancholy on her face; but, if so, it came from no passive or yearning regrets, but was a look which foreshadowed a deep knowledge of life, a capability of heroism, and an undying love for the man whose name she bore. Kirk's career as a surgeon is one of the great things of the day, and has had the highest rewards. He is at times sneered at as too tender-hearted—too impetuously eager with untiring research to save life and arrest suffering; but, in the presence of the sacred mysteries of life, he is blessed by those whom he has served most faithfully as being, of all great physicians, the most humble, delicate, faithful, and infinitely merciful.

THE SINGER'S ERROR.

I LAID aside my singing-robcs,
For who can sing away?
The cherries were as round as globes,
In the middle of the day,
When I laid aside my singing-robcs,
And turned from where they lay.

But oh, in sooth, it was so strange
The way the glamour fell
From everything: and ah! the change,
I have not heart to tell,
Since the hour I turned the world to range
Without the singer's shell!

I wandered far, I wandered near,
I had all sorts of ease;
It was the golden time o' the year,
But not a thing could please;
My heart it was so vexed and sere,
It set no store by these:

Till one day I stood up and cried:
"Where are my singing-robcs?
I left them by the meadow-side,

When the cherries were red globes."
And I pined for them as never bride
Pined for her wedding-robcs.

I journeyed all the live-long day,
And all the dreesome night,
Till I came to where I thought they lay—
But in the lonesome light
A flower stood, white as clouds in May:
I called it Lost Delight.

I plucked and shined it in my breast,
And named it Lost Delight;
The singing-robcs that made my rest
Were of the self-same white;
And sleeping with my flower close pressed,
I miss them in the night!

But every day I seek the place
Where once I laid them down;
Their sight would make more glad my face
Than any great renown.
Yet may I find them by God's grace,
All but the singer's crown!

CHARLES MACKAY'S "RECOLLECTIONS."

TWENTY years ago Dr. Mackay, a dapper little gentleman of three-and-forty, made a visit to America. Of Scottish birth and parentage, but educated in Belgium, he had gone to London at eighteen to seek his fortune in literature. He came to be a fairly successful journalist, was now editor-in-chief of the London *Illustrated News*, and had written several rather clever poems. He went to America, he says, "on a double mission: first, to see the country, make acquaintance with the people and their institutions, and narrate his impressions in a series of letters to the *Illustrated News*; and, secondly, to deliver a course of three lectures on 'Poetry and Song' in the principal cities." Mr. Thackeray had put much money in his purse by means of his lectures in the United States, and why should not Dr. Mackay go and do likewise? Unluckily, the American public cared more to see Mr. Thackeray, and to hear his pungent criticisms on the "Four Georges," than they did to look upon Dr. Mackay, and to listen to what he had to tell them about "Poetry and Song." His lectures met with only moderate success, although several able gentlemen of note, among whom were Mr. Seward and Jefferson Davis, Alexander H. Stephens and Anson Burlingame, tried to give him a lift by publicly inviting the doctor to deliver them in Washington. He says that, "although the author received a respectful welcome from the leading personages of every city through which he passed, he did not truly know what a popular welcome was until he reached Canada;" and, touching this Canadian ovation, he has a good story to tell, which will appear further on.

Not long after his return to England, some dispute arose between him and the new proprietors of the *Illustrated News*, and he was ousted from the editorial chair.

Early in 1862 he reappeared in America, and for three and a half years occupied what he styles "the responsible and often dangerous position of correspondent for the London *Times* from the city of New York," from which position he was recalled soon after the close of the civil war.

He has just put forth two volumes of his "Recollections," in which he tells us that "it is not my intention to assume the place of the hero of my story, but to appear in it merely as the string on which I can collect and exhibit such beads of memory and experience as may illustrate the dangers as well as the successes of a literary career, reflect the spirit and manners of the age in which my lot was cast, and make better known, to such readers as may choose to be companions of my way, the great, the good, and the brilliant men and women with whom my avocations brought me into contact, either of

business, of friendship, or of social intercourse." We regret that we cannot say that Dr. Mackay has been altogether successful in carrying out his laudable intention. We should have supposed that he must have known very many more persons worth knowing, and have known them much better, than he appears to have done. But we must make the best we can of what he has been able to give us.

The introductory chapter, in which he speaks of his grandfather, his father, and of his own boyhood, is really fresh and charming. The Mackays were one of the few Highland clans who sided with the house of Hanover against the Stuarts. His grandfather, Hugh Mackay, when a mere stripling, was an ensign in the army of the Duke of Cumberland, and was present at the decisive battle of Culloden, in 1745. He afterward entered the naval service, in which he rose to be captain of marines on board the ill-fated Royal George, which in 1782 went down on a calm day in harbor with her whole crew of eight hundred men.

Captain Mackay was not among them. Not long before some trivial dispute had arisen at the mess-table between him and a brother-officer. Mackay received a challenge, and a duel was fought, in which his opponent was mortally wounded. At that day a British officer who received a challenge was in a sore strait. If he "showed the white feather," he was sure to be "cut" by society, and "sent to Coventry" by his fellow-officers. If he fought, he was liable to be dismissed from the service. In either case his professional prospects would be ruined. A military investigation was held, and Mackay was recommended to retire from the service on half-pay. He took up his abode in the little town of Venloo, in Holland, where his meagre half-pay would go farther than in England.

He had, however, influential friends and kinsmen, who in 1793 procured for his son George an appointment as midshipman in the royal navy. He was barely fourteen, but spoke English, French, and Dutch, with equal fluency, and had picked up a little Spanish. In a few months his vessel was captured by the French, and he was sent as prisoner of war into the interior, where he remained four years. He made numerous unsuccessful attempts to escape, of which many years after he published an account. In these he more than once traversed France from north to south, and from east to west, but was always caught by the *gendarmes* before reaching the frontiers. At length, by some means or other, he received a pass from the famous General Kellermann.

"What is the English for 'monsieur'?" asked the general, as he was writing the pass.

"The English is 'sir,'" was the reply; and so the permit was written, directing all civil and military authorities to allow "Sir George Mackay to pass without let or hindrance."

Armed with this, he made his way to Stuttgart,

¹ Forty Years' Recollections of Life, Literature, and Public Affairs. From 1830 to 1870. By Charles Mackay, LL. D., author of "Egeria," "A Man's Heart," "Studies from the Antique," etc., etc. London, 1877.

where the British ambassador introduced him to the Grand duke of Würtemberg, by all odds the greatest prince in Europe in avoirdupois weight. When his highness read the permit, he was, says Mackay, "seized with such an immoderate fit of laughter at my being knighted in this absurd manner as to make me apprehensive lest he might experience the fate of the fat licentiate while listening to the comic adventures of Gil Blas." The duke gave him an abundant dinner, and at parting slipped into his hand a folded paper, saying, "When you arrive in England tell your countrymen that the Grand-duke of Würtemberg made you a present of all the money he had in his pocket!"

The ducal pocket was apparently not very well filled, for Mackay had to make his way on foot to Heidelberg, Darmstadt, Frankfort, Cassel, Göttingen, Einbeck, Hanover, Bremen, and Cuxhaven, receiving at most or all of these places aid from the British consuls to help him along. Reaching London, he found that an uncle, upon whose aid he had relied, was dead; that his mother was also dead, and that his father, who had married again, had left Venloo and gone to live at Düsseldorf. He soon succeeded in getting an appointment to another vessel, the *Hydra*, commanded by Captain Lafosey, who afterward came to be an admiral. He used to describe the *Hydra* as "a hell upon the waters," and the brutal flogging of the sailors as too horrible to be thought of. "Often," said he, "have I wondered that men, who were treated as if they had neither hearts nor souls, should yet, in the hour of danger and of duty, forget their wrongs and indignities, act like true heroes, and pour out their hearts' blood with sublime unselfishness for a country that treated them so detestably."

He bore this life for six years, and then, in a fit of desperation, abandoned the naval service and enlisted as a private soldier. The officers of the regiment soon perceived his superior attainments, learned who he was, and procured for him an ensign's commission. He served in the ill-fated expedition to Walcheren, was invalided by fever- and -ague contracted among the marshes, and returned to England. Recovering his health, he was placed on military service in various parts of Great Britain, and finally at Perth, where he married a descendant of the famous covenanting saint and hero, Donald Cargill. Here, in 1814, was born their only son, Charles Mackay.

The mother died not long after, and the father consigned the boy to the charge of Grace Stuart, a Perth woman, the wife of Thomas Threlkeld, a sturdy Cambrian, once belonging to his regiment, who, after the peace of Waterloo, had resumed his original trade of a tailor, and settled down at Woolwich.

"Thus," says Mackay, "like Béranger, I passed my earlier years in the house of a tailor. The French poet has told the world in one of his songs that a fairy, born of his own imagination, visited him in the tailor's shop, and predicted his future career. My fairy of the tailor's shop was a sonsie, buxom, comely Scottish woman, who spoke the broad Doric of the Lowlands in all its purity, and had a heart as true and tender as ever beat in a hu-

man bosom. Years afterward, ere I had reached my teens, she often expressed the notion that I, too, like Robert Burns, whom she was fond of quoting, was 'a waly boy,' predicting, as she crooned the song, in a low, sweet voice:

" 'Thou'lt hae misfortunes great and sma',
But still a heart aboon them a';—
Thou'lt be a credit to us a';
We'll a' be proud o' Charlie'—

or, as she pronounced it, *Chairlie*. Often, in after-years, has the kind woman's song reëchoed in my mind, when encouragement, come whence it might, was a ray of sunshine on a dark place, and when even the remembered echo of an old song was an aid to a tottering step, and to a young heart that needed sympathy."

Grace—or, as her good tailor-husband called her, *Girrie* Threlkeld—taught the boy his letters and the tunes of scores of Scotch songs, among which a favorite was the old Jacobite "Charlie is my Darling, the young Chevalier;" and, in due time, he was sent to a "dame school," taught by the widow of a corporal of the royal artillery at Woolwich.

In the mean while the father had retired upon half-pay, and was economizing at Brussels. When Charles was ten years old, he came over in order to place his son at school in London. The tailor and his wife were comforted by the promise that Charlie should spend his vacations with them at Woolwich. He made excellent progress in his studies, and was notably proficient in mathematics; but in time, as he says, "poetry and romance stepped in the way, and, throwing their glamour over me, took my heart completely." He began to write verses, and, by the time he was thirteen, had come to think himself a poet. Andrew Robertson, a fashionable London portrait-painter, a disciple of Edward Irving, had known his father, was kind to the boy, gave him many a "tip," showed his verses to Irving, and one day presented him to that great man, then in the very height of his celebrity. The boy, like everybody else, was impressed by the personality of Irving. Of their first meeting he says

"Mr. Irving held out his hand, and shook mine kindly; I, on my part, receiving the friendly greeting with fear and trembling, not unmixt with pride and admiration. But he soon placed me at my ease. His fine, tall, handsome figure, his dignified and beautiful face, to which a slight obliquity of vision lent a weird-like expression of power and genius, without the least suggestion of unsymmetry, and the manner, unusual with men at least in that day, of parting his luxuriant black hair down the middle, after the fashion of women, suggested to my youthful mind, fresh from the study of the most poetical passages of the Bible, that here before me stood an Isaiah or an Ezekiel, a Hosea or a Habakkuk. Indeed, for many years afterward, I thought that if I were a great painter, and had to paint a picture of the inspired prophet Isaiah, I should take Edward Irving as my model. There was something so tender and paternal in the tones of his voice as he patted me softly on the head, that all my awe of him as a superior being disappeared, and I thought I loved him with all my heart as he said, 'I am pleased to see that you are a reader of your Bible. Among all your compositions—which are full of future promise, and as creditable to your heart, my dear young friend, as they

are to your head—that in which you have attempted to dramatise the story of David playing the harp before Saul, to soothe his broken spirit in a paroxysm of madness, appears to me the best." He produced the manuscript, and began to read my verses with so clear and musical a voice, so perfect an emphasis, and with such a variety of modulation, as suited the changing spirit of the poem, as to impress me vividly that I had never heard reading before, and was never likely to hear it again, unless from the same lips. He brought out beauties in my poor composition that I had never myself suspected, and put meanings into my words which were doubtless latent in them, but which had not been apparent to my own mind until he had enkindled them. All this exalted me in my own opinion; and, I now say it with something like regret, moulded my future career, and made me a man of letters."

One day while Mackay, now something past fourteen, was spending his midsummer vacation at Woolwich, a handsome carriage drove up before the humble door of the tailor. From it alighted a venerable gentleman, who announced himself to the boy as Major-General Robert Mackay, of the East India Company's service, and the uncle of his father. He had often heard of his great-uncle, of the kindness of his disposition, and of the interest which he had promised to take in his future career. The general said that he had come to take the lad to his father at Brussels, where he was to be placed at a first-class school, and, if he improved himself in his studies, the general would use his influence to procure for him, when he was sixteen, a cadetship in the company's service, a position which in those days was an almost sure stepping-stone to a fortune. He found his father not uncomfortably situated. In addition to his half-pay, he was earning something by giving lessons in French and English, and had several pupils, among whom were the two sons of the Prince of Orange, the heir-apparent to the throne of the Netherlands. He had also married a woman "who was a first-rate manager, and knew how to make a small income produce more comfort than some people can extract from a large one," and who took very kindly to her step-son.

Things ran smoothly for a couple of years. Mackay learned to speak and write French as readily as he did English, was a tolerable German scholar, and had made some progress in Italian and Spanish. He also kept on writing poetry, and had planned an epic poem, two or three tragedies, and several tales in verse, in imitation of Byron. But his sixteenth birthday came, and not a syllable of the promised cadetship.

"How it came about," he says, "I never knew; but only learned, in the vaguest and most unsatisfactory manner, that the kind-hearted general and my kind-hearted though somewhat irascible and impetuous father had quarreled about something or other. My father, though sorry for the quarrel, would not admit that he was in the wrong; he was a poor man, and his pride was certainly equal to if not superior to his poverty. So these two walked for the future in separate paths, and my military prospects ended in nothing. I was not disappointed. On the contrary, I was rather glad; for my heart had long been finally set on the literary career. I had read

much of its glories, but had heard little of its perils and pitfalls; or, hearing, had taught myself to despise them."

The general's remittances having ceased, the lad, nothing loath, found that he must do something for himself. His father's good repute procured for him a situation every way desirable; for "the pay was liberal, the labor light, and the hours of attendance not burdensome." It was that of "secretary to an old English gentleman, who wanted a young man to keep his accounts, answer his letters, read the French and Belgian newspapers to him in English, and accompany him in his drives." For a while his abundant leisure hung lightly on his hands. He read a great deal in French and German, for English books were not easy to be had; wrote, and translated from and into French and German; and settled more and more into the determination to go to London and become a man of letters. His father at length acceded to his wishes, and in 1832, being then eighteen years old, he went to London, with a very moderate supply of money, and, as he says, with "high hopes, great ambition, and immense inexperience."

His father went with him. The fortunes of the half-pay officer had apparently flourished in a modest way, and he was able to present his son to quite a number of persons with whom the Mackays could claim kith and kin. Among these were Eric Mackay, Lord Reay, the head of the clan; Lord Panmure, and Lord Cochrane. He intimated that his own quarrel with General Mackay need not prevent his son from renewing acquaintance with his old benefactor. We hope that he did so, for he incidentally mentions that a portrait of the old man by Sir William Beechey is still in his possession. One introduction led to another, and in a few months Mackay, who had published a little volume of poems, "now happily out of print," was introduced to John Black, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, to whom he offered a paraphrased translation of Béranger's poem, "Mon Habit." Black accepted the poem, and gave him an order for five guineas for it, saying: "That is as much as Milton's first payment for 'Paradise Lost,' and I dare say more than even Béranger received for the original. It is given not so much as a payment, but as a retainer." "This," says Mackay, "was the pleasantest money I ever received before or since: pleasant, yet to some extent fatal, for it tended to fasten my inexperienced feet in the thorny path of literature, and to confirm me in the confidence that the profession of literature was profitable as well as honorable."

John Black figures largely in Dr. Mackay's "Recollections." In personal appearance and in some points of character Horace Greeley long after reminded him of Black. There were, however, some notable points of difference. Black was an excellent linguist, and especially fond of Greek, into which language he was wont to boast that he could read off at sight one of his own leaders, or that of anybody else. He was, moreover, an excellent judge of "mountain-dew," and had once fought a

duel with Mr. Roebuck, a member of Parliament, who had impugned the character of the *Chronicle* in general, and of its editor in particular. The duel was quite harmless. Two shots were fired, when the parties shook hands, the honor of both having been fully satisfied. Black's second was Simon MacGillivray, a peppery Scotchman, one of the proprietors of the paper, and a boon companion of its editor, equally fond of toddy or a joke. The editor had a large black Newfoundland dog named Cato, who accompanied him wherever he went. He was once invited to spend a week with the rich Mr. Morrison at his seat of Fonthill, whither of course he took his canine favorite. MacGillivray persuaded the sub-editor to insert a paragraph in the "Fashionable Intelligence," to the effect that "John Black, Esq., and — Cato, Esq., had gone on a visit to Mr. Morrison of Fonthill." The next number of the *Tory Age* contained a fierce denunciation of the insult to the aristocracy of England perpetrated by that vile radical journal, the *Morning Chronicle*. "Will it be believed," exclaimed the indignant censor, "that — Cato, Esq., is no other than the editor's big black dog? The intention to insult not only the king, who is the fountain of honor, but the whole aristocracy, is palpable." The poor sub-editor was on the point of being discharged by the other proprietors, when MacGillivray came to the rescue by avowing that he was the author of the jest, whereupon the others concluded that no harm had been done, the joke was a good one, and the *Age* had made a fool of itself.

Black had many years before come up on foot from his native Dunse, in Scotland, with hardly a penny in his pocket, and, getting employment on the *Chronicle*, had worked his way to his position. He retained, as Thomas Carlyle has done, the broad Scottish accent, and had plenty of homely humor, to express which he was nowise dainty in the choice of words. His special hobby was the collecting of old and out-of-the-way books, of which he came to have fully fifty thousand volumes. His collection was especially "rich" in what are technically called "Facetiae," such as anonymous advertisers style "spicy," but which the law designates by a much less euphemistic term. Of these he had several thousand, mostly in French and Italian, for in his view such books in English had too little wit and humor to give zest to their indecency. He designed to bequeath his library to his native town, and once imparted this intention to his friend and crony, John R. MacCulloch, the political economist, who cried out in his very broadest Scotch:

"Lord save us, mon! if you do, it's to be hoped the provost an' the balies will mak' a bonfire o' your books, or at all events station a force o' police-constables at the library-door to prevent anybody frae going in. Such a collection is eneuch to poison the hail Border."

"Na, na," rejoined Black; "there's not a soul in Dunse, or within twenty miles of it, that can read either French or Italian, and the 'Facetiae' will do no harm. There may be a minister or twa who can

read French, an' it's a kind o' leeterature that ministers aye like."

"Tak' out the 'Facetiae,'" persisted his friend; "an' when you die, they'll roup at auction for a good round sum, an' excite a keen competition among the rich old reprobates o' London. Give the good books, if you like, to Dunse; but keep the 'Facetiae' for your executors."

None of the books, good, bad, or indifferent, ever went to Dunse, for Black was obliged to sell the whole to provide himself with bread in his old age.

Mr. Black early promised Mackay that he would endeavor to procure for him a permanent engagement on the *Chronicle*, and gave him the sensible advice to cultivate a good prose style, which was, after all, what a newspaper most wanted. In a few months he was made assistant sub-editor. About this time there was a sharp rivalry between the *Chronicle* and the *Times* as to which should take the lead in London journalism; and the *Chronicle* was thought to be rather ahead, having a circulation of nine thousand; but one day, to the great consternation of its proprietors, it was proved, by the authority of the parliamentary returns, that the sale of the *Times* had shot up to eleven thousand. The wealthy proprietors of the *Morning Chronicle* set themselves at work to improve the character of the paper, and in 1837 resolved to issue also an *Evening Chronicle*, one of whose distinguishing features should be an original article of a literary character in each number.

"When I joined the *Chronicle*," says Dr. Mackay, "there was on its parliamentary staff a young reporter named Charles Dickens, universally reputed to be the rapidest and most accurate short-hand writer in the gallery; and who was known to a few, among others to John Black, as an essayist and humorist of highly-original genius." Dickens was then also contributing to the *Monthly Magazine* a series of papers over the signature of "Boz," and Mr. Hogarth, then sub-editor of the *Chronicle*, and subsequently the father-in-law of Dickens, was deputed to negotiate with the young reporter for contributions of a similar character for the *Evening Chronicle*. Dickens's reply to this application fell into the hands of Mackay, who has ever since preserved the manuscript. Dickens wrote with timid anxiety:

"MY DEAR SIR: As you have begged me to write an original sketch for the first number of the new evening paper, and as I trust to your kindness to refer my application to the proper quarter, should I be unreasonably or improperly trespassing upon you, I beg to ask whether it is probable that if I commenced a series of articles written, under some attractive title, for the *Evening Chronicle*, its conductors would think I had any claim to some additional remuneration (of course, of no great amount) for doing so?—Let me beg of you not to misunderstand my meaning. Whatever the reply may be, I promised you an article, and shall supply it with the utmost readiness, and with an anxious desire to do my best. . . . I merely wish to put it to the proprietors, first, whether a continuation of light papers in the style of my 'Street Sketches' would be considered of use to the new paper; and, secondly, if so, whether they do

not think it fair and reasonable that, taking my share of the ordinary reporting business of the *Chronicle* besides, I should receive something for the papers beyond my ordinary salary as a reporter.—Begging you to excuse my troubling you, and taking this opportunity of acknowledging the numerous kindnesses I have already received at your hands since I have had the pleasure of serving under you, I am, my dear sir, very sincerely yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

This modest suggestion was favorably considered, and two guineas were added to the five, which had been the weekly salary of the "young reporter named Charles Dickens," who, by-the-way, was a couple of years older than Mackay. This is the only characteristic mention of Dickens which we find in the "Recollections." We imagine that Mackay knew very little of him. Quite likely the associate sub-editor held himself somewhat above the reporter and humorist.

The struggle for supremacy between the *Chronicle* and the *Times* had lasted for some years, when, if we may put faith in Dr. Mackay, "an incident occurred which, if the *Chronicle* had taken advantage of it, might perhaps have given it the superiority." The dispute between Great Britain and the United States respecting the Oregon boundary was at its height, and "the money-market was sensitive lest, unfortunately, the Americans should prove so unreasonable as to render a war inevitable; the President's message was consequently looked for with more than usual anxiety, and speculation was eager to know whether its tone would be peaceable or hostile." One December night—or rather morning, for it was an hour and a half past midnight—Mr. Black was shut up in his room, putting the last touches to his leader for the next day. Mackay was asleep in another room, waiting for the last lines of copy, so that the paper might be made up, when the night-porter announced that a gentleman was below, desiring to see the editor on urgent business, which would not admit of a moment's delay. When shown up to Mackay's room, he said that he was just from New York; the steamer by which he was a passenger had stopped for four hours at Queenstown, and he had jumped on board one which was on the point of starting for Liverpool. There he had engaged a special train, for which he had paid eighty guineas; and here he was, with a copy of the *New York Herald* in his pocket containing the President's message, which was at the service of the *Morning Chronicle* for the sum of five hundred pounds. Mackay hurried to Black with the news. The editor was greatly excited. "What am I to do?" he said. "It is a large sum. Ask the gentleman to wait ten minutes while I think it over." The gentleman refused. "I can't wait ten minutes. If the *Chronicle* won't do business with me, I must do business somewhere else; but I like the politics of the *Chronicle*, and give it the first offer. But, as I am weary and thirsty, I will go to Short's tavern next door and wait five minutes, while I have a glass of brandy-and-water. Not another minute can I spare." Black paced up and down the room, speaking by fits and starts: "I

am afraid I shall be blamed by the proprietors if I agree to pay so large a sum. But, after all, it would be well worth five hundred pounds to have the message exclusively. No! I am afraid we cannot. It would be hard upon me to have my bargain repudiated. If MacGillivray were sole proprietor, I would not hesitate. What shall I do?" "Risk it," said Mackay. At that moment the stranger was shown up, and produced the *New York Herald* with the message, ten or twelve columns long. At the last moment Black declined the offer. The stranger folded up his paper, and, with a curt "Good-night," disappeared. Two minutes later Black sent Mackay to run after the man and bring him back. He was just in time to see him jump into a cab and rattle off in the direction of the *Times* office. There was no other cab on the stand, and it was useless to follow him on foot. Next morning the *Times* contained the message in full; and Black acknowledged that it would have been better for the *Chronicle* to have paid a thousand pounds than to allow its rival to gain such an advantage over it.

Among the occasional contributors to the *Chronicle* was Sydney Smith. He wrote a most illegible hand. In one of his letters he wrote something which the printers construed to be "stripping spirit." He sent a correction, which was interpreted and printed as "stripling spirit;" and it was only by a personal interview that it was found out that what he supposed he had written was "skipping spirit." His spelling was no better than his chirography. He had sent to the *Chronicle* a letter to Sir Robert Peel in relation to a recent railway accident. Peel took occasion in Parliament to intimate that the reverend gentleman's interest in the matter might be attributed to "personal fear; whereupon Smith rushed into print with the following letter, which is, says Dr. Mackay, "reprinted *verbatim et literatim* from the original manuscript:

"TO SIR ROBERT PEELE. a Cruel attack upon me Sr. Robert to attribute all my interference with the Rail Roads to personal fear. Nothing can be more ungrateful and unkind: I thought only of you and for you—as many Whigg Gentlemen will bear me testimony who rebuked me for my anxiety. I said to myself and to them our lovely and intrepid Minister may be overthrown on the rail. The Lock'd door may be uppermost he will kick and call on the Speaker, and the Sergeant at arms in vain—nothing will remain of all his graces, his flexibilities, his fascinating facetious fury, his Social Warmth, nothing of his flow of Soul, of his dear heavy pleasantries, of his prevailing Skill to impart disorderly Wishes to the purest heart, nothing will remain of it all but an heap of ashes for the parish Church of Tamworth. he perishes at the moment that he is becoming as powerful in the drawing-room of Court as in the house of parliament, at the Moment when Hallah (not without hopes of ultimate success) is teaching him to sing, and Melinotte to dance.

"I have no doubt of your bravery Sr. Robert though you have of mine, but then Consider what different Lives we have led, and what a School of Courage is that Troop of Yeomanry at Tamworth, the Tory fencibles: who can doubt of your Courage who has seen you at their head Marching up Pitt Street through Dundas Square on to Liv-

erpool Lane? and looking all the while like those beautiful medals of *Bellona frigida* and *Mars sine Sanguine*, the very horses looking at you as if you were going to take away 3 per cent. of their oats. After such Spectacles as these the account you give of your own Courage cannot be doubted. The only little Circumstance which I cannot entirely reconcile to the possession of this very high attribute in so eminent a degree, is that you should have selected for your uncourteous attacks Enemies who cannot resent and a place where there can be no reply. I am, Sr, yr. obt. st. Sydney Smith."

Old Sam Rogers took very kindly to young Mackay, and often had him to his famous little breakfasts, well pleased, perhaps, to have a listener to whom his often-told stories were fresh; for, as Mackay relates, once, when he and Campbell were there, the latter listened so inattentively as to lead to the suspicion that he had heard all that many times before. Rogers urged upon his guest the importance of writing very slowly. It had taken him, he said, three whole weeks to compose a short note to Lord Melbourne, suggesting the grant of a pension to Cary, the translator of Dante; and he had spent a fortnight upon his epigram upon Ward:

"Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it—
He *has* a heart, and gets his speeches by it!"

This would almost justify the story told of Rogers, that, when he expected to give birth to a poetical idea, the street before his door was littered with straw, and the knocker muffled; and, when the crisis was over, the customary white-kid glove was placed on the knocker, and the servant was directed to reply to all inquiries: "Yes, madam; a very fine couplet, and Mr. Rogers is as well as could be expected." The conversation once fell upon Byron, whose poems were sharply criticised by Rogers.

"But at least, Mr. Rogers," said Mackay, "you will admit that there was *fire* in Byron."

"Oh, yes," replied Rogers, "there was fire, and plenty of it; but it was *hell-fire*!"

For the following capital story about Wordsworth, Mackay is indebted to Rogers, who, however, declined to vouch for its absolute genuineness; and we suppose that it must be received with some grains of allowance, thought Rogers had told it so often that he had come almost to believe it:

"At the anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund Society, Wordsworth sat at the dinner-table next to a gentleman who told him that Mr. Stephenson, the eminent engineer, was present, and that he was accustomed to say that his great delight while superintending the construction of the Skerrievore Lighthouse, on the west coast of Scotland, was, in the long summer evenings of that high latitude, to swing in a hammock and read 'The Excursion.' In the course of the evening the toast of 'The Poets' was proposed and responded to, when there was a call for 'Mr. Wordsworth.' He rose slowly, and said: 'My lords and gentlemen, I cannot make a speech. I never did make a speech, and I fear I never shall. But there is a gentleman here present, Mr. Stephenson, the great engineer. If you will call upon him to speak, he will doubtless tell you something that will interest you more than anything I could say. *He will tell you how he passed the long summer evenings when he was building the Skerrievore Lighthouse!*'"

If the story is an invention, it is pretty well matched by what actually did take place at Mackay's first meeting with Wordsworth at Rydal Mount. After some desultory conversation, Wordsworth suddenly said: "I am told you write poetry. I never read a line of your poetry, and I don't intend to. You must not be offended with me; the truth is, I never read anybody's poetry but my own. You must not be surprised; for it is not vanity that makes me say this. I am an old man, and little time is left me in the world. I use that little as well as I may to revise all my poems carefully, and make them as perfect as I can before I take my departure." Mackay, desiring to turn the conversation, asked the name of a picturesque mountain across the lake. "Dear me!" exclaimed Wordsworth, "that's Nab Scaur. Have you never read my poems? I have described Nab Scaur more than once in my poems." And then he recited a passage of twenty or thirty lines.

In 1844 Mr. Mackay resigned his position on the *Chronicle*, and became editor of the *Glasgow Argus*, the leading Whig journal of Scotland. He retained the place until 1847, when he returned to London, and became editor of the *Illustrated News*. A vigorous effort was made in those days in Scotland to enforce a more strict observance of the Sabbath. A great meeting for this purpose was held in Glasgow, at which the principal speaker was the venerable Dr. Wardlaw. He resided in the country, some five or six miles from his church in the city, and was accustomed to ride in on Sunday upon a little pony. At this meeting he had spoken half an hour in vehement denunciation of the sin of Sabbath-breaking, when a man rose in the gallery and modestly requested the doctor to repeat the fourth commandment. A great hubbub arose at this interruption. The doctor quieted it by saying that he had no objection to repeating the commandment. He had got as far as "thine ox and thine ass," when the man in the gallery begged permission to ask the reverend gentleman whether the words "ox and ass" did not mean all beasts of burden, and whether the divine law that applied to an ass did not apply also to a pony. "It certainly does," replied the doctor. On the next two Sundays the venerable clergyman walked into town; but on the third he once more came riding upon his pony. He explained to his congregation how he had come to the conclusion that this was no violation of the commandment. After thorough investigation and anxious prayer, it seemed evident to him that the original Hebrew Sabbath applied to animals of burden as well as to man; but that the change of day to the Lord's day applied only to man—leaving the Sabbath of the brute creation as it originally stood. "Upon this principle," he said, "I have resolved to give my pony its Sabbath rest upon the Saturday, and to ride it, as my increasing age and infirmities demand, on the Lord's day, or Sunday."

The Scottish railways were obliged by law to convey the mails on Sunday, but they were not obliged to carry passengers; and some of them refused to aid and abet in Sabbath-breaking, by suf-

fering a passenger to enter a train upon any pretext. Early one Sunday morning in 1848, a lady drove up in her carriage to the railway-station in Perth. She had driven all night in order to catch the mail-train for Edinburgh. She was told that she could not go by the train. She explained that she was the Duchess of Sutherland; that her father, the Earl of Carlisle, was lying at the point of death at Castle Howard; and begged that she might be permitted to go by the train. It was all in vain. The officials were courteous but firm. Their orders were imperative, and they must obey them. The result was that, owing to this refusal, the duchess reached Castle Howard a few hours too late to see her father alive.

Among Mr. Mackay's acquaintances in Scotland was Thomas De Quincey, "the opium-eater." He was very old and very poor, living sometimes in London, sometimes in Edinburgh, and sometimes in Glasgow. He had resumed the habit of laudanum-drinking, and paid frequent visits to Mackay's editorial sanctum, visits which usually closed by the request of a shilling to purchase laudanum, a wine-glassful of which he was wont to drink with as little compunction as if it had been so much claret. He was not always able to pay for his lodgings, and sometimes had to resort to degrading shifts. The last time Mackay ever saw him was in the streets of Glasgow. They met suddenly at a turning. "I knew I should meet you!" exclaimed the opium-eater; "three streets distant I was mysteriously aware that our two orbs were approaching each other." He then launched into a wild and mystical harangue, which lasted twenty minutes, and closed by a request for sixpence to buy a draught of laudanum.

Dr. Mackay devotes a chapter to each of his two visits to the United States: and very amusing chapters they are. We are sorry to suspect that some of our countrymen must have amused themselves by playing upon the unsophisticated gentleman. He was greatly struck by "the apparent prejudice against Englishmen and the British Government." Some one explained to him that "one of the reasons for the anti-British prejudice that existed in the Northern and Western States—New England excepted—was that New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and others to the north of what was called 'Mason and Dixon's line,' were not wholly, or to a large degree, of British descent; that the Dutch predominated in the city, if not throughout the State of New York, once the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam; the Germans in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and the Norwegians still farther west; that neither of these nationalities had any pride in or respect for Great Britain, its history, its language, or its literature." Others assured him that this apparent aversion "was not the genuine expression of American feeling, but only so much wild buncombe employed to coax the Irish vote." He assures us that a prominent Democrat in New York said to him: "The Irish and the niggers are the curse of our politics; and I fervently wish that every Irishman

in America would kill a nigger and be hanged for it." The doctor charitably suppresses the name of this "prominent Democrat in New York." Had it been disclosed, we fear he would stand a poor chance at the next election. Another person, "a celebrated officer in the war against Mexico," proffered quite a different explanation. He said:

"It is not dislike, except among the Irish and the Germans. I will tell you what it is. England has held her high place in the world quite long enough, and we Americans think our time has come. A man may love his father, but he does not wish him to live on forever and keep his son out of his patrimony; and that's just about our feeling. What we Americans would like, would be to see old Mother England beset by a coalition of all the powers of Europe against her—France, Russia, Germany—the whole kit of them—and reduced to the sorest extremity in fighting for national existence. And just in the very nick of time, when the dear old critter was at the last gasp, the United States would come to the rescue, scatter her enemies like chaff before the wind, and annex her to our glorious Union—the oldest and the noblest State in it."

No wonder that the astonished Briton declared, "No man living will see that day." The valiant general admitted that this might perhaps be so; "but," he said, breaking out into prophetic rapture—

"That union will come in Fate's appointed time; and a splendid union it will be. It will rule the world, I tell you; and will so dominate over all other nations as to render war impossible either in Europe, Asia, or America, unless our race permit it."

Among the notable Americans with whom Dr. Mackay became intimate was Mr. Seward, whom he describes as "a man of convivial tastes and habits, and very fond of small jokes, which were commonly much wittier in intention than in effect." They must have become on most confidential terms if we are to put implicit faith in the doctor's account of what took place at a dinner given by the British minister, the only persons present being the host, Vice-President Breckinridge, Mr. Seward, and Dr. Mackay. The conversation was mainly between the two Americans, and turned upon the approaching disruption of the Union, the chief difference in opinion being as to the time when it would take place. Dr. Mackay avers that he wrote the conversation down in his note-book at the time, which certainly was a rather odd thing to do at a dinner-table:

"Mr. Seward was of opinion that the Union would break up into at least three sections: the Northern, the Southern, and the States to the west of the Rocky Mountains on the Pacific seaboard. Mr. Breckinridge inclined to the belief that the sections would amount to four, inclusive of the three already mentioned, and the six little New England States, which he thought would separate from the North, and either seek incorporation with Canada, or endeavor to extend their union at Canadian expense."

No wonder the British minister said nothing, while matters so deeply concerning the empire were broached. "Mr. Seward," says the doctor, "thought the Union might last five years longer. Mr. Breck-

inridge thought the disruption would be more speedy. The two Englishmen did not venture to express an opinion." Whereupon—Mackay *teste*—Mr. Seward turned to him and said :

"I ask you as an observant traveler—as a writer for the press—to record the sentiments of at least one American, who knows his countrymen, that, come when that day will—and it will come in Heaven's appointed time, and no earlier—the United States, both of the North and the South, will set a glorious example to the world of the value of free institutions. They will prove to the corrupt, rotten, effete old monarchies and empires of Europe how vastly superior the republican system is to theirs ; and that two such brothers as the North and the South will act as brothers, and not as foes ; they will shake hands peaceably, and part without bloodshed. The Union compelled by force may suit European ideas. It will never suit the ideas of America."

When this speech, worthy of the great Elisha Pogram himself, was finished, Mr. Breckinridge (unless Dr. Mackay's eyes deceived him) "smiled, as if dubiously," and said, far less eloquently, but still most impressively :

"If such be the wish of the North, I am sure it will be the wish of the South. The continent is big enough for both of us, and, though separated from each other, as it is certain we must be, we shall still be able to stand against Europe as one power in holy and defensive alliance."

The minister's "hospitable table" must have had its effect upon some of his guests. Was it upon the two Americans, or upon the British "writer for the press?" We wish our space would permit us to detail the close intimacy which, according to Dr. Mackay, existed between him and Mr. Seward : how when, in 1859, Mr. Seward visited England, Dr. Mackay became his guide, philosopher, and friend ; how the doctor got the statesman's portrait inserted in the *Illustrated News*, and how gratefully the high favor was received ; how the Briton took the American to hear and see "the notorious Baron Nicholson, of the Judge and Jury Club," to attend a mock trial of the Sickles case ; how the tipsy "baron" put indecent questions to mock witnesses, and Mr. Seward said, "That man has legal acumen enough to adorn the Supreme Bench at Washington ;" and of one of the equally tipsy mock counsel, "In my country a man of such eloquence and ability as this would rise to any position in public life that it pleased him to seek. He would have an excellent chance for the presidency ;" how when the "harmless, honest, and insignificant" Lincoln became President, Mr. Seward, then Secretary of the State, invited Dr. Mackay to visit him in America, and "give us what we want, and what will immortalize you—a *song for the Union* ;" and how Dr. Mackay did not come, and would not write the song, whereby the "people of the North were ultimately obliged to be contented with a negro hymn" about John Brown, and his soul marching on ; but how Dr. Mackay did something much better for Mr. Seward ; for (he being still witness) it was mainly through Dr. Mackay's representations that Mr. Seward gave up Messrs.

Slidell and Mason, and thereby avoided a war with Great Britain. These, and many more things relating to Dr. Mackay's first visit to the United States, we would have been glad to detail, but must content ourselves with touching upon the popular ovation with which the lecturer on "Poetry and Song" was greeted in Canada, after his not altogether flattering reception in the United States.

He quotes from the Toronto *Globe* a long account of this ovation, or series of ovations, the substance of which is that at Montreal his lecture was attended by upward of sixteen hundred persons, after which he was entertained at a public supper, the band of the Seventy-third Regiment being in attendance, and serenading him. At Hamilton, at the close of the second lecture, he was invited to a public entertainment. At London the corporation gave him the gratuitous use of the City Hall, where one thousand persons were present, and a public supper was hastily organized, "at which the healths went round until the small hours of the morn." At Quebec, after the lecture, there was a public supper ; and at Ottawa "the poet was publicly serenaded in the beautiful grounds of the Hon. Mrs. Mackay, of Rideau Hall." To this glowing account the doctor modestly adds :

"Justice compels me to give an explanation that the cordiality exhibited was not wholly due to myself, but was a sort of reaction against what the Canadians considered a depreciation of themselves and their country, and a vindication of their literary status. Mr. Thackeray was invited, by a committee appointed for the purpose, to lecture on 'The Four Georges' in the principal cities. He declined, stating as his reason that it was not worth his while to go to Canada, inasmuch as 'the United States had bigger fish for the catching than Canada could supply.' The result was that the influential Canadians who invited Mr. Thackeray resolved to shower upon the next English lecturer who came among them the welcome which they would have given to that gentleman if he had been more gracious in his reply. The next lecturer happened to be myself, and I inherited, as it were, from Mr. Thackeray an amount of good-will which might have been his had he chosen to accept it."

From Dr. Mackay's account of his second visit to the United States, during which he "occupied the responsible and often dangerous position of correspondent of the *Times* from the city of New York," we condense his narrative of the only case mentioned by him in which he was exposed to anything looking like peril, premising that a report had preceded his arrival in New York to the effect that he had presided in London at a meeting where a "Northern traitor" had lectured against the Union :

The day after his arrival at his hotel, a waiter brought a card bearing the name of "Mr. Miles." "Show him up," said the doctor ; whereupon entered "a tall, gaunt, bony man, whose height, I should think, exceeded six feet by three or four inches." He seated himself, without being asked, without saying a word, and the doctor very naturally inquired what had procured him the honor of the visit. "Well," he replied, "I want to know what you've come to our country for. Yes, sir, we want

to know whether you're a friend or a foe." "Who are the 'we' that you speak for?" queried the astonished doctor. "Who are *we*? Why, *we* are the great American people, sir, engaged in a struggle for our national existence, which we intend to preserve, by God, though hell itself, as well as the brutal and bloody English aristocracy, should go against us. That's who *we* are!" Some further conversation ensued, in which Mr. Miles assured the doctor that he was "an enemy of our glorious Union," and that "in my private opinion you have come here for no good; and at this moment you have Jeff Davis's gold in your pocket." The blood of Mackay was now fairly up, and he replied: "And it's *my* private opinion, Mr. Miles, that if you don't leave the room this moment you'll be kicked out."

It was a thrilling moment. "Mr. Miles," says the doctor, "was a strong man and a big man, as I have said, and I am only of the middle size, and not particularly muscular, though there is a very unmistakable spice of the devil in me when I am incensed. I imagined for a moment or two that the end would be a very inglorious personal encounter between us." But, undismayed by the thought, he calmly rose and rang the bell; whereupon "Mr. Miles rose from his chair, put on his hat, and, without saying another word, left the room before the waiter made his appearance."

"I know that I am not a coward," writes Dr. Mackay; "yet I was very much relieved by the

peaceable termination of this disagreeable affair. 'Dennis,' I said to the waiter, 'I shall not be at home to Mr. Miles any more. I don't know him; do you?' 'Sure, and I do. He's always about the bar, collecting news for the papers. He's a reporter.' 'Well, I want to have no more to say to him, though I should be glad if I had the opportunity of kicking him just for once.' 'You'll never have the chance, your honor. He'll keep out of your way.' And so he did, most probably," concludes Dr. Mackay, "for I never saw him again in the flesh, though I received a letter from him asking if I would 'loan' him ten dollars."

We must acknowledge that our faith in the absolute truthfulness of this thrilling narrative is a little shaken by the doctor's avowal: "I afterward learned that Mr. Miles was an Irishman by birth, a naturalized American, and that his real name was Miles O'Mulligan. He afterward served in the Federal army with the rank of colonel, and was killed in the battle of Antietam." Mr. Miles's eloquence, as reported by the doctor, seems to us to lack the genuine Hibernian flavor; and, moreover, the battle of Antietam was fought only some nine months after the occurrence of this memorable incident—certainly a very brief space for one to leave the reportorial ranks, enlist in the army, rise to the rank of colonel, and, after serving as such, meet a hero's death. And, furthermore, in the list of the officers slain at Antietam, we have looked in vain for the name of Colonel Miles O'Mulligan.

THE TOWER OF PERCEMONT.

BY GEORGE SAND.

X.

"I WAS in love with Mademoiselle de Nives," said Jacques, "when she was in the convent at Riom. I had been out of college for a long time, though Henri was still there, and was intending to go to Paris to commence my law-studies. I was passing my vacation at our town-house, and, from one of the dormer-windows of the granary, frequently saw Mademoiselle de Nives standing at the window of her cell looking out upon the convent-garden. It is true, she was but fourteen years old; but she was already beautiful as an angel; and, at the age I had then reached, admiration for beauty may rightly be called love. But I was too little accustomed to persons of her condition to think of making a declaration of my passion, and if by chance she turned her head toward me I quickly hid where she could not see me.

"One Sunday Henri, who came to pay me a visit, not finding me in the house, took it into his head to look for me in the granary, where he discovered me absorbed in reverie, and made fun of me. I hurried him from the room in great haste, lest he should see the beautiful charmer who occupied my

thoughts. As, however, he persisted in teasing me with epigrams, I confessed that I was in love with a certain Marie in the convent. The malicious *gamin*, for the sake of fun, wrote ridiculous letters to her under the signature of 'Jacques,' and she imprudently made fun of them with her companions. They laughed too loud, and the nuns, who kept watch, seized the balls in which were concealed the love-letters thrown over the college-wall. Madame de Nives was informed of the grave offense. She used it as a pretext for transferring Marie to the convent of Clermont, where she passed a most unhappy youth.

"She will tell you herself what she suffered, uncle; for she has set her heart upon seeing you and asking your advice and protection. You must, indeed, listen to her. During this time I forgot her, willing or not; for I was in Paris, and my childish dreams gave place to more serious realities. However, I learned how much the poor girl was to be pitted for my fault and Henri's. He knew nothing about it, as Miette talked only to me, and sometimes she showed me her friend's letters, which gave me great pain; but what could I do to repair the wrong? I was not an eligible party for her, and

could not demand her hand in marriage; besides, the countess did not wish her to be married. She was determined to force her to become a nun, pretending that her daughter-in-law wished to devote herself to a religious life and rejected the idea of marriage.

"Chance alone could bring about the events that followed. I found myself thoughtlessly involved in a romance, and obliged to accept the *role* assigned me.

"Two years since, I was at Clermont on account of an affair of which it is unnecessary for me to speak. All the hotels were full, as it was during the assizes. I was passing through the streets with my valise in my hand in search of a lodging when I met Charliette face to face. I had a vague idea that this woman, married and established at Riom, had been Mademoiselle de Nives's nurse, but I was ignorant that she had remained faithful to her charge as a dog to its master. I did not even know that, on account of this devotion, she and her husband had since taken up their residence at Clermont. I repeat it, and I solemnly assure you, my dear uncle, that chance has been the powerful agent in all that concerns me.

"Charliette has been pretty; she has still a fresh and agreeable countenance. I had been polite to her at an age when I had no idea of anything else. We were, therefore, very well acquainted, and I was glad to meet her. I confided my embarrassment to her, asking if she knew of any furnished room that would answer my purpose.

"'You need not go far,' she replied; 'I have a furnished room that will suit you exactly. I do not use it, and I shall ask you no rent for it—too happy to render a service to a countryman, and especially to a brother of Miette, who is so good and ready to do a kind deed to every one. Come and see if the lodging suits you.'

"I followed her to a narrow and dark lane, running along high walls, and entered into an old house more picturesque than pleasant; but the chamber in question answered my purpose, and Charliette's husband offered it to me so cordially that, lest I should hurt the feelings of these worthy persons, I took immediate possession of my new quarters. I intended to take my dinner at an hotel, but they would not consent. Charliette said that she had formerly been the cook at the Château de Nives, and was sure she could suit me. In truth, her cooking was excellent; but I am not aristocratic, and do not like to eat alone. I accepted only on condition of having my hosts at my table, and of seeing them served at my expense in the same manner as I was.

"The same night I went out to keep an engagement, taking a key of the house with me. This does not interest you, uncle; but I am obliged to tell you in order to explain the conversation I had with Charliette the next evening.

"Her husband had gone to the workshop, and I was sitting at the table with her, tasting a quince-cordial of her making that had been bottled at least ten years, when she said to me:

"'Are you going to run away again this evening, and return at three o'clock in the morning? Poor fellow! your health will be ruined by such late hours; it would be far better for you to marry and settle down quietly. What do you think about it?'

"'No, indeed,' I answered. 'I have not yet exhausted the pleasures of youth.'

"'But when you have, it will be too late, and you will find nothing but a rejection of your offers. If you will be reasonable, I can perhaps make a match for you beyond your hopes, even while you are still young and handsome.'

"At first I laughed at Charliette, but, when I found she was really in earnest, I was forced to listen to her. She talked of a fortune of more than a million, and a young woman of noble birth whom I already knew, since I had been in love with her.

"'Ah!' said I, 'can it be possible that you are speaking of the little De Nives?'

"'The little De Nives,' she replied, 'is now a young lady nineteen years old, beautiful and good as an angel.'

"'But she is in the convent?'

"'Yes, on the other side of this wall against which you are leaning.'

"'Indeed?'

"'It is just as I tell you. This old house, where we are, forms one of the out-buildings of the convent. I was established here as a tenant soon after Mademoiselle Marie was shut up in the convent. I promised to follow her, and we arranged beforehand a plan of action. I know how to play my part, although I could not conceal that I had been her nurse. The nuns, who wished to force her to take the veil, distrusted me a little when I asked for work, and questioned me adroitly to find out whether I should encourage the resistance of the young novice. I was more shrewd than they were: I replied that Marie was altogether wrong, that theirs was the happiest condition in life, and that I had always advised her to adopt it. They brought us face to face; but we were on our guard. She received me very coldly, and I accosted her in the harsh tone of a devotee determined to preach her a sermon. She sent me away in disgust. The farce was well played. The community received me into great favor, and intrusted to me the washing of the linen for the chapel. I came off so well, and showed myself so assiduous in the performance of convent duties, that I was soon considered as belonging to the personal service of the community, and was free to go where I wished, and communicate as much as I pleased with Marie. If you will go up-stairs with me, I will reveal a secret that you must not betray. Your sister is the best friend of my dear little one, and you would not wish to add to her unhappiness.'

"I swore to keep the secret, and went up a little break-neck stairway by the light of a candle that Charliette held. I found myself in an old store-room, where, on lines arranged for this purpose, albs, surplices, and linen garments, embroidered or trimmed with lace, were hung to dry.

"'See,' said Charliette, 'this is my work, and the

way I earn my living. The abbés who officiate in the nuns' chapel say that nowhere else do they find vestments so white, well-starched, and comfortable: but this does not interest you. Wait; you are in the inside, or nearly so, of the convent, for the door that you see above those four steps communicates directly with the bell-turret of the chimes that announce the services. My husband, who is piously inclined, has been received into the house to keep these bells in order, and repair them, if necessary. He has a key to this door, and he would not trust it to me during the night for anything in the world; but the dear man must sleep, and, when I want the key, I shall have it. And, when Marie needs it, she will pass through this door to make her escape! Do you understand me now?"

"I understand you perfectly; and the thought of such a fine adventure makes me almost insane."

"My adventures in the city seemed no longer of any importance, and I did not go out that night. I talked all the evening with Charlotte, who came back to renew the conversation after her husband had gone to bed. This devil of a woman wrought me up to such a state of excitement—I do not wish to conceal anything from you, uncle—that, if the thing had been possible at that moment, I would have carried Marie away immediately, regardless of the future."

"But the consent of Mademoiselle de Nives must be obtained; and as yet she knew nothing of the condition of affairs. Charlotte's plan had been improvised on seeing me. I had several days before me to reflect upon the undertaking, and a crowd of objections rose in my mind. This young lady who does not know me, whose sole idea of me rests upon the memory of the absurd letters that she perhaps still attributes to me—this noble girl, so rich, and probably so proud, would most certainly reject Charlotte's insinuations. What was my surprise when the next evening Charlotte said to me: 'Everything works well; she did not say "No";' she wants to see you first; she well knows that you are considered the handsomest man in the country—but she has never seen you. Go Sunday morning to mass at the convent; she will be behind the curtain, so situated that she can look at you; only appear composed, and do not raise your eyes from your prayer-book; I will lend you one; besides, I shall be near to watch you. You must be prudent."

"I was prudent, excited no remark, and Marie had a good opportunity to see me. In the evening Charlotte brought me a letter of hers that I know almost by heart:

"My good friend, I have seen him; I do not know whether he is witty or handsome—I am no judge of that—but he appears well, and I know from his sister that he has an excellent character. As to marrying him, that demands time for reflection. Tell him to come back in a year; if he has then made up his mind, perhaps I shall do the same; but I will make no engagement, and I shall hold fast to my determination."

"I could have wished for a shorter probation—but

I must abridge the story so as not to fatigue you. Charlotte could not obtain a more favorable answer, and I went back to the country very much absorbed in my romance. At the end of the year of trial—that is, last year—I returned secretly to Clermont, and quietly took possession of my room in Charlotte's house."

"I said nothing to my sister of Marie's formal commands, for I was sure that Miette would not plead my cause. I learned, however, through her, that she was the confidante of Marie's desire to escape from the convent, and had entreated her to be patient until she became of age, offering her an asylum at her house when she was legally free. This did not favor my suit, for Marie, no longer needing my assistance when she became of age, would not have the least reason for choosing me in preference to any one else."

"However, my submission to the trial imposed, and my fidelity in returning at the appointed hour to receive her orders, pleaded for me. I had this time an interview with her in Charlotte's storehouse. I was dazzled with her beauty; she was dressed as a novice, in white from head to foot, and as pale as her veil: but such eyes, mouth, and hands! I lost all control of myself in my passionate admiration, and in spite of Charlotte's presence, who did not leave her, I found words to declare my love."

"It is as I feared," she said; "you expect an answer, and if I do not say "Yes" immediately, you will hate me."

"No," I replied; "I shall suffer much, but I will still submit a little."

"Only a little? Very well! listen: I believe in you now, and rely on your assistance in escaping from this convent, where I am dying, as you plainly see; but I have no desire to be married at present, and I will not accept any man who does not love me with the most absolute disinterestedness. If you are that man, you must prove it, and give me your aid without any conditions."

"This decree did not alarm me; it is out of the usual order of things if a man cannot make himself loved if he wishes it, and possesses ordinary advantages. I promised all that she demanded. She told me that she wished, as soon as she escaped from the convent, to take refuge with Miette, and to see me there secretly until she became better acquainted with me; but she knew Miette would oppose every plan for a marriage between us, and she must not be allowed to have any suspicion of the contemplated arrangement. Marie was also sure of her willingness to receive her. 'I no longer fix any time,' she added, 'for I have already received proofs of your honor and devotion. When circumstances permit me to regain my liberty, I will send you this little ring that you see on my finger. It will say: "I am waiting for you; take me to your sister."'

"After this interview, I was more in love with Marie than ever, and I assure you, uncle, that no other woman occupied my thoughts. My second probation was longer than I anticipated, almost as long as the first. I knew, through Charlotte, who

passed a day at Riom, that Miette insisted in her letters that Marie must wait until she was twenty-one years old. It was through Charliette that the two friends corresponded.

"I was almost discouraged as the epoch drew near, and thought, unless I carried her off, I should never be anything to her but a friend. However, one beautiful morning, about two months since, I received the gold ring, slender as a hair, carefully folded in a letter! I set out I ran, I flew, I arrived at the place appointed—"

"And you carried her away? Then the story is finished!"

"No, uncle; it is just commenced."

"I understand very well; but there are confidences I do not wish to receive, or boasting that I do not wish to listen to."

"Neither the one nor the other, uncle; I will tell you the truth: Mademoiselle de Nives is always entitled to respect."

"That does not concern me."

"Which means that you doubt it! Well, will you believe me when I say that I behaved, not like the buffoon to whom you often do me the honor to compare me, but like the clown who draws the chestnuts out of the fire for—"

"For whom?"

"For the harlequin."

"Who is the harlequin?"

"Can you not guess?"

"No, unless you are jealous of Henri because he danced with the pretty peasant-girl this evening."

"Yes, I am very jealous, for there is something else."

"Then go on; I am listening attentively."

"I arrived at Clermont *incognito*; alighted, threaded my way carefully, and slipped stealthily into Charliette's house at night, and gave expression to my joy and gratitude.

"Listen to me," she said; "fine words are only words. I am engaged in a matter that may have serious results, and, if my husband does not kill me when he finds out what I have undertaken to do, he will at least beat me. You are going to run away with a girl who is a minor. Her step-mother will make a public scandal of the affair; there will be a lawsuit, perhaps, in which I shall be implicated—at all events, driven from the convent where I have a good place and the means of gaining a poor living! I know very well that Mademoiselle Marie, who is rich, will reward me generously for all that I have done for her; but there is my husband, who knows nothing and will countenance nothing. This will not prevent him from losing the custom of the convent and being obliged to leave the country on account of the reports that will be noised abroad. Will you not make some sacrifice on your side for my poor husband, who may not find another situation for a long time? I am a poor woman, and do not know anything about business; I do not even know if Mademoiselle Marie will be able to do me all the good she wishes to; this is the reason I have brought you together, and you are so good and generous!"

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For all that, ideas change sometimes; if you should forget or disown my services, you have bound yourself by no engagement, you have offered me nothing, promised me nothing."

"I spare you the details, uncle. You must have foreseen, while listening to me, what then happened. I was simple enough never to have thought of it. I had indeed said to myself that there is no absolutely Platonic disinterestedness in this world, and that on the day when I married Mademoiselle de Nives we should have a generous nuptial gift to bestow on the good nurse. This was very simple, as it ought to be; but I had never expected that this woman would lay down her conditions beforehand and try to make me sign a note for twenty-five thousand francs. I hesitated for a long time: on one side, I was unwilling to purchase my marriage from such a wicked woman; on the other, I was equally unwilling to bargain for the honor and the pleasure of carrying off my intended wife. I thought I could get out of the difficulty by promising to pay a round sum in Paris when I arrived there with Mademoiselle de Nives. Nothing would answer; Charliette would not give her aid in the elopement unless she had the note in her pocket. I took my pen and began to write out a conditional promise. No, Charliette wished for a promise without any conditions. She maintained—and she was right to a certain point—that an engagement drawn up in this way compromised her, her husband, and myself. 'I must,' she said, 'rely upon her sense of honor to tear up the note if the marriage did not take place;' but I could not resolve to risk losing twenty-five thousand francs without compensation, and we separated at midnight without coming to any conclusion, Charliette promising that the elopement should take place the next night if I yielded to her demands.

"I was so agitated and perplexed that I could not think of going to bed. My window looked out upon a bed of cabbages surrounded with a slight fence. On one side was the garden of the little house hired by my hosts; on the other side was the back part of the kitchen-garden of the convent. It could be cleared with a bound. I had made observations enough to know the locality by heart. On the side toward the street, our little yard had a door closely locked, and a very high wall defended with fragments of broken bottles; this door belonged to Charliette's tenement, and the key was not guarded by her husband with the same care as that of the storeroom. It often remained in the lock on the inside. There was, therefore, a means of escape in this direction as well as through the storeroom and the door of the house; but Mademoiselle de Nives must be informed of it, and make her way from the convent-garden into the kitchen-garden. Absolutely, I did not know if the thing were possible.

"At all hazards, I determined to investigate the door of the little storeroom. Who knows if I could not discover some means of opening it? I tried to go out. I saw that Charliette had locked the door of my room, and that I could not break the lock without making a great noise. I had with me my

large country-knife supplied with instruments for all purposes, and I walked from the door to the window without any hope of finding an escape from my situation, when I fancied I saw a grayish figure glide along the fence, move away, and return with every appearance of uneasiness. It must be Mademoiselle de Nives. I did not hesitate. I made signs with my lighted cigar that appeared to be perceived and understood, for the mysterious figure did not go away. Then with dexterity and promptness I took the bedclothes and tied them end to end. I fastened them as well as I could to my window, situated nearly twenty feet from the ground, and slid down. When this extemporized rope came to an end, I let go entirely, and fell among the cabbages without receiving the least injury. I ran to Mademoiselle de Nives, for it was indeed she! With one kick I broke down the fence, took her by the hand without saying a word, and led her without making any noise to the door opening upon the street. The key was not in the lock, and my knife was not of an edge to struggle with this ancient and monumental work. Mademoiselle de Nives, astonished at this plan of escape, entirely different from what she had anticipated, asked me in a whisper where Charlette was.

"I am going for her," I said; "remain in the shade, and do not stir!"

"I went into the artisan's workshop to find some kind of a tool; but, as I groped about in the darkness, a sudden inspiration recalled to my mind an insignificant circumstance of my first installation at Charlette's house. At that time I asked her for the key of the yard so that I might keep my appointment and return without disturbing any one. She said, as she gave it to me: 'You must hang it, when you come back, on a large nail above my husband's work-bench, lest he suspect something unusual. He is a devout person, and would be scandalized.' I searched immediately for the nail where, two years before, I had replaced the key. There indeed it was; I seized it, praying to Heaven that it might be the same.

"Fortune was on my side—it was the same! It turned noiselessly in the lock; and, seeing myself master of the field of battle in spite of my jailers, I could not help saying, with a smiling countenance:

"All is right! My host, the locksmith, keeps everything in his department in good order."

"Do you make puns at such a moment?" said Mademoiselle de Nives, full of amazement. "You have a remarkable degree of coolness!"

"No, I am gay—beside myself with joy," I replied, shutting the door carefully, "but I know what I am about."

"You do not know! you have forgotten Charlette, who is going to accompany us."

"I invented an excuse. 'She is waiting for us at the station,' I said. 'We must join her as quickly as possible!'"

"I hurry her along through the dark and deserted streets, and we soon reach the railway-station. A train has just arrived, and stops only five minutes.

Marie lowers her veil, I buy the tickets, and hurry with her into an empty compartment.

"What does this mean?" she cries, as she sees the cars starting. "I am here alone with you!"

"Yes, you are alone with me for the journey. Charlette's courage failed her at the last moment, but I have enough for two. Can you trust me? Do you look upon me as an honest man?"

"You are a hero, Jacques! I believe in you, and will do as you wish. If Charlette is a coward, I am not; but I have no money, no luggage—"

"I have in my pocket all you need. With money one finds everything in Paris. You said you wished me to obey your commands unconditionally, and I promise obedience. Your esteem is the only recompense I demand; but I want it without reserve; your confidence will be the proof that I have obtained it."

"You have it entirely, Jacques. I give it to you in the presence of God, who sees and hears us!"

"I found myself put upon my honor, but Mademoiselle de Nives helped me to control myself by her absolute ignorance of my agitation. She is a singular girl, as bold and courageous as a lion, innocent as a little child. She has not a particle of coquetry, and yet there is an irresistible seduction in her frankness and simplicity. She has read, in her father's old château, romances of the age of chivalry; I really believe she has never read anything else, and has always thought that every honest man was easily and naturally a perfect cavalier of the ancient times. She thinks that goodness is as easy to others as it is to herself. I learned to know her even to the bottom of her heart in the two hours' conversation we had together, and the more passionately I loved her, the more it became impossible for me to tell her so. I could do nothing but make protestation of my devotion and submission; I saw plainly that not a word must I utter concerning love and marriage.

"As soon as the train had gone far enough to make it impossible for her to leave me, I determined to tell her the truth, and described my interview with Charlette.

"When I saw," added I, "that this woman tried to take advantage of me, I lost all confidence in her. I feared also that, not being able to extort money from you, she would sell your secret to the Countess de Nives. I refused her aid, and relied only on myself to deliver you. Fortune is certainly on my side, for I do not yet know why you happened to be behind that fence."

"I will tell you," she replied. "Every arrangement was made for my escape this very night. I was already supplied with the disguise of a work-woman that I am now wearing. I promised to be at the door of the storeroom at midnight—my cell is close by—and this was easily accomplished. At midnight I was there, according to agreement; but I scratched in vain upon the door—I even knocked cautiously; it was not opened, and there was no response. I remained for a quarter of an hour almost beside myself with uneasiness and impatience. I

thought Charliette's husband had found out our secret, and had shut his wife up. Even in that case you ought to be there, and would have spoken to me through the key-hole; if necessary, you would have broken down the door. Some serious accident must have happened to you. I cannot tell you what tragic and frightful things I imagined. I could not endure this anguish, and resolved to enter Charliette's house through the garden to find out what was going on among you. I climbed over a *treillage* on the wall separating our flower-garden from the kitchen-garden. I am light and adroit; reaching the top of the wall, I jumped down upon a heap of straw I saw on the other side. Then, while running to the fence, I saw your cigar shining like a bright point in the darkness, and watched the luminous whiffs you drew forth, until I comprehended that you were there and recognized me. What terror I felt in seeing you descend from the window so courageously! After all, you are here, and my nurse abandons me! What you tell me of her avarice grieves me without astonishing me very much. She has never asked me for money; she knew I had none; but she knew also that some day I should come into possession of my fortune, and gave me often to understand that she had a right to my gratitude. I am not disposed to forget her, and I will make no bargain with her; but from this day I no longer accept her services, and will send her away if she tries to rejoin us.

"There is no need of her coming," I said. "Trust me to render pursuit unavailing. However, if by a miracle she finds us, keep on the right side of her, and pretend to be ignorant of all I have told you; otherwise she will hasten to denounce you."

"Having arrived at Paris without molestation, we took refuge in the lodgings of Jules Deperches, my best friend in the city, who, I knew perfectly well, would be glad to render me any service in his power. Like an honest man, he gave up his apartment to us without asking a single question, or even seeing the veiled face of my companion. I hastened to hire a room for myself at the nearest hotel, and left Marie to repose."

"The next morning I lost no time in procuring linen, dresses, bonnets, boots, and an outside garment, for my poor Marie, destitute of everything. I did not spare money; I brought her a charming toilet, as well as the more simple one she asked for, not wishing her to attract attention."

"I cannot describe the happiness the child felt in receiving these gifts and in beholding her beautiful dress and rich linen—she, who for years were only the thick woolen garb of the young nun. I was delighted with the appreciation she manifested, and ran to buy for her gloves, a parasol, a watch, ribbons, and everything else I could think of! She discovered that I had good taste, and promised to consult me always in regard to her toilet. She was absolutely on confidential terms with me, and called me her brother, her dear Jacques, her friend. The sweetest words issued from her lips; her eyes caressed me; she thought me handsome, lovable, brave, witty, charming; she loved me at last, and I vent-

ured to kneel before her, and entreat the happiness of kissing her hand."

"How do you think she received my advances? She held out her hand to me, and I was foolish enough to cover it with kisses. She drew it back brusquely, angry at first; then her feelings found expression in a nervous burst of laughter."

"What kind of manners are these, my dear Jacques?" she said. "I do not understand them; but I feel that I do not like them. You forget who I am; but, indeed, you do not know, and I see that it is time to tell you. I am not what you suppose—a girl eager for freedom, and in a hurry to find a husband. I have not yet decided in regard to marriage. I am religious—a devotee, if you will—and a life of celibacy has always been my ideal. I have not been unhappy in the convent from the fault of those around me. It is the necessity for conformity to rule that was my enemy and my executioner. My life depends upon movement, air, and noise. My father was a horseman and a hunter; I take after him, resemble him, have his tastes; confinement kills me, and I have a horror of convents because they are the prisons where I have been forced to pass my life; but I love the nuns when they are good, because they are pure women, and their renunciation of the delights of domestic life seems to me an act of courage and heroism. Therefore I deceived no one when I said, as I often did, that I was not opposed to convent-life. My step-mother relied upon this declaration; and, when I refused to make an unconditional engagement before I became of age, she greatly feared lest I might dispose of my fortune to some community. She was even angry with the Abbess of Clermont, who did not wish me to be pressed too strongly. I have an idea in my head that I have not confided to any one, and I still dream of being able to realize it. I hope to recover my property, and I shall then found perhaps an order of Sisters of Mercy, which I shall establish at Nives, to take care of the poor and the sick, and to bring up children. We shall not be cloistered, and we shall travel through the country continually to help the needy and to do good works. It seems to me that I shall be perfectly happy in carrying out this plan. I shall be equally devoted to a holy life, with charity for my only law of action, without being shut up alive in a tomb, or running the risk of letting the heart die out with the reason. You see, then, very plainly, my good Jacques, that you must not kneel before me, nor be always kissing my hand, as if I were a great lady, for I never shall be one."

"Such is Mademoiselle de Nives's plan, and, if you see her, you will learn that she has not yet decided to modify it. You will say that it ought to have been in my power to make her change her resolution. You may well believe that I did my utmost; but how can you persuade a woman, when you have nothing but words to use in the contest? Pardon me, uncle, words are fine things when one possesses your power of using them. It was useless for me to study law; I shall always talk like a villager, and I know nothing of the subtle arguments that hold, even

against their will, such sway over those who listen. A woman is a being naturally captious, who cannot be taken hold of by the ears, and who submits to a certain magnetism only when she does not keep herself too far away from the fluid; but what can be done with a woman who will not allow the least familiarity, and who possesses such a spirit of strife and revolt that no one but a brute or a savage can tame her?

"I was obliged to submit absolutely, and become an Amadis de Gaul, to be allowed to remain at her side. The worst of the affair is, that in this game I have become amorous as a schoolboy, and the fear of displeasing her has made me a drudge and a slave.

"Besides all that I have mentioned, she is full of contrasts and inconsistencies. She has been brought up in mysticism, while the cultivation of her reasoning powers has been systematically neglected. All her thoughts being turned toward heaven, she plays with the realities of the world as with charming nothings which she will leave behind, since religious exaltation carries her elsewhere. She is passionately fond of dancing, dress, and pleasure. When we were in Paris, after the first evening, she wanted to go to the theatre to see the decorations, the ballet, the opera, and the fairy-scenes, but did not care a particle for literary performances or tragedies, and could not endure the slightest indelicacy. She did not understand these things at all, and yawned while looking on; but the grottoes of the sirens and the Bengal lights were happiness to her—almost delirium. I hired a corner-box where it was very dark, and closeted myself with a pearl of beauty, admirably set; and the box-keepers, who alone saw her charming face free from thick veils, smiled at my happiness, while I played the rôle of a great pedant condemned to explain strings and machinery to a child seven years old.—You are laughing at me, uncle?"

"Yes, I am laughing; I find it a well-merited punishment for a Don Juan of the Latin Quarter, who takes it upon himself to elope with a novice without having suspicion of the kind of bird he has taken charge of. But, to come to the point, did she seek legal advice in Paris?"

"Indeed she did! Among her oddities, she possesses a surprising knowledge of business, and a facile memory of the law-terms connected with it. She consulted M. Allon, and now knows her situation on her finger's-end."

"Very well: did she tell him that, in allowing herself to be carried off by a great paladin, well known in the country for his good luck, she gave arms against herself to a step-mother who is still her guardian, and who can reclaim her and reinstate her by force in the convent, if it were only for a week, with all the flourish of trumpets of a great scandal?"

"I do not believe she told all this to her lawyer, but I think she told it to her confessor, for she had a religious consultation with a very able and influential abbé, who, learning that she had more

than a million to devote to the service of his faith, found her above all suspicion, and sheltered her from all danger. He advised her to separate from me as quickly as possible, and to keep concealed until the day she came of age. He did not, however, forbid her from regarding me as a brother and a friend; for Marie, who was unacquainted with my past follies, probably represented me to him as a lamb without spot, capable of giving her assistance in her holy enterprise. In short, all these proceedings being ended, we once more took the cars, and, after a week passed *à la vie de Paris* with your humble servant, she returned to Vignollette on a beautiful summer night, as pure and tranquil as when she came out of the convent."

"Was it you, then, who accompanied her to your sister's house? I thought she arrived there with her nurse."

"Ah! I forgot to tell you. As we were leaving the railway-carriage to dine at Montluçon, whom should we meet but Charlotte? She was on her way to Paris in search of us, and little thought of finding us so soon. Marie, guided by my advice, received her kindly. 'You were afraid at the last minute,' she said. 'This is all for the best, since you are not involved in the affair, and will be more useful than if you had followed me to Paris. You can take me to Mademoiselle Ormonde's, and remain at Riom to gain information of my step-mother's proceedings.'

"Charlotte went with her to Vignollette, and then rejoined her husband at Riom, where I have since met her. We two had a lively explanation. She naturally is in a rage with me, since I succeeded in frustrating her plans. At first she thought I had acquired the rights of marriage over Mademoiselle de Nives. When she found out her mistake, she raised her head and renewed the offer of her services on the same terms, pretending that, according to her anticipations, her husband, driven from the convent, had lost his situation and would encounter many obstacles in recovering the one he had formerly occupied at Riom. She threatened, in covert words, to reveal everything to the step-mother. I was obliged to come down with money, especially as I believe the honest and pious husband in perfect agreement with the wife to take advantage of the situation without appearing to know anything about it. However, I made a better bargain than the note of twenty-five thousand francs, and resolved, as soon as Marie came of age, to send the nurse about her business.

"Unfortunately, and against my sister's wishes, who dislikes and distrusts her, she has seen Marie very often during her stay at Vignollette. She has kept her secrets faithfully, but has used every effort in her power to prejudice her against me; and I am certain that she has suggested another husband to her, but I cannot tell whom she has chosen to supplant me, or upon whom she rests her new hope of a fortune. I know only one thing: this evening Henri accosted Mademoiselle de Nives like a person with whom she had made an appointment; they talked in a low tone, but with much excitement, dur-

ing the pauses in the *bourrée*, and afterward disappeared together. I thought I had planned so wisely in putting out the light; it was indeed a brilliant idea! They took advantage of it to run away!"

"Where do you think they have gone? If it is to Vignollette, I am certain that Henri will not allow himself to cross the threshold."

"I do not think they have gone there, for this very reason. Perhaps Marie has taken it into her head to return to the convent and remain during the last days of her minority."

"In that case, Henri would have given better advice than you did."

"And his position in regard to her would be better than mine," replied Jacques, with a sigh.

"Hush!" I said. "Some one is calling us—it is Henri's voice."

He soon joined us.

"I was uneasy about you, father," he said. "All our relatives have gone, regretting not being able to say good-by. My mother is waiting for you at Father Rosier's."

"And where have you been," I replied, "during the two hours that I have been in search of you?"

"You were in search of me? Not in this mysterious wood, where you have been with Jacques for an hour at least?"

"But where do you come from?"

"From home. I returned a little fatigued and bored with this ball in the midst of the dust; but not seeing you, I thought you might want me perhaps, and came back to the *flûte*, which is finished, and my mother is very impatient."

We left Jacques slightly reassured, and went to deliver Madame Chantabel, who, accusing me of being delayed by a client, stormed for the hundred-thousandth time against pleaders and advocates.

Did Henri wish to confide anything, or make a confession of any kind to me? As soon as we returned, in order to give him the opportunity, I went with him to his room to smoke a cigar before going to bed.

"You know," I said, while talking of the events of the day, "that Miette came to bring her bouquet to me?"

"I know it," he replied, "and regret not having seen her."

"Who told you that she came?"

"A servant; I cannot remember who it was."

"She was at the *flûte* this evening. You did not come near us, though we saw you from Rosier's garden dancing with a very pretty village-girl."

"Yes, I danced one *bourrée*, thinking it would amuse me as it used to."

"And that wearied you?"

"If I had known that Miette was there—"

"You would have invited her, I suppose?"

"Certainly. Did she see me when I was dancing?"

"I don't know; I was looking at your partner. Do you know what a remarkable person she is?"

"Yes, for a peasant; very white, with small hands."

"Who is she? and where does she come from?"

"I did not think to ask her."

In making this reply Henri threw his cigar into the fireplace, as much as to say, "Is it not about time to go to sleep?"

I left him without urging him any more. Either he was sincere, and ought not to suspect what was passing in my mind, or he was determined to be silent, and I had no right to question him. My son was not as easily penetrated as his cousin Jacques. He possessed a stronger will and greater breadth of character.

The next day and the day after, in order to see him even for a little while, I was obliged to climb up to the tower, where he had installed himself with two workmen and a servant. He was so delighted with this romantic spot, that he was fitting up a lodging-room for a refuge when stormy weather surprised him in his walks.

"You are in a great hurry," I said, finding him engrossed with painting and hanging. "I agreed to let you have one or two rooms furnished to suit your own taste, and you have carried out my economical ideas too rigidly."

"Not at all, father," he replied; "I know very well that I am a spoiled child, and that you would deny me nothing for my pleasure; but, while examining the locality, I discovered that it would be in better taste to leave the rooms in their old-fashioned rusticity than to make additions and improvements. Here are the two apartments that old Coras occupied. I have put this great sofa of Cordova leather in the bedroom instead of the broken-down bed. The hangings are in good order, excepting the dust that has settled upon them, and I have found a carpet to conceal the broken tiles. The casements close firmly. This ceiling, with joists blackened by smoke, has an excellent tone. In short, a great deal of sweeping was required, and a few repairs in the painting that will be dry this evening. To-morrow I shall bring some books and a good old-fashioned table, and I shall be like a prince."

The next day he finished his furnishing with the surplus of our old rubbish, and passed the afternoon in arranging the books he had chosen in the closets.

I was intending to go to Vignollette to find out if my niece was in a more tranquil frame of mind, when I received the following note:

"Do not be troubled about me, my good and dear uncle; we had no discussion of affairs at home. I found my companion there on my arrival: she had returned with her nurse, and did not say a word of her thoughtless freak. I thought it was my duty to ignore it utterly, and not to oppose her evening walks with this woman, who now comes every day, and appears to have acquired much more influence over her than I have. I do not wish to be mixed up too much with their petty secrets; my duty is limited to hospitality. Fortunately, time moves on, and will soon release me from a responsibility always painful when unaccompanied by authority."

This missive did not make me feel any more at ease, and I began to watch Henri stealthily with scrupulous attention.

I remarked on this same evening, as well as the evening before, that he rose from table when coffee appeared, and went away with Ninie on his shoulders to "play horse" in the garden. There were shouts and bursts of laughter, then the noise grew faint in the distance, and at the end of half an hour the child returned with her nurse. Henri did not reappear until an hour later, saying that he had smoked his cigar out-doors, that his mother might not be annoyed.

On the third day of these proceedings I resolved to disburden my mind. Circumstances favored my intention: Madame Chantabel had two old friends for guests, who plunged into cards with her as soon as dinner was over. She did not concern herself about the little girl, who seemed to adore Henri, and on whom Henri seemed to dote.

The days were rapidly growing shorter. I waited for the twilight, increased by the thick foliage of clumps of trees, to steal into the garden, and thence into a neighboring meadow, where a double foot-path ascended in one direction to the tower and in the other descended to the village.

I heard the child's voice coming from a clump of willows shading a spring on the border of the meadow, just at the foot of the rock that bears the tower. I turned my steps in that direction, keeping close to the bushes, and soon saw Henri come out of the willow-trees, bearing Ninie in his arms. He took the shortest course—that is, instead of going, as I did, along the hedge, he followed the path leading to the garden. Evidently he was carrying the child to the house to give her back to her nurse; but he was going to return. I was on the watch, and saw two women come from under the willow-trees, take the path to the tower, and disappear in the foliage of the vines covering the hillock. I still waited, perfectly quiet, in the thicket, but I did not see my son return as I anticipated. Upon reflection I said to myself, if he returned to the tower he took a more direct road—he crossed the nursery and climbed the rock perpendicularly.

I heard the village clock strike. It was only eight o'clock. Henri would not reappear in the drawing-room till nine. He had, then, already returned to the tower. I could go there through the vines, since the two women had got the start of me.

I did not hesitate, and, although the ascent in this direction was steep, I arrived at the foot of the tower in less than ten minutes. It was entirely dark; there was no moon, and the sky was overcast, but it was silent and calm. I could easily conceal myself even when approaching near the entrance, and my information must be obtained through the sense of hearing. This was neither long nor difficult. Henri and one of the women were standing three steps from me; the other woman kept watch at a little distance.

"Now, then," said Henri, "have you decided?"

"Yes, positively decided."

"Very well; do not return to-morrow—it is useless."

"Oh, yes, again to-morrow! Do let me come."

"I warn you that it is very imprudent."

"I know nothing about prudence; what do you know of it?"

"I have some to spare!"

"I am above all this idle talk, and have a higher aim than to watch that chimera which in human language is called reputation. I am responsible only to God; and if I do right in his eyes, I may laugh at everything else."

"But you wish to be successful, and must not create useless obstacles. If your secret is discovered, the object of your solicitude will be sent away."

"How will my secret be discovered unless you betray me?"

"I have sworn that I will not betray you; but the child will talk."

"What can she say? She saw a peasant-girl, who embraced and caressed her—that is all. My dear friend, let me come to-morrow!"

"To-morrow it will rain in torrents: the sky is covered with clouds."

"If it rains, do not bring Ninie; I will come just the same to hear news of her."

"Very well; on one condition, that it shall be the last time, and you will allow me immediately after to confide everything to my father."

"Let it be so! Adieu until to-morrow. O my dear friend, may God be with you and bless you, as I bless you! Adieu!"

She called her companion with a light whistle, and both took their way through the pines. Henri followed them to the verge of the woods, as well as I could judge from the light sound of their footsteps on the paths and over the dead branches.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN WEARINESS.

MY child, you may take your eyes away,
And your violets, too, I fear;
There is nothing sweet in the world to-day,
That was so sweet—last year.

Should a fairy come to my threshold-tree,
In her leaf-green cloak and hood,
When the stars are lit for a tryst with me,
Would I meet her if I could?

The rain may beat the bird from the bough,
And the worm may wound the rose;
The grass may grow in the graveyard now,
Till the winds whirl back the snows.

My child, you may take your eyes away;
I know they were sweet—last year;
There is nothing I want in the world to-day
But—the wings of the dove, I fear!

GIORGIONE'S VENICE.

WE passed under a portico which led from the landing of the canal, and emerged upon a small *campo* with a church upon one side and a stunted tower overtopping the low houses. On the wall of the tower was an old stone evangelist in relief, long-haired and bearded, with a book in his hand. Opposite was a line of small gray houses, with flowering plants on their balconies, and bits of carved stone inserted in their walls. High up on one of them was a painted wooden sign: "Female Education, with Instruction in Foreign Languages."

In the middle of the *campo* stood a massive well with a broad scroll coping, uncarved save for a bass-relief of an antique water-jar on either side. Against the church-wall sat a bronzed peasant in a broad felt hat with a red carnation in it, his sun-burned chest showing through his ragged, open shirt. Before him were two large baskets, in one of which reposed, on a bed of vine-leaves, slender, pale-green figs, with their crimson hearts bursting into the sunlight. From the handle of the other basket hung tapering clusters of green early grapes.

On one side of the *campo* stood an old palazzo, with a front of pale plaster which had dropped away in patches, leaving the faint yellow tones of the brick, shading to rose-color, gleaming in the sunlight. The plaster was darker wherever the rain, and the *sirocco*, and the salt air of centuries, had brushed it in passing, as about the arched lintels and sunken ledges of the windows. It turned to black where it formed a background for the weather-beaten shutters that were of pale green, full of luminous white undercurrents shifting with the sunlight—a color-reflection that was caught up into the Venetian houses far back in the ages from the mysterious depths of the canals.

The paleness of the plaster was here and there broken by some dim curve or half-defined outline of faded brown or light flesh-red—some faint suggestion of a human head—some rounded line that hinted at human grace. The large window of the *piano nobile* was broken into arches of gray stone. On the narrow balcony were large, bare-limbed geraniums, with their leaves grown yellow in the late summer. A few meagre blossoms shot up against the pale house-front from the gaunt arms that were stretched through the spaces of the railing. They were like skeleton hands, striving to clutch at the skirts of the passers-by to tell them of the horror and agony the place had known. High up under the rich red brown of the tiled roof, an old gray tablet, dark with age—an emblem of joy, and love, and fame, a laurel-wreath tied with flowing streamers—was inserted in the wall. Thus the two master-tones of the love-tale that the old house has told to the people through the centuries, are symbolized to-day upon its front, among the sun-faded blinds and the weather-stained plaster.

On the level of the *campo* was a square green

door, with the sunlight beating against it. On the threshold drowsed an old woman with her rags gathered about her.

The *campo* lay in that rapturous silence that fills the streets of Venice in the afternoon—silence in which your heart beats loud and your pulses throb at the mysterious voices that are in the sun-thickened air. A nameless, restless force is at work under all the enchanted quiet, for there is always an undertone of memory in the sunlit slumbers of the Venetian street. The thought of the dead past stirs forever in the city's heart.

"What keen artistic sense lies at the root of all Venetian circumstance!" remarked my companion. "In another place the tide of the centuries might have stranded Giorgione's death-chamber upon some noisy thoroughfare, but in Venice the latent harmony of life is in every beat of the city's pulse."

We paused under the balcony, from which the sere geraniums stretched out their knotted arms. The old woman on the threshold, startled by our voices, brushed her scant gray locks away from her gnarled face, and gazed at us with supplicating eyes.

"A *lombardo* for the love of the Virgin, *signori*, and I will say as many *De Profundis* for your dead as you will."

We dropped a copper into her withered hand, and bade her pray for the soul of the painter Giorgione.

A woman came out through the arched window above, and stood leaning over among the sparse red blossoms, gazing down upon us with kind, wondering eyes.

"Signora, is this Giorgione's house?" we asked.

"No, signori, there is a notary living here now, my husband. Signor Giorgione must have moved away last year, before we came."

There was a noise as of wooden heels across the *campo*, and a girl, who had been sewing in a doorway opposite, came clattering toward us.

"Signori, I will show you the house of Giorgione. It is behind the *campo*, on the other side. He has never lived here."

"But are you sure?" we asked. "The books say—"

"Mare di Diana! The books! I have lived in the *campo* since I was born. I know the house."

There was a pretty confidence in the gesture with which she drew up her slender form that inspired us to follow her. She wore a loose cotton garment, short enough to display her neat white stockings, the pride of all Venetians of the lower class. Her shoes were wooden soles with high heels and a pointed strip of black cloth, embroidered with bright flowers across the top. All her wealth of dusky hair, filled with blue shadows, was braided in a loose knot low on her stately neck, and cut short at the temples to fall over the ears. She

had that broad, low brow, with the repose of the antique upon it, that came up from the south with the fugitives that settled on the islands of the lagoon. The width of the face from temple to temple, the sculpturesque eyelids with their heavy fringes, the chiseled features, the full, red mouth, stamped it as that passionate southern beauty which is calm and statuesque in exterior, but has unconscious lava-fires burning below the fair vineyards of its surface.

She led the way through a narrow lane behind one of the old gray houses. There was an old arched alcove across a passage that had once served as a shrine. A half-obliterated fresco was on it—some old, hard outlines, that might have been drawn in the days when the Vivarini painted tabernacles for the churches—a yellow-haired Virgin with the Child, seated in glory, with a monk and a bishop kneeling one on each side; pale, spectral shapes, that stood out in dim relief in the twilight of the passage. Beyond the arch gleamed a space of shining water, which leaped up into the sunlight when the boats darted across the opening.

In front was a high wall, from behind which rose a slender larch-tree, that drooped wearily against the high, pointed windows of the old houses, that were black with centuries of damp and mould. An old man, unshaven, bleary-eyed, with a worn cap on his head, was leaning over one of the quaintly-carved window-ledges, with his arm thrown caressingly about a box planted with yellow marigolds.

"Signor Giorgione," cried the girl, "here are some strangers who wish for rooms, as nearly as I can understand."

"We are all full, signori. I am very sorry," answered the old man, deprecatingly.

The girl turned away with a disappointed air, and we followed her back to the *campo*, where she resumed her seat in the low doorway, and bent her dark, graceful head over her work.

The old *campo* passes the long, languid days of the late summer in dreaming of the time when the pavement rang with the footsteps of student-lads who pressed about the threshold of their master Giorgione, and called upon him to come down and join them in their wild sports. "There will be masques to-night," cry the lawless young painters; "and we shall sup afterward by moonlight under the shadow of St. Mark's." The gods and monsters that the master's hand has frescoed on the pallid plaster grin down an acceptance. A figure appears at the balcony-window, and cries out to the young idlers to return to their studies, and abide the night-fall.

It is a tall figure, with a beautiful young face, framed by the velvet cap of the painter-guild. As he stands there in the sunlight in his dark-green velvet garment, full of rich shadows, with the concentration of genius upon his face, you would not believe him the trifler, the pleasure-seeker, that all Venice hails him. The broad brow, the strong features, the firm chin, tell of quick, impatient, creative power. Only the graceful curve of his mouth sug-

gests the hidden flaw within this vessel, in which burns the sacred fire.

He is colossal in his achievements when he has once convinced himself that creation is the worthiest end of life. But there is no ideal so noble, no resolution so bold, that it will not vanish before the touch of soft lips or the glance of tender eyes. Why should he sit and toil over one form of beauty, when all God's creation lies at his feet, waiting but to be grasped?

But now and again comes a moment when the thought of the sacred charge committed to him rushes through his heart. Then, with the impulse of his strong soul a score of touches from his eager hand creates a shape that sets the whole town wondering at his power. And then his old demon whispers to him that love and life are better than art, and so for months he gropes on through the darkness that thickens about him toward the light that eludes his grasp. His days are one long struggle between the instincts of life and the instincts of art. His youth, his beauty, his passionate nature, are forever at war with the cold, stern asceticism of intellectual creation. He had a Greek nature, this Venetian of the *cinque cento*, and his was the pure sensuousness of those perfect organizations that accepted beauty as the gift of the gods, and made their lives lyrics, and bathed their bodies in sunlight, and shunned the darkness of thought and mental suffering.

And yet I wonder if those wise young painters, who shook their heads over the noisy riot with which Giorgione filled the Venetian streets, never recognized in his wild merriment the agonies of a despairing soul. Did they never feel in his gorgeous canvases an undertone of pathos? Did no undefined sadness creep over them when they gazed upon his pictures of women, those lovely faces with the moulded features and ripe, parted mouths, and tender, rosy brows shadowed by rich, bronzed hair, and deep, brooding eyes that give the lie to their flushed, bare limbs? Some dim memory of suffering endured far back in the ages hides under those voluptuous curves, some consciousness of approaching decay lurks beneath the fair marble surface, some presentiment of early death fills the deep eyes with awe.

Such a form as those that glow upon his canvases, with the mysterious death-prophecy written on their brows, used to stand on the balcony of summer afternoons and gaze down upon the slumbering *campo*, with the arms of the flowers clutching at her sweeping garments of deep-red velvet. There were rubies on her bare, white throat, and the deep-red carnations of Venice burned among the dull gold coils of her hair. She leaned over among the dark-red damasks that hung from the balcony, a rich mass of color against the tawny frescoes of the wall, and the sunlight deepened the glow of her hair, and made dark furrows in her velvet drapery, and glamed in the jewels about her throat, and transfigured her to the wine-goddess, the bacchante, the color-queen of the Venetian revels.

The young students, passing across the *campo*, lowered their voices as they caught sight of the stately form, and said one to another, "It is Giorgione's love!" Did they feel the lurking agony in that smooth, fair face, the forethought of pain and suffering in the beautiful eyes, the tears gathering behind the laughter that made the old *campo* ring with gladness? Yet for her there was naught in life but love, and joy, and pleasure, velvets and jewels, and every night a fresh revel.

The sun stole away behind the low houses, and the heavens glowed with the faint red of the lagoon reflection, and then the color died away, and left the pale, luminous green of the twilight and one young star to keep watch over the slumbers of the *campo*. Then the heavens darkened slowly, and the early moon threw a line of silver across the arched window of the balcony, and in the hall behind there were crystal lamps that threw jets of reflected flame upon the tapestries and damasks that hung on the walls, and on the soft, flushed faces with parted lips that looked out from the pictures on the easels. The stately figure with the dreaming eyes drew back from the loneliness of the moonlit *campo* into the bright-draped hall.

In the canals behind there was the hollow thud of the gondola against the walls of the *rive*, and the weird cry of the gondolier echoed above the noise of merry voices. There were shouting and laughter on the stairs of the palazzo. The doors of the great hall were thrown open, and a bright-robed crew rushed in, singing snatches of old ballads and stately sonnet-measures; young painter-lads with guitars and mandolins strumming to the accompaniment of their light voices; slender figures in doublet and hose of blue, and scarlet, and yellow; lovely women, with bare throats and floating locks, in damask, and satin, and brocade, and jewels. They brought wine with them, and carried their glasses uplifted, drinking to love and pleasure. They wore crowns of the long ivy-arms, that the lads had snatched from the gardens along the canals, and they placed one on the locks of Giorgione, and saluted him, in his heroic Greek beauty, as the young pleasure-god, Bacchus. They wove the trailing tendrils into a coronet for the stately head with the carnations burning upon it; and they twined it about both their bright garments, and poured out the red wine faster and faster, and swore there was no future and no past.

Faces grew flushed and eyes strangely bright, and jeweled bosoms beat high. The heat of the lamps, and the fumes of the wine, and the glow of the crimson and gold, made the hall seem ablaze with flame, and stifled the breathing of the revelers, and quickened the pulses of their hearts. They pressed out on to the balcony to feel the night-wind lay its sea-kissed fingers upon their heads. Among them towered Giorgione, with the ivy-crown on his beautiful head, and pressed close against his heart was a fair, vine-wreathed brow, and deep, sweet eyes gazed up into his, full of love-questionings. Below, the *campo* lay wrapped in the white shroud of the

moonlight. Dark figures glided across the space of silver, and were merged in the shadows that gathered about the doorways and corners. The old evangelist on the church-tower stood dark against the radiance, frowning upon the white shoulders that were marble in the moonlight, and the gleaming jewels, and the pallid brows, and the proud figure of the young wine-god, with his upturned face, transfigured to the divine repose of the Greek immortals.

Why should he strive to create new beauty when it lay within and about him? Love and youth and pleasure were the highest life could offer. The legend of heaven and the soul was an old worn fable, told by monks in convent-cells.

Suddenly the noisy laughter died away, and the tinkling mandolins were hushed. From the tower of the church echoed a deep bell-voice, which made the old houses tremble with fear and the *campo* cower low in frightened silence. Again and again the solemn stroke beat the air. "The bell for the dead," muttered the revelers, and some turned and crossed themselves, and others grew white and haggard, and murmured a half-forgotten prayer. An awful consciousness crept over them of cold, dark regions of space, which each soul must traverse alone and unguided, where no human sympathy can lighten the dreary way—where each soul is shut up within itself to do and be, and, though it might cry out through the ages in its agonies of loneliness, no other soul could approach to bear it company. No wonder that young Giorgione, to whom had been given to preach the stern, high doctrine of the soul's isolation, which goes hand-in-hand with the immortality of genius, and who had fled before it with the cowardice that could not bear the loneliness of thought and creation, should have beheld black gulfs of remorse and despair yawning within his soul at the sound of that bell for the dead, and should have gazed into the desolate solitude of eternity that was to follow the light and warmth and color of his Venetian life. He drew the golden head closer to his breast with a clasp of dread and despair, for he had divined the separation and loneliness of immortality.

The solemn warning of the bell died away, and the painter shook off the fearful mood of revelation, and cried out to the student-lads that the hour had come for the masques. The women snatched up their veils and fastened the small black masks across their eyes, and the painters slung their lutes across their shoulders, and they hurried down the stairs and out on to the moonlighted *campo*, with the ivy-crowned painter at their head. The mad train disappeared in the shadows of the portico behind the house, to wander all night through the echoing streets, like some bacchanalian procession on an antique tomb, all riot and revel and drunken mirth and flushed faces and reeling gait.

A little later, and a heavy lethargy holds the life of the city in its grasp. A sickening vapor arises from the canals that fills the air with corruption. The sky is a vessel of fiery brass, although the sun is hidden by clouds, and the pavements burn the

bare feet of the passers-by. The people carry knots of sweet-scented flowers and vials of essences in their hands, for the plague is abroad in Venice. As they cross the *campo* they glance upward at the balcony where the painter Giorgione was used to stand on summer nights and make his lute whisper love-words to the girl by his side among the flowers. It is long since the painter has been seen in the studios, and it is rumored that he has been stricken by the pest.

There he lies, in the great hall behind the balcony-window, the strong, beautiful wine-god, writhing in agony among the crimson velvets and damasks of his couch, his lips purple, his cheeks white and sunken, his eyes glaring with wild restlessness, the damp of death gathering on his brow. On a table near by stands a flask of the deep-gold Cyprus, and the silver vessels of his *festa* time are within reach of his hand. By his couch watches the form that was used to clothe itself with the wine-hue of triumph. The carnations that flamed in her hair have burned to ashes. The roundness of her soft cheek and throat has vanished forever. The pallor of death has settled upon her mouth; the glassy stare of dissolution is in her eyes. But she will not die yet, for she loves, and he whom she loves has need of her. She snatches the vessel of Cyprus from the table and stoops over him with tremulous limbs to give him drink, but the cup slips from her hands and she reels and falls on the pile of damasks by his side, and the foam gathers about her mouth as the convulsion of death distorts her features. What now boot the jewels and the velvets and the silver vessels and the scented lamps? Their souls must go forth bare and unclothed into the strong, white daylight of immortality.

From the walls gaze down the beautiful, sensuous faces that the painter loved, with their sadness deepening into horror in the presence of the great mystery. The dull gray light streams in through the balcony-window over the deep-red hangings and the ghastly faces of the dying. For them there will be no more moonlight, no more masking, no more playing of the dear lutes.

A sob breaks from Giorgione's purple lips. Some faint memory of the beautiful dead past sweeps over him, and he turns his agonized head to meet the eyes that have so often been raised to his in the old, sweet moonlight-time. But there is no response in the dull gaze that is bent so fixedly upon the crimson hangings of the wall, and no motion stirs the white laces about the marble throat. A horrible sense of loneliness rushes through the painter's dying soul. She has left him forever—has drifted out alone on to the great, dark ocean of eternity. In that supreme moment the problem of life is solved for the painter in all its bitterness. The dim intuition that the prayer-bell had power to awaken in his heart in the old, merry, masking-time, grows in that fatal instant into the naked, solemn, fundamental truth of the universe. He learns now, when it is too late, that every soul is shut up within itself, to be, to create, and to suffer, and that neither human love nor

friendship can stand between the soul and its destiny.

All that had made the painter's life beautiful had left him. Only the reality of the soul's eternity remained to him, and the thought of the weary, endless regions of darkness through which he was to wander alone, unloved, forevermore. With a last yearning look toward the white cold face upturned to the red damasks of the wall, the painter fell back upon his couch and died.

A little space, and the lovers lay side by side, clothed in their *festa* garments—she in the dark red she loved, with her golden hair flowing about her, he in the royal green that had flashed so often in the sunlight among the flowers of the balcony. The gray daylight darkened into the overcast dullness of nightfall, and the silver lamps were lighted as of old on masking nights, and the sickly, clouded moonlight stole in through the window.

There was the dull thud of a boat against the wall in the canal behind, and on the pavement of the *campo* a muffled tread, and heavy footsteps on the stairs that once echoed with the light touch of revelers. The door was thrown open, and a company of black-robed figures, with hoods and masks, glided into the hall. They lifted the bodies from their crimson couch and bore them in their arms through the open door, and the lovely, prophetic faces on the wall grew terrible with horror. The lovers were carried together down the stairs they had so often mounted hand-in-hand—their dead faces almost touching, their hair mingling, their velvet robes trailing in the same pathway. They were borne out at the door into the dark *campo*. In the canal behind, the black-draped boat awaited them, with the lantern at its prow. The lovers were laid side by side on the bier, and the *becchini* entered the boat and grasped their oars, and the beautiful forms, with their marble faces and the rich glow of their *festa* draperies, shot off into the darkness of the waterways that had so often echoed with their cries of revelry. The pleasure-sovereigns of Venice had drifted off forever on to the great black ocean of immortality!

And this is why the old *campo* lies to-day in a lethargy of grief, and the very sunlight is filled with pathos. The old, passionate love-story is wrought into every fragment of the crumbling plaster, every cavernous space in the worn brick of the old houses, every poor, shabby flower growing on the window-ledge!

There was a quick footstep in one of the narrow *calles* behind, and a man emerged upon the *campo* with a little girl by his side. He carried a guitar slung about his neck, was young and fair-bearded and pale-faced. He was some toiling artisan, who, after hours of confinement in some dark workshop, had come forth into the narrow streets to earn an extra copper for the sickly wife and the children at home.

The child by his side wore a faded cotton gown falling to her knees in straight folds, and carried a

small tin plate in her hand. Her pale young face was framed by golden curls falling to her shoulders, with the front locks bound around her head and knotted at the back to define the outline, after the fashion of the saints in old Carpaccio's pictures. She might have stood for one of those demure little maidens who look out from his canvases, seated on the steps of the throne, with their violins on their shoulders and their music-books open before them, while their hair falls straight down their fresh cheeks, and their eyes, deep and earnest, gaze into regions we know not of, and their single garment of dark cloth covers their supple young bodies in long folds.

He loved these little street-singing maidens, that grand old Carpaccio—loved them because he saw in them the prototypes of the angels who visited him in his dreams, and because he recognized the divine immortality of childhood, and because of the beautiful innocence and unconsciousness of their brows, and the dewy freshness of the mouths that wailed forth the fire and passion of the love-songs of Italy through the burning summer days and the voiceful summer nights. He loved them because they were poor and neglected, and grew like the thistles on the sea-shore, and were brave and happy and strong through all their suffering young lives; and because he was a poet, as all great painters are, and knew that the flower of humanity blossoms not within stately halls and palaces, but by sunny stones and hedges on the highways.

The pale musician strummed a prelude on his guitar, and began one of those old *ritornelli* that have echoed through Italy for centuries. Full of passion and melancholy as the Italian nature, they are like the souls of the people uttering the dumb thoughts that their untutored mouths cannot mould into speech. For generations they have been wailed through the yellow cornfields and the reddening vineyards of the plains, lightening the toil of the laborers. The hill-side winds have caught up their refrains into the rustling olive-boughs. Girls have sung them into the fern-grown basins of the village fountains. Dark-eyed peasant-boys have screamed them through the silence of moonlight nights to the music of worn harmonicas under the fig-trees at cottage-doors.

Fishermen, rowing in their boats on the lagoon, send the refrains back, to lose themselves in the domes of the city. Mothers croon them to the children in their arms as they crouch on their thresholds of summer nights. Young girls, who sit at work high up in the windows of the brown roofs, behind the sturdy, bright flowers, send them abroad, clear and fresh and sweet, over the canals below, so that the people gather on the bridges to listen, and marvel at the youth and love in the worn ballad, and go on their way with tears in their eyes and old memories in their hearts.

The old *campo* roused itself from its slumbers at the impassioned voice of the singer. The weather-stained walls brightened with feeling, and the old stone escutcheons on the house-fronts grew instinct with life. Soft women-faces appeared at the garret-

windows among the chimneys. The brown-skinned peasant, crouching behind the green beauty of the figs in his basket, beat a barefoot accompaniment on the pavement. The girl sewing in the doorway gazed dreamily before her, and a soft flush crept over her brow as she listened, and her work fell from her hands. The old woman drowsing on the threshold of Giorgione's house, as of old his models basked in the sun, aroused herself and listened with pleased content to the ancient melody. It had been sung to her, perhaps, by some dark-faced lover years before, ere her hair grew white and her face wrinkled, and she took to begging to keep her soul in her body. The notary's wife came out on to the balcony among the geraniums, and sent a copper ringing on to the stones at the feet of the little singing maiden. Some deep, hidden under-current of harmony in the relations of humanity, perhaps, led her to divine that this might have been the song Giorgione sang to his lute, to the golden-haired girl he loved, up there among the flowers in the moonlit summer nights. It could not have been more full of youth and passion and tenderness than the words the pale young singer utters, as he stands there with his child by his side, gazing anxiously about him with the thought in his heart of the sick wife waiting at home in the little garret-chamber above the canal, cooking the scanty supper of *polenta* to stop the hungry mouths of the younger nurslings:

"Vien dal tuo fido amante
Che spasma per te."

"Come to thy faithful lover who is dying of longing for thee," he sobs, with the pleading of despair. In his notes is that undertone of pathos which lends such mournfulness to the songs of the people. Perhaps it is the consciousness of the disproportion between the songs and the lives of the singers which escapes thus in their voices.

The song died away in an echo from the narrow streets, and the *campo* settled back into its dreams. The singer, with the golden-haired child, crept wearily on down the dark *calle*. We followed him through the dismal passages until he disappeared across a bridge, and we heard his voice echoing afresh in a neighboring *campo* with the shrill child-notes piercing through its mellow sweetness.

We threaded narrow ways that lay, dark and warm, in the lateness of the afternoon. The people were strolling through them with fans in their hands, and white floating garments and fluttering veils swept on by our side. Standing on the bridges, and looking down the canals, the houses seemed to swerve from their course and bow toward one another, and almost to meet at the end of the dark street of water. It lay, cool and quiet, with the shadows of the projecting balconies and the stooping palace-fronts deep in its heart, rippling caressingly about the gaudy, painted stakes, with the summer wind blowing a kiss to it as it fluttered from bridge to bridge, from the carving on the water-gate to the rosy oleanders leaning over the balustrades. Wherever the dark water-space was spanned by a single arch, the shadows were gathered into one

heavy blackness that lay in sullen despair at the feet of the gleaming, white-marble curve.

There is a subtle fascination in the Venetian water that holds the stranger gazing deep into it as though to fathom its secrets—stagnant and sluggish as the life of the city, green and inscrutable as the eyes of women that the Venetian poets loved, glittering and careless as the old-time mirth and revelry, black and fierce in its depths as the heart of the old republic, full of mysterious lights and shadows, false-hearted, and cold, and cruel. The gleam of the knife is in its sunny aspects, the stealthy, throttling fingers of the executioner are in its lapping and fawning touch on the palace-steps; the faces of drowned maidens rise up where the moonlight gleams pale upon it; the moan of the prisoner, dead long ago in the ducal dungeons, shivers through it in the silence of the night. It is a beautiful, treacherous siren, the Venetian canal, who calls out to men through the glowing nights and the sultry days to rest their weary limbs forever among the glittering green gems of her bosom—some lovely, hard-souled enchantress of the *cinque-cento* poets, watching for her prey on a floating island in a magical sea.

We came suddenly upon a length of canal which was cut far in the distance by another water-way, and formed with it a green, sun-gleaming space. High up above the opening across the canal, a small iron bridge reached from one roof to another against the faint blue of the heavens, covered with a vine that had turned blood-red with the heats of the late summer. The long arms hung down, climbing and clustering one about the other like the close-woven red *arazzi* of feast-days, leaving free the space above the canal, and closing in about the pale palace-fronts on either side like a triumphal arch. It trailed its wine-colored tendrils low in the dark canal like the streamers in the *gondole* of a festa-time. Beyond the sunny open space was a background of pale-red wall full of deep shadows, where the lime had dropped away in patches, and broken by a wide, gray water-gate.

A chorus of voices, the shrill and piercing notes of children, the deeper tones of women, echoed in the distance. It came nearer and nearer—the sweet old refrain—

"Vien dal tuo fido amante
Che spazima per te"—

that had been caught up from some *campo* behind, where the pale young musician and his child were waking the old walls to tenderness.

Beyond the wine-hued arch a boat emerged from the side-canal and floated across the space of gleaming water against the soft red of the far wall. A lithe figure stood dark against the brightness, swaying with the stroke of the oar. Women crouched low in the boat, and children stood upright among them. They were *contadini*, in bright dresses of yellow and blue, with crimson and scarlet kerchiefs on their heads and about their shoulders. The wailing refrain rang down the length of the canal, and lingered about the doorways and the bridges and on the

mouths of the people after the boat had glided on into the darkness of the water-street.

We passed under a pointed archway with a great angel carved upon it, long-haired, with wide-spread wings, and a straight garment falling to his feet. In either hand he held an escutcheon, a rampant monster with beak and claws. The streets of Venice are filled with these angel-apparitions. They smile upon you at every chance corner. They bless you from high up under the eaves of the houses. They make the humanity of the streets beautiful to you. A glance at their serene, sweet shapes has power to send you on your way with a heart full of peace and good-will.

Every turning of a Venetian street awakens some keen delight of sense, some new perception of beauty. The people you meet seem close akin to the saints carved on the church-fronts. The angels come down from the house-tops and walk beside you with outstretched hands. You note a thousand acts of loving-kindness that elsewhere would escape you, for the people seem to feel that celestial beings walk among them, and the thought of their common destiny is brought close home. The weary mothers carrying their tired children, when the burden is breaking their hearts, glance up at the stone Virgin with her Babe in her arms, seated high up on a house-front. The hard-working fathers, plodding home through the twilight, mark some figure of the great All-Father gazing down from a church-portal through the shadows.

The very beggars, lame, old, and ill, who crawl about the thresholds with their rags dropping off their shriveled bodies, find hope and companionship in some shaggy stone head, grotesque and pathetic as their own, wide-mouthed and wistful-eyed, that tells them of centuries of patient endurance and waiting and mockery at its ugliness that it has known since the brain of some old architect conjured it up to an eternity of pain and agony and consciousness of deformity. They are mournful to despair, those grotesque heads of the Renaissance that leer upon you from the water-gates and the low cornices on the edge of the canals. They cry out not to be judged after the appearance of their bodies, for that their souls are pure and good within them. They are like beautiful spirits imprisoned by malicious enchanters in hideous shapes. Their sad, pleading eyes follow you, as though they were searching for the prince or the paladin who should break the spell and give them back their rightful forms.

Beyond the arch of the angel an old man with a red cap sat against the house-front, with a basket before him full of crimson carnations and the sweet, drooping white lilies of the late summer. Their odors swept with the wind along the narrow street, and in at the open doors and the mouldy corridor where the women sat sewing, and through the windows of the low, dark shops where pale-faced men sat and waited with patient resignation, and mounted like the fumes of incense to the stone angel that watched over the humble street from his post high up on the arch against the narrow strip of sky.

High above the glittering water-street, and the stained brick of the wall, and the rusty gratings of the low windows on the canal, was a terrace at the corner of a house. There was a green vine-trellis over it, from which hung long clusters of half-formed grapes, with the sunlight that had stolen through the openings of the leaves gleaming upon them, to make them match with the pale beryl of the canal below. The side-walls of the terrace were frescoed with high-colored landscapes, blue seas, and skies, and mountains, with white-sailed boats and red-capped fishermen rising monstrous against the fresh green of the drooping vine-arms. Along the parapet stood a row of stately purple *fleurs-de-lis*, like old French men-at-arms serving under the Venetian flag. Behind the brilliant breastwork appeared the outline of a girl's head, dark and shapely, with the hair built high upon it.

We turned a corner, and came suddenly upon a *fondamento* above a canal. Women and children, bareheaded, with their knitting or strings of beads in their hands, as though they had just left their seats in the doorways, stood about the narrow entrance of a house that faced the staircase of a bridge. Their shrill voices were hushed, and a solemn awe lay upon the faces of the children. Within the corridor of the house stood small boys in white, lace-edged garments, with unkempt heads, grasping long white tapers by painted wooden handles that had skulls carved on them. The silence was broken but by the wash of the canal against the wall, and the low murmur of a chant that floated down the dingy stairway.

The sound of the voices grew plainer, as though a door had been opened. There was a noise of feet and a flutter of white robes at the head of the stairway. The acolytes moved slowly down the steps, bearing their lighted tapers aloft, and their comrades in the vestibule made way for them into the street. There was a heavy tread on the landing, and four figures in long red gowns, with coarse, unshaven faces above them, and shabby boots and torn trousers showing under the folds, made their way down the narrow stair, bearing a burden covered with a lace-edged white cloth. "The *becchini*!" whispered the women outside, and they drew closer together, casting looks of terror and dislike at the red-robed figures with the swarthy, honest faces. The old plague-horror lingers in the Venetian hearts, and the old name of the pest-time servants of the city clings to these humble sacristans and grave-diggers.

In the vestibule they paused and laid their burden down on the trestles, and drew their faded red handkerchiefs from somewhere behind their dingy shirt-bosoms, and wiped their hard, seamed faces and gray, shaggy heads. There were wreaths of the white, languid lilies on the poor cotton covering of the coffin, and a crown of artificial roses with "*Alla mia sposa*"—"To my betrothed"—in silken letters on the white ribbon that tied it, and a pyramid of early dahlias, yellow and crimson, at either end. The priest descended the staircase, making it creak

with the burden of his portliness, and brightening the dingy vestibule with his golden vestment and his round fresh face with the square black cap above it. He chanted cheerily as he advanced, and the acolytes caught up the solemn refrain in their shrill boyish voices. The *becchini* took up their pitiful burden, and, followed by the priest and the acolytes, stepped out into the street.

There was a silence of a moment in the corridor, and then down the stairs came a group of coarse-faced women, with eyes reddened by weeping. They wore dark cotton dresses, from which the red shawls and kerchiefs and gold ear-rings had been banished—the nearest approach they could make to mourning; for money was scarce and food dear, and the living had more need of care than the dead, who were in glory with the saints. Behind the women walked a young man with his eyes bent on the ground—slender, and tall, and fair-haired, with the supple grace of the gondolier in his carriage. Behind us a girl's voice whispered, "There is her lover, Giovanni."

The procession moved on across the bridge, the painted wooden standards borne aloft by the white-robed boys, the yellow garment of the priest flashing in the sunlight, the red robes of the *becchini* bright against the pale gray of the house-fronts and the sere leafage on the balconies. Beyond was a sweep of canal that curved into darkness about an overhanging portico, and was lost in the tawny side of a church. The bridge had an old escutcheon for its key-stone, and a patch of green vine starting from the crevice and throwing a caressing arm about the old monster of the crest and drooping against the darkness of the inner arch. The sunlight streamed through the water below, streaking it with gold, and over the great boat-stakes, striped serpent-fashion, blue and white, with golden crowns on them, and a scarlet crest beneath.

We followed the train through a narrow passage to where the sunlight gleamed on the slimy steps of a canal-landing. A great black hulk lay against the wall, painted with emblems of death in ghastly white, and rowed by oarsmen in dresses of shabby black. The *becchini* placed their poor load upon the black surface carefully, that the pitiful memorials might not be shaken, and then turned away with a salute to the priest, stripping off their red garments as they went. The priest and two of the acolytes entered a shabby gondola. The women packed themselves closely in another, and the young man took off his patched jacket and grasped the rear oar, while a great sob burst from his throat. It was plain to see that the boat was his own, and that many a time the *sposa*, who lay so white and cold under the pale lilies, had sat in it, throned in triumph on a regatta-day, grand in her gold necklace and the wealth of her young beauty.

For her there would be no more strolls under the arches in the moonlight, with her young lover's arm about her, and their fresh voices rising together in some passionate old ballad—no more drifting on the lagoon of feast-days, in the glowing sunlight,

with the old love-songs ringing from their throats over the answering waters—no more kneeling hand-in-hand in the dusky churches before the lighted altar, gazing with sweet wonder from the love on the Mother's face to the love in each other's eyes.

In the days to come, the poor young gondolier, lying under the thick vines of the trellis at the *traghetto*, will hear the cheerful noon-bells as of old, and will watch in vain for the graceful shape that was wont to hurry across the *campo* at the first stroke of the hour, with the earthen pitcher of macaroni, and sit laughing by his side while he ate. The afternoon that followed was a long love-dream to him, and the Madonna in the vine-niche, with the roses before her, smiled lovingly upon him. Now the flowers will smell of decay, and the Virgin's eyes will be full of tears.

As the death-barge pushed off, the bells of the parish church began to toll slowly and sadly, with tears and sobs and the dread of the judgment in their muffled voices. A hush fell upon the passers-by, and the men removed their hats, and the women crossed themselves and muttered a prayer. Suddenly, from the canal behind, where the dark girl-head was bent over its work among the vine-leaves of the terrace, rang a joyous refrain. Some young heart, lost in its own love-dreams, had not marked the death-bell nor the funeral-train, and through the narrow ways and the silent canals echoed, sweet and strong, and full of longing, the pleading call that all the summer afternoon had thrilled the slumberous streets with passionate memories:

"Vien dal tuo fido amante
Che spasima per te."

"MY SON VICTOR."

AT the farther end of that part of Lansdowne Ravine which was included in the Centennial Exhibition grounds is a spring of deliciously pure and cool water. Hundreds of visitors found their way thither, and, after refreshing themselves, were prone to rest for an hour or two on some one of the benches with which the bottom and banks of the ravine were plentifully furnished. On the left, returning from the spring, and somewhat removed from the junction of two paths, one following the curve of the stream, and the other leading over the bank in the direction of Horticultural Hall, was a clump of trees and bushes forming a charming nook not readily discovered by the hurrying throng, but eagerly appropriated by the leisurely lover of quiet. There was a bench on each side of this clump, and, from the peculiar formation of the foliage and fashion of the spot, the occupants of either seat were hidden from view to occupants of the other, while conversation by one party would be distinctly heard by the other.

It happened, one fine day late in June, while the bench on the upper side of the clump was occupied by a fine-looking, scholarly young man, busily examining a catalogue of Memorial Hall, that three ladies, coming from the direction of the spring, with the usual electrical rustle that emanates from silken dresses, and sounded the gentle alarm of their approach, possessed themselves of the other bench. Two of the ladies were young; one dressed in deep mourning, with a pale, sad, delicate face; the other, clad in a gray-silk costume, was abloom with health, her entire *physique* and expression being that of freshness, animation, and gayety. Her beauty was of that happy medium between a blonde and brunette—features of the Greek, with eyes, hair, and complexion of the southern and northern races combined, which constitute what may be termed the American type. The lady who completed the trio was of handsome middle age, richly attired in black silk, and with the air of a dame belonging to the *haute aristocratie*.

"What delicious water that was, and what a charming nook this is! We must thank you, Mrs. Dana, for bringing us here," exclaimed the young lady in black. "I know of no place in the 'grounds' so secluded and delightful for rest as this."

"I am glad you like it, Margaret," replied the elder of the ladies; "we will come here again to-morrow."

"Then to-morrow it will rain," sounded the musical voice of the girl in gray.

"Surely, there are no indications of rain now, Eleanor," observed Margaret.

"True, but what mamma proposes Providence otherwise disposes. Her plans never meet with the approbation of the elements. Although she builds air-castles from January to December, they all meet with the fate of the house built upon the sand."

"You see, Margaret," smiled Mrs. Dana, "with what disrespect my daughter treats what she calls my castle-building. I had hoped that, with all the care and pains lavished upon Eleanor's education, she would be more steady, dutiful, and respectful; less of a tinder-box, and not at all inclined to make fun of her mother."

"O mamma, what an *enfant terrible* I must be! I suppose you would have me walk and behave on the boarding-school principle of head erect, arms straight at the side, toes turned out, and say: 'Yes, madame; no, madame; I regret, madame,' etc., with the air of a popinjay. One day I am a pop-gun, another dynamite, while to-day I am a tinder-box. Some night you may expect me to go off like a sky-rocket, in honor of the completion of some of mamma's gorgeous castle-building. Ah, me! if I was only the pink of perfection, like Papa Brooks's son Victor!"

"O Eleanor, what indiscretion to mention the name of people here!"

"There's nobody near us, mamma," coolly replied Eleanor, looking about. Had she been in a position to observe the effect her words had upon the

gentleman back of her, she might have been startled. The young man, who was at first annoyed at the feminine clatter, and buried his head still deeper in his book, looked quickly about him as he heard the words, "Papa Brooks," "Victor," etc.

"Whew! that's my name!" he said to himself. "This is growing interesting. Listeners hear no good of themselves; but how am I to get away, without attracting the attention of the party?"

"But I don't see that there's any harm done," smiled Margaret. "Who 'Papa Brooks' and 'Victor' may be, I am sure I never could divine."

"You'll want a biographical sketch sooner or later," rattled on Eleanor; "so here it is, condensed: Firstly, Papa Brooks is mamma's lawyer, legal and general adviser. Secondly, Victor is his son, a most extraordinary prodigy of excellence and genius—a graduate of all the schools in Philadelphia and universities in Europe; he speaks ten live languages, twelve dead ones, and is now occupying his elegant leisure in writing books diversified with the sublime topic of how to elevate the human race. Thirdly, Papa Brooks never tires of extolling the virtues of this victorious millionaire of intelligence."

"O Eleanor, where will that dreadful tongue of yours lead you? It is a shame to talk so of Lawyer Brooks—so good a friend as he has been to us; and he makes so much of you, too."

"O mamma, you know I quite adore Papa Brooks. He is a charming old gentleman. But I can't help laughing at the one little family tune he pipes, which makes 'my son Victor' the music of his yesterday, to-day, and the future. Why, Margaret, you just ought to hear him! You would think that 'my son Victor' discovered gunpowder, and framed the Justinian laws—a god; more than a god, Apollo and Mars combined. I wonder, mamma, that you have never invited Papa Brooks to bring his paragon around and introduce him. He is coming to see you, in the morning, about the sale of those Western lands, is he not?"

"Yes, that is the understanding; but I could hardly invite him to bring his son to see us; it would scarcely be in keeping with our dignity as women."

"You are statesmanlike there, mamma. No doubt Papa Brooks would be puffed up with delight at such an opportunity to show off 'my son Victor'; while 'my son Victor,' already so voluminous with conceit—"

"Shocking, Eleanor!" interrupted Mrs. Dana, with emphasis.

"But why do you call him conceited?" inquired Margaret.

"Oh, he is a writer, an author; all such creatures are conceited, for how else could they set themselves up as moulders and guiders of public opinion, if they didn't regard themselves as immensely superior to what they finely term the masses? Conceited! How can he help being conceited, with his dear old duck of a father continually quacking his praises? If I only had such a mamma! But alas! as it is, I shall go off like a dynamite some day, 'unwept, un-

honored, and unsung.'" And as Eleanor's extemporized sigh fell upon the ear of her unknown listener, he was ready to die for a moment of explosion, to swing his hat, throw himself at the feet of the owner of the "dreadful tongue," and proclaim himself "my son Victor," the "millionaire of intelligence." But to do that would be to betray his enforced eaves-dropping—to disgrace himself in the eyes of those whose esteem he had so lately come to value most highly. So he restrained his feelings, a mixture of chagrin and delight, but to be plunged into new trouble by hearing Mrs. Dana suggest that they go to the gardens. The party might choose the path up the stream, when a casual side-glance from Eleanor's wandering eyes would reveal the situation. The best he could do would be to draw his hat well over his eyes, conceal his face with the book, and pretend to be observant of nothing outside those categorical pages. Fortunately, however, the dreadful Eleanor, who volunteered to lead the way, after rising and shaking out the furbelows of her dress, began the ascent of the bank, laughing and stretching back her parasol toward her mother, saying:

"Although I am not exactly a Hercules, mamma, neither Apollo nor Mars, yet I think you may safely grasp that parasol-handle, and rely upon me to help you up the bank."

"But why go over the hill?" pleaded Margaret, lingering.

"Because, fair child of the South, it is nearer, and life is short. Besides, the climb will put two little dabs of color in your pale cheeks."

"There is no resisting you, Eleanor," laughed Margaret. "If you led the way to the moon, I suppose we should follow you."

"And have a good stare at that baby-faced man in it," retorted Eleanor.

The young man behind the scenes heard no more, but his curiosity had led him to peer through the foliage for a glimpse of the party.

"Beautiful! charming!" he exclaimed under his breath, as his eye fell upon Eleanor, in the attitude of extending her parasol to her mother. "I would like to tell her that, if I am a god, she is at least two goddesses—Diana and Juno."

It had been such an event! Finally he could give play to his amusement, and between intervals of laughter, which struck him as being ludicrous, he being alone, and moments of reverie, he retained his seat until the relay of charmen came to clear up the ravine and carry away the debris of luncheons and lunch-boxes. He then quickly walked away, apparently upon "specific thoughts intact."

About five o'clock Mr. Victor Brooks was *chez soi* again in the paternal mansion, an aristocratic old house in C— Street, that had been in the Brooks family for three generations. He seated himself at his writing-table, and after a good deal of running his hands through his hair, pulling at his mustaches, with snatches of promenades up and down his "den," he had written a note, folded and addressed it; then ringing for a servant, their faithful old black Jerry appeared.

"By-the-way, Jerry," began young Mr. Brooks, "I didn't know but father sometimes sent you with messages to a Mrs. Dana, one of his clients, and, if so, you must remember her address?"

Jerry remembered perfectly well, and could go there as "straight as a plummet."

"Very well, then, Jerry," pursued the young man, "I would like you to carry this note around immediately after dinner; it is for Miss Eleanor Dana. You need not wait for a reply." Jerry gave assurances that he would faithfully execute the message, and withdrew.

Mrs. Dana, Eleanor, and their guest, Margaret Stone, were sitting on the back verandah of Mrs. Dana's handsome residence in Spring Garden, inhaling the fragrance of the mignonette and sweet anemone, that the slight evening breezes wafted up from the garden below. They had been chatting leisurely of their sight-seeing during the day, complained of the fatigue attending it, and finally Mrs. Dana and Margaret proposed to retire. At this moment a maid-servant appeared, bearing a silver tray upon which were a couple of letters; one for Mrs. Dana, the other for Miss Eleanor. The former excused herself, to go to her room and read her letter. Eleanor said hers had no stamp on it, and was undoubtedly a circular from some shop inviting attention to the attractiveness of its wares. So after the departure of her mother, and kissing her friend "good-night" with a "schlafte wohl," she sat alone a while longer. When she returned to the back-parlor she carelessly opened the envelope for a glance at its contents. In a moment her countenance had changed to one of intense curiosity. She read:

"DEAR, BEAUTIFUL SKY-ROCKET: The combined god, Apollo and Mars, is so much indebted to that 'dreadful tongue' for an enumeration of his manifold and most extraordinary endowments, that he is fain to express, at this early moment, his profound acknowledgment thereof, that the 'dynamite' may know that, with all his 'conceit,' the 'millionaire of intelligence' is not devoid of that saving grace, gratitude. The speaker of 'ten live languages and twelve dead ones' furthermore wishes to express his eager desire for an introduction to this unique delineator of his character, and humbly, honorably, and respectfully ventures to suggest the hope that the charming trio will not abandon the spring to-morrow, nor the 'charming nook,' as the writer of these lines hopes to lead thither his unsuspecting but 'adorable old duck of a father,' who will, with your gracious permission, present, with the happy grace that accompanies a chance meeting,

"MY SON VICTOR."

"O my! O heavens! what have I done?" breathlessly exclaimed Eleanor; then, hearing her mother approaching, she sped lightly but tremblingly up to her own room. Had she read that letter aright? She drew it from her pocket again and began its perusal. Before she had finished, she heard her mother's knock, and, hastily cramming it in her

pocket, she lowered the gas, began to let down her hair, and cried:

"Come in, mamma!"

"I dropped in, Eleanor," began her mother, "to say 'good-night,' and that my letter was from Dubuque, about those Western lands. I am afraid we shall have some trouble about them. However, I will be guided by Mr. Brooks's judgment in the matter. But good-night, dear." And, kissing Eleanor, she passed out. "By-the-way," she asked, reopening the door, "was your letter of any importance?"

"Not the slightest, mamma; only a begging letter—poor father, starving children—the usual rigmarole. The country is quite overrun by tramps and beggars."

"Strange it should have been sent to you! But it may be the poor man is really deserving of need. Let me see the letter, Eleanor."

"O mamma, I haven't it in my hands just now—have stuffed it away somewhere. But we will probably hear from him again. Oh, hum! I believe I am tired, too. Good-night, mamma."

Mrs. Dana descended the stairs, and charged the maid, if the man came again with a note to Eleanor, to bring her the letter, for he was a beggar, and she might be able to help him.

"Oh, what a stupid lie!" soliloquized Eleanor, when again alone. What possessed me to utter it, I don't know. It all comes from my dreadful tongue." A rereading of the letter made it no better. After her feeling of chagrin had in a measure passed away, she began to see the ludicrous features of the affair, until it seemed to be decidedly romantic. But in what manner had her remarks reached the ears of "my son Victor?" Either he himself had overheard the conversation, or some one had reported it to him. Further than this all was mystery. The ugly part of it all was, that, for the first time in her life, she had deceived her mother. Although she tried to justify her "fib" to her conscience, her feelings were anything than pleasant. "However, the only thing for me to do now," she argued, "is to keep the affair to myself, and in the future to bridle my dreadful tongue. But what *can* Mr. Victor Brooks think of me?"

The next morning the three ladies met at breakfast, and, after that meal was concluded, Eleanor and Margaret went into the garden, while Mrs. Dana withdrew to the library to await her lawyer. While looking through a morning paper, the maid came with a letter, saying it had been left by the same messenger that had delivered the one on the preceding evening for Miss Eleanor.

"And did you detain him?" asked her mistress.

"I tried to, ma'am," replied the maid; "but he refused to wait, and hurried away."

"Strange sort of a beggar!" murmured Mrs. Dana.

She opened the letter—a heavy, rough English envelope, with paper to match, which surprised her as coming from a poor man petitioning for aid. She read:

"Do not fail to be at the 'charming nook' at the usual time this afternoon. I have arranged for the earnestly-desired meeting. I trust my communication of last evening reached you safely."

"No signature! An anonymous, secret correspondence! Ah, what shame and disgrace, that my daughter should stoop to such intrigue! To be so deceived by my child I had so trusted! A begging letter, indeed!"—and, distraught with grief and anger, she rang.

When Jane reappeared, her mistress put on an air of anxiety, and inquired particularly as to the appearance of the "poor man."

"Oh, I do not know as he was a poor man, ma'am; he looked more like an upper servant in a gentleman's family," replied Jane. She was sure he was the same person who had brought the letter to Miss Eleanor the night before, and the same person who had heretofore brought messages for madam.

Before Mrs. Dana had time to think who had been in the habit of bringing her messages, Mr. Brooks was announced. He entered in his usual jovial manner, flourishing a palm-leaf fan, and wiping his face with a fine square of cambric.

"A very sultry morning, Mrs. Dana," he said, by way of salutation. "I trust you are enduring this weather with becoming equanimity. And where is the charming Eleanor this morning?"

"Eleanor has a friend from Virginia spending some time with her—the two are in the garden. A Miss Stone—lovely girl, but very melancholy from the loss of a sister."

"Ah, indeed, from Virginia! An F. F. V., I suppose? Some of those old Virginian families are charming—good stock. And what is the matter under consideration this morning, Mrs. Dana?" He looked at his watch meantime, and continued: "I have an engagement with my son to go to the Exhibition to-day. It is too outrageously oppressive to undertake anything fatiguing; but he insists upon my going; says it's the coolest place in the State, and that I have yet to see the best part of the fair by seeing the picnicking in Lansdowne, and drinking from a certain spring of delicious water there. I suppose you and Miss Eleanor go often?"

"Yes, quite often, since Miss Stone came. She is so low-spirited; we are trying to cheer her up again. We were intending to go to-day, but I have been put into such a state of feeling by a scandal that has just come to light that I feel unfit for anything."

"Scandal!" echoed the lawyer. "It is rather an unusual time of the year for a scandal, with everybody leaving town for the country."

"Nevertheless, it has happened; and I would like to give you the facts, and to have your advice for the poor mother of this wayward girl. Imagine, Mr. Brooks, if you can, a lady with a daughter—two daughters, for that matter—moving in the highest circle of society. On this daughter in particular she has lavished all that care and money could bestow, and now she discovers that this girl has been carry-

ing on a secret correspondence with a man—meeting him privately, unknown to her mother, at appointed times and places. Now, what should the lady do?"

"Do!" repeated Mr. Brooks. "I don't see as she can do anything at all. If it is a love-affair, she had better let it alone. To interfere in such a matter is only to aggravate it. But how did the mother find out about this secret relation?"

"By a letter that accidentally fell into her possession. I begged her to let me have it, as I wished to consult you about it. It is one of those strange things never to be accounted for. My friend was very indulgent to her daughter—daughters—and, if the fellow was respectable and her equal in position, there was no earthly reason for secrecy in the acquaintance, so far as one knows. Oh, I do so pity my poor friend! Only to think if it had been my daughter!"

"Perhaps your friend exaggerates the matter. I would like to see the letter, if you will permit."

Mrs. Dana tremblingly drew it from the envelope, keeping the latter in her hand.

Her lawyer adjusted his glasses, and, as he read the note, a queer expression passed over his face.

"Now, madam," he continued, "if you will let me see the address on the envelope, I think I can throw some light on this mystery."

"Oh, how can you ask that?" exclaimed Mrs. Dana, excitedly. "I could never think of betraying the name of my friend. But what do you think of that letter?"

"I don't see anything in it to make such an ado over. The note may not be from a man at all, and, if it is, need not necessarily mean anything disreputable. Young people will have their nonsense—their privacies."

"Not necessarily such privacies as that—that is disgraceful. Moreover, it *must* be something very bad; for the girl—the young lady's mother tells me—had represented to her that a note brought by the same messenger as this the night before came from a beggar—a poor man with a starving family."

"Yes, yes, quite likely, Mrs. Dana; but let me see the name on the envelope."

"Impossible! It seems to me like unpardonable presumption for you to ask it. I had hoped to find you sympathizing with the poor mother, when, on the contrary, you rather uphold the daughter. No, no! I would die sooner than reveal the name of this friend who confided her trouble to me."

Mrs. Dana had grown very excited, and, rising from her chair, began pacing up and down the room. The puzzled amusement on the lawyer's face only served to increase her anger. Seeing that his client was in no mood to transact business, he, too, arose to go.

"Then you'll not let me see the envelope?" he still pleaded, good-humoredly.

"No!" she thundered—"a thousand times no!"

"Very well, madam," he replied, gravely. "I had thought you would trust me enough for that." Then, looking down at the carpet, he added: "I think I know the handwriting of that note; and, if I am not

very much mistaken, I know upon what young man's table lies the pen with which those words were written. I bid you good-morning, madam;" and, without further ceremony, he withdrew.

He had scarcely more than taken his leave when the merry voice of Eleanor rang in the hall.

"Good-morning, Papa Brooks" (she had always called him that); "I'm coming to see you, although mamma"—by this time she had entered the room, and, seeing nobody but her mother—"why, where is Papa Brooks? And here I have brought Margaret to hear him say, 'My son Victor.'—But what is the matter, mamma? You look, indeed you *do* look, perfectly *awful*! Did Papa Brooks bring news that our bank has failed; that we are beggars—decayed aristocrats?"

As the word "beggars" slipped off her tongue, Eleanor herself began to quake. Perhaps Papa Brooks had heard all about it—what she had said of him and his son in Fairmount—and had come, brimful of wrath, to communicate it to her mother. The thought checked her wagging little tongue.

"No loss of money," groaned the mother, "but a greater loss—the loss of honor! A shameful scandal has come to light—in our circle of society, too."

"Scandal!" breathed Margaret, surprised, looking anxiously at her hostess.

"Only a scandal, mamma!" ejaculated Eleanor. "I thought from the expression of your face that something extraordinary had occurred. A scandal is an every-day affair, and I see no reason why you should so take to heart what in no wise concerns us personally."

"Alas, one never knows when dishonor will strike at one's own hearthstone! To think that a young lady reared in the most careful and loving manner, of the highest social distinction, should be guilty of carrying on a secret intimacy—have appointed times and places of meeting! Of course, *my* daughter would never be guilty of such a thing!"

"Certainly, Eleanor would never do that," said Margaret, quietly. "I don't understand how any self-respecting girl could do such a thing."

"Oh, of course Eleanor would not be guilty of such a thing! *She* never deceives her mother. *She* never could wear an air of innocence—pretending to be *comme il faut*, and yet at the same time be engaged in a disreputable intrigue. Oh, no, no! and yet a girl of her own station in life has done this; and, in a circle like ours, the shame of one disgraces us all."

"O mamma! what on earth ails you?" exclaimed the daughter, throwing herself gayly on her knees before her mother. "You speak in riddles—you are more mysterious and awful than an old Greek sibyl. It is all a 'Mene, mene, tekel, uphar-sin,' to me, most august parent! Deign to explain to your most curious audience of two. A daughter of Virginia and a scion of the blue blood of the Quaker City await."

"Oh, what hypocrisy there is in this world!" groaned Mrs. Dana. "Dissimulation where we least expect! I suppose this young woman who has

disgraced herself and her circle, and filled her mother's heart with shame and anguish, could wear an equal air of innocence! Alas that, for the low pleasures of a disgraceful intrigue, a secret correspondence, one should be willing to barter so much—to hazard all!"

"Well! well! well!" sighed Eleanor, rising to her feet, and passing her hand slowly across her forehead. "If mamma had read us a lecture in the language of Zoroaster I should have comprehended it no less. Are you sure you are not mad, mamma? If Papa Brooks has turned your brain, I'll—"

"Oh, torture!" ejaculated her mother, wildly. "Forgive me, Margaret; but this dreadful affair has nearly distracted me; and Eleanor's frivolity, considering the circumstances, is intolerable!"

The two girls looked at each other in amazement, and then at Mrs. Dana, who had buried her face in her handkerchief. Finally Eleanor spoke:

"Since mamma has turned into an inexplicable mystery, I suppose our plans for the day will be given up; and, until she removes her mask, I think we had better return to the garden, Margaret."

Mrs. Dana waved her hand toward the door, as if to give indorsement to the suggestion, and the two girls passed out to muse and wonder over the strange event of the morning.

After the young ladies had left her, Mrs. Dana sat for a long time in reverie. Eleanor's unconstrained manner and air of innocence perplexed her. There was a mistake somewhere, or her daughter was a most consummate actress. At length she rang the bell again for her maid.

"Have you any idea, Jane," she began, holding up her two hands, making the letter A of mutes, "where the messenger came from who brought that note this morning? You say he has been here before. Do you remember who sent him then?"

Jane stood silently thinking for a time.

"I think, ma'am," she said, slowly, "that he said once, 'Here is a package for Mrs. Dana with *Mr. Brooks's* compliments.' Yes, I feel sure he was the one—a colored man, you know."

"A colored man? No, I didn't know that. I wonder if it could be Jerry? If he comes again, Jane, be sure and let me know it before he gets away."

Upon reviewing her interview with her lawyer, Mrs. Dana began to feel a sense of remorse at her treatment of him. Surely, so true a friend as he had been for years would not betray her confidence, and if her daughter had really an acquaintance with a person which for any reason whatever she wished to keep secret, who else could be so safely and wisely taken into confidence and counsel as Mr. Brooks? Then, too, he believed he recognized the handwriting. And Jane felt sure that the same messenger he employed had also brought those notes to Eleanor. Putting those things together, what could she infer? Slowly trying to find a clew to the truth, like a flash the suggestion came into her mind: "What if it is his 'son Victor'? Who knows? What other handwriting should he at once so quickly recognize?"

Why else should he have defended the girl? And then, too, probably the very reason why Eleanor had talked so satirically of the young man was to kill the more effectually any suspicions that might arise." With this possibility in her mind, she very rapidly arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Victor Brooks and her daughter were secretly in love, and that the sooner they were forced to publicly acknowledge it and be married the better. Full of this thought, she resolved to send a note to her lawyer, apologizing for her rudeness in the morning, and asking him to call again during the day. At least she would find out if the truth lay in that direction.

Meantime Papa Brooks had returned thoughtfully home.

"That rascal Victor is up to something now," he said to himself—"writing anonymous notes to a girl. Who can she be? The sly dog! He ought to be married, and it would be a happy day if I could see him bring home a bride like Eleanor Dana. I've the inside track in this affair. The sly fox, I'll make him wince!"

After reaching home, he went straight to his son's room, and, after a vigorous "Come in" in response to his knock, Mr. Brooks entered "my son Victor's" *sanctum*.

"Well, this is a very oppressive morning, my son," began the father, pouring out a glass of ice-water. "I begin to feel that the heats of summer as well as the snows of winter tell on my old body. I suppose at my age a fellow can't safely count on many more years of life. After all, I conclude"—seating himself, and vigorously plying his palm-leaf—"that there's but one more thing in this life for me to see."

"And what's that, father? You seem to be in a despondent mood this morning," observed the young man.

"Well, that, sir, to come straight to the point and not beat about the bush, is to see you married—'tis high time. Here you are, nine-and-twenty, getting to be a confirmed old bach! The one thing needful for you, my son, is a wife."

"I suppose, father," answered Victor, smiling, "that a wife is to be selected and appropriated like a piece of merchandise. I had been laboring under the impression that taking a wife was a rather hazardous business. The world is full of charming young ladies; but after a few years they all disappear and are seen no more—so I conclude that marriage transforms them into commonplace and indifferent women."

"All nonsense, my son! Your conclusions are not worth a picayune! Fine girls make fine women—if they're not spoiled by their husbands. A girl who has had the right sort of home-training and comes of good stock is not likely to become a stupid idiot the moment she is married."

"But how is a fellow to know whether a girl has had the right sort of home-training? He sees her only in what may be called the different avenues of society, and he never knows whether she combs her own hair, darns her own stockings, is an angel in the sick-room, or can do anything better than to

shine and gleam a brief moment like a fire-fly. Then they are shallow creatures; they never go to the bottom of anything, and, for steady-going companionship and *real* society, I would rather have any three books I can take down from those shelves than all the women I have ever known. But then"—and he slowly arose and walked to a window—"but then I know very few ladies, and my judgment may be erroneous. Yours is unquestionably much better, and as you have quite a *clientèle* among the fair sex, you ought to be able to select the kind of victim you would like for a daughter."

"So I am—one that would suit me to a T; the most charming girl in the world. I have known her since she was a child. She is a little on the harum-scarum order, but the best heart, and the brightest, sunshiniest creature in Philadelphia. I'd be the happiest old churl in Christendom if she'd come here and brighten up this old den, that has been gloomy enough since your mother died. If you could only marry her, my son!"

"What's her name, father?"

"Dana—Eleanor Dana; her mother is one of my clients. I'd have this old house fixed over into a perfect paradise; you could go off on a wedding-trip to Europe, Asia, and Africa, if you liked, and the house be all ready for you on your return. But you would have to be better to her than you have been to me—not that I've any fault to find; only, if I ever caught you trying to pull the wool over her eyes as you do over mine, I wouldn't stand that, sir! You'd very soon think your father had turned into the typical mother-in-law."

"Probably the angelic Eleanor would herself furnish that article!"

"So she could, son, and as fine a one as ever lived, although she and I had an 'unpleasantness' this morning. Plenty of the elements in her, but I like spirit, and Miss Eleanor is not of the angelic tribe, sir. I always fight shy of your angelic creatures. I like mint-sauce on my mutton. But madam, the mother, was on her high horse this morning."

"Well, father, it is time we were off," observed the son, looking at his watch. "'Tis nearly eleven now; we will lunch at Les Trois Frères, have our *siesta* in Lansdowne, and come home only in time for dinner."

Some hours after, as they were seated on the bench by the "charming nook," Victor remarked:

"By-the-way, father, you were saying something about an unpleasantness with Mrs. Dana this morning. I hope nothing serious occurred?"

"Well, as to that, I don't know! A woman's a woman, and there's no accounting for her whims. She's got a clew to what she calls a scandal: that a daughter of a friend—so she represents it—has been holding a secret correspondence with a fellow, making and keeping appointments with him, etc., and that the affair had come to the mother's knowledge by one of the lover's notes falling into the mamma's hands. Mrs. Dana had this note in her possession, and allowed me to see it. The moment I saw the

handwriting I recognized it—so I *think*" (and here the father glanced sharply at the son)—"and I begged her to let me see the address on the envelope, but this she persistently, and, as I thought, unreasonably, refused; and, because I pushed my request, and rather took the young lady's part, she got very much excited. So I came away and left her wrath to subside. But I imagine the poor young lady will have a hard time. The note was anonymous, which had a bad look, you know, and it seems, too, that in receiving one the evening before by the same messenger, the girl had represented it to be a begging letter—something of that sort. Undoubtedly it is a love-affair, but, if my suspicions are correct, there is no need of secrecy so far as one old fellow is concerned. To see the two fairly plighted, he'd buy the finest ring at Bailey's—one set all around with diamonds big as beans."

"And is it permissible to ask who this old fellow may be? This is a rather interesting scandal!" observed the son, with an assumed air of indifference.

"The old fellow, sir, is, as Miss Eleanor would say, Papa Brooks!"

"Well, father," laughed Victor, lightly, "your suspicions must fall on two individuals in whom you have more than common interest!"

"Exactly; but suspicions are suspicions, and, as a lawyer, I must await further developments. By-the-way, this is a charming nook, my son! just the place for an 'appointment.' I imagine there's some little love-making in Lansdowne."

"Probably," was the brief response. Then followed a space of silence in which both men kept up a vigorous thinking. The elder, his face radiant with smiles, felt convinced almost beyond a doubt that the intercepted note written by his son had been addressed to Mrs. Dana's own daughter. He was too shrewd to be blinded by that lady's prevarications as to the "daughter of a friend," or by his son's indifferent manner. The only feature of the case that annoyed him was, that the two should keep their acquaintance a secret, evidently for no reason except to conceal it from their parents.

Since listening to his father's revelations, Victor gave up all hope of seeing the trio at the desired place of meeting, and was overwhelmed with mortification at having subjected Miss Dana to the unjust imputations that he felt sure had already been heaped upon her. That Miss Dana might misunderstand or be offended at his presumption, he well knew, and that she would revisit the nook at his request he could hardly have expected. Still he did hope that the honest and sincere desire that possessed his own heart for her so to do, would reach and influence her own. He realized that he risked much in sending her the second note—it was something like a personal in the newspapers—it was neither like him to send it, nor like her to respond to it, he felt sure. Yet he had made the venture, hoping for a happy result.

As the two gentlemen sat down to dinner on their return home, the father found a note from Mrs. Dana at his plate, which had been left soon

after their departure, asking him to call again during the day.

"No accounting for the caprice of women!" remarked Brooks, senior. "Madam Dana evidently thinks I bear my threescore years and five as lightly as a bird does its feathers. But I am too fagged out to go to Spring Garden to-night. Her highness must wait until to-morrow. Meantime I will send Jerry with a note."

"As to that, father, I am going in that direction to-night," said his son, "and will leave the message you desire for Mrs. Dana." With a "Very well," the matter was not again referred to.

"If there is any truth in my suspicions," mused the father, "the less intermeddling the better. I'll venture no more comments until I have something definite." As he sat quietly enjoying the after-dinner hour, a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he rang for Jerry.

"You were not here last night, Jerry, when I rang for you?" he said, as the old servant appeared.

"No, sir; I went out on an errand for Mr. Victor."

"And where did Mr. Victor send you?"

"To Spring Garden with a letter, around to Mrs. Dana's."

"And was the letter for Mrs. or Miss Dana?"

"For Miss Eleanor Dana, sir."

"Hum! And you carried another early this morning?"

"Yes, sir; about half-past eight o'clock."

"All right, Jerry. I wanted to know something about your habits. I didn't know but you were getting unsteady in your old age." The faithful domestic laughed as if half abashed, and withdrew.

"There is no longer any doubt about that," said the lawyer; "my son Victor is in love with Miss Dana. But, the sly minxes, why all this secrecy? Only trouble can grow out of it. Already Mother-in-law Dana is in a towering rage. Now that I've had my dinner and had a rest I feel better, and I'll go around and see how the 'scandal' is progressing! There must be an upshot of some sort by this time." And a few moments later saw Papa Brooks following in the footsteps of his son.

Although the "awfulness" on Mrs. Dana's face, as Eleanor expressed it, had given place to a mysterious and unmistakable determination, the usual sociability and good-humored raillery between mother and daughter was by no means fully restored. Eleanor and her guest had made no progress toward solving the event of the morning, and Margaret had been further mystified by Eleanor's assertion that their conversation of the previous day had been overheard. How did she know? "Oh, she felt sure of it—something had happened to convince her of it." Her guest began to think there was a huge something back of all their movements.

If Mrs. Dana's ultimate conclusion that the guilty parties in the secret correspondence were her daughter and her lawyer's son had lacked in strength, the rapidly-succeeding events of the evening quickly ratified it. When Jane brought her a card, saying it was for

Mrs. and Miss Dana, and she read the name on it, "Mr. Victor Brooks," she said to herself: "Not finding the fine Eleanor at the charming nook at the usual hour, he has ventured to come here for an explanation. Jane probably misunderstood him in thinking he asked for me too. But so much the better: the young gentleman will learn that Mamma Dana's ideas of moral propriety differ very decidedly from those of Papa Brooks." She paid herself the usual attentions before the mirror, gave a pat or two to her grenadine dress, and, with the stateliness of a Roman dame, swept into the presence of Mr. Victor Brooks.

"I am not surprised at this visit, Mr. Brooks," she began, with freezing dignity. "If I am not mistaken, sir, you are the author of an anonymous note addressed to my daughter this morning?"

"You are not mistaken in that, madam; but allow me an explanation of this. My father—"

"Informed you, I suppose, that your note of rendezvous, instead of reaching my daughter, fell into my hands. My consternation, my humiliation, upon finding that my daughter was holding a secret correspondence—"

"I beg you, Mrs. Dana, to allow—"

"With an anonymous note-writer," she continued, without heeding the interruption, "was so extreme that I lost my temper, and treated your father very rudely this morning. There can be, Mr. Brooks, but one honorable solution to this painful affair. If your relations to my daughter warrant the intimacy of private meetings, it is quite time—more than time—that they be justified in the one and only manner, which undoubtedly you most desire, and which must, of course, suggest itself to the mind of an honorable gentleman. As you are doubtless anxious for the 'earnestly-desired meeting,' which failed to-day, I will no longer delay what must be an extreme pleasure to two such very intimate friends as Mr. Brooks and Miss Dana. Have the goodness to excuse me, sir, and I will send my daughter to you."

"But, madam—Mrs. Dana—there is a great misunderstanding here. Your daughter—"

"What misunderstanding, pray?" vehemently interrupted the lady. "Did you not send her the notes of this morning and last evening?"

"I frankly confess, Mrs. Dana, to have done so, but—"

"Quite enough, sir. Any further arrangements you may have to make with my daughter I trust will not require the seal of secrecy;" and she quickly left the room.

The young man comprehended the situation at once, but he scarcely had time to consider whether it was, upon the whole, to his liking or not, when the beautiful Eleanor, a lovely vision draped in white illusory stuff, stepped quickly and lightly into the room. Upon seeing a stranger, she suddenly stopped, softly exclaiming:

"I beg your pardon, sir! but mamma told me I was to find a friend, an *intimate* friend; I am Eleanor Dana, and whom have I the honor of addressing?"

"The discoverer of gunpowder, Miss Dana, the framer of the Justinian laws!"

"But I do not understand!" said Eleanor, slowly, as if trying to comprehend something difficult. "I have the honor to address—?"

"A millionaire of intelligence—my son Victor!" exclaimed the gentleman, smiling.

"Oh, me!" exclaimed Eleanor, throwing, for a moment, her lovely hands over her still lovelier, blushing face. "I am ashamed beyond expression for my dreadful, wagging tongue! I beg your pardon a thousand times, Mr. Brooks, but I fear you can never forgive me;" and she involuntarily extended her hand, which he was not slow to hold for a moment in his own.

"I have nothing to forgive, Miss Dana, but a thousand pardons to entreat of you: first, for listening to your conversation of yesterday, which I found charming, but which you believed no one could overhear; again, for presuming to send you an anonymous note this morning asking you to be at the 'charming nook' to-day at the usual time, but which was intercepted by your mother: and the result, both ludicrous and deplorable, places us in a situation you would never imagine."

"Ah!" exclaimed Eleanor, taking a long breath, "that explains the mystery of the day. Mamma has actually been a sphinx of incomprehensibility. She has muttered strange things about secret correspondence, private meetings, etc., accompanied with reproaches and insinuations that passed my ken. But you have seen her? What did she say?"

"She was so possessed by one thought that I found it impossible to explain the truth to her, and exonerate you."

"And what was her one thought?" eagerly queried Eleanor.

"This: that the only thing left for the guilty parties of a secret intimacy"—and the young man's fine eyes gleamed with the humor of the situation—"is an immediate arrangement of marriage. It is most ludicrous, I know," he continued, observing Eleanor's blushes and confusion; "she is under the impression that we are, indeed, intimate friends, and that, for some as yet unexplained reason, we have kept our acquaintance secret. And my father—I think that is he in the hall."

"Well, my children," began Papa Brooks, as he entered the drawing-room, "you're a pair of sly foxes!—You know I always wanted you for my daughter, Eleanor. If I had had the whole management, I couldn't have been better suited. But there was no need to keep it from me. Victor is a good boy, but I never thought he would fall in love and stay in it in precisely this fashion.—Come, now, children, tell me all about it. I've borne this suspense ten hours and a half, and I'm an old man, you know."

He seated himself on a sofa, and sat looking at "the children," who gazed at each other, then at him, and finally broke out in a merry strain of laughter. The old man looked hurt when Eleanor tried to explain.

"Why, Papa Brooks, you are mistaken! Every body's mistaken! Your son and I are the merest strangers. There's no engagement between us!"

Mr. Brooks looked questioningly at his son, who added:

"I am sorry what Miss Dana says is true; but you are laboring under a mistake, father."

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed the father, impatiently, rising to his feet. "There's no sense in trying to blind my eyes any longer. You love each other; you were made for each other; you ought to be married. You've carried on this fol-de-rol secrecy long enough.—Come, Victor, own up! It is cruel to tease your old father in this way when you know it to be the crowning wish of his life to see you two married."

"But, father—"

"Let's have no more 'but, fathers,' I beg.—Where is your mother, Eleanor?" asked the senior Brooks, half angrily.

"I left her on the back-porch a few minutes ago with Miss Stone," she replied; and he strode indignantly in that direction.

"You comprehend the situation, Miss Dana?" said the young man, breaking the silence that followed his father's exit.

"Yes."

"What are we to do?"

"I don't know."

"My father's heart is set, as you see, upon having you for his daughter. I knew that before, Miss Dana. It is your mother's wish also that our relations be honorably 'sanctioned.' I have no wish to take any undue advantage of this situation, but I begin to feel, I think, as did Moses when he saw the goodly promised land, and feared he could never reach it."

He looked deeply into Eleanor's eyes; she met his gaze calmly, simply saying, "I do not understand you."

"What one must feel when he sees the sweetest boon of life, maybe in his reach, prove only an illusion; to but taste the wine of life, when a full draught would give him immortality; to hope for what is most precious and dear to the heart, and to be tortured with doubt—can you understand that?"

"Do you mean—" She hesitated, and her face paled.

"That I love you is what I mean, Miss Dana."

She stood silent, with bowed head, for a while, when a gleam of her fun-loving nature sparkled over her face, and she looked archly up.

"With this dreadful tongue of mine, Mr. Brooks?"

"With that dreadful tongue, Miss Dana; and the dynamite, the pop-gun, and the tinder-box! Mars and Apollo should not be afraid!"

Eleanor faintly smiled, and walked slowly up and down the long parlor; then she returned to where her lover was standing.

"What would you require in your wife, Mr. Brooks?"

"That she love me with her whole heart."

"And what can she expect of you?"

"The very same; with my hand I offer you all

that I have of good, of truth, of loyalty, of love. Can you give me as much in return?"

After a pause, that seemed an age to Victor, she spoke:

"Nay, Mr. Brooks, think well what you do! Remember"—and her voice resumed its wonted roguishness—"remember that our acquaintance only began the long space of half an hour or so ago, and that, although we 'women jump at conclusions,' yet I think, in an affair of this magnitude, a little manly logic would not be unwholesome. I frankly confess that, like *Miranda*, 'I have no wish to see a goodlier man;' but neither you nor I, Mr. Brooks, wish to repent at leisure, even to please our two friends on the back-porch, and be 'altogether romantic.' I appreciate very deeply your confidence, but I am sure—" and she hesitated.

"Sure of what, Miss Dana?"

"Sure that I should appreciate a confidence of somewhat longer duration still more, Mr. Brooks."

"How long, Miss Dana?" asked Victor, smiling. "I believe, like Festus, that we live by *days*, not *years*; and it has been a long and a large day since yesterday."

"Long and large as a day may be, Mr. Brooks, I think I would need at least three hundred and sixty-five of them in which to find out whether I could give you a fitting return for all that you have offered me 'of good, of truth, of loyalty, of love.'"

"Oh, never so long as that, Miss Dana! You are worth a hundred Rachels, therefore I should carry you off, *vi et armis*, before imitating the Hebrew patience of Jacob. Put your answer only a week hence, at the farthest."

"Ah! you regard this matter too lightly, Mr. Brooks."

"Nay; all my soul is in it. When you give me your hand, it must be for all time. My clasp of it can only be loosened by death. It is now the last of June, and I may come—"

"Come! June, July, August"—and she counted the months off on her fingers—"you may come in November, 'the melancholy days,'" smiled Eleanor.

"If I live so long!" sighed Victor. "You may be sure I will come to-morrow. But let us now go to our parents;" and he drew her hand through his arm.

"For more reproaches?" she archly asked.

"No; we've had enough of them.—We have come, father—mother," laughed Victor, as they emerged through the open window, "to announce—"

But before he could add the announcement, which pertained solely to the misunderstanding of the "secret correspondence," Papa Brooks had bounded from his chair and taken Eleanor in his arms. She felt the tears from his eyes falling fast on her cheeks, while in a voice choked with emotion he said, with characteristic antithesis:

"Mine eyes have beheld my salvation—and yours, too, Victor. God bless you, my boy—my children! I can forgive you all your foolery, now.—There's nothing like a centennial, Mrs. Dana!"

Then Mrs. Dana and Margaret tendered their

congratulations in quick succession, while a hurried word from Victor, whispered in Eleanor's ear, not to "spoil the joke," constrained her "dreadful tongue" to say, gayly:

"Ah, mamma, I never thought you would intercept a letter!"

"A State-prison offense, madam," remarked the lawyer, judicially.

"An offense we most gladly pardon," added Victor, with significant emphasis.

"How so?" asked his father.

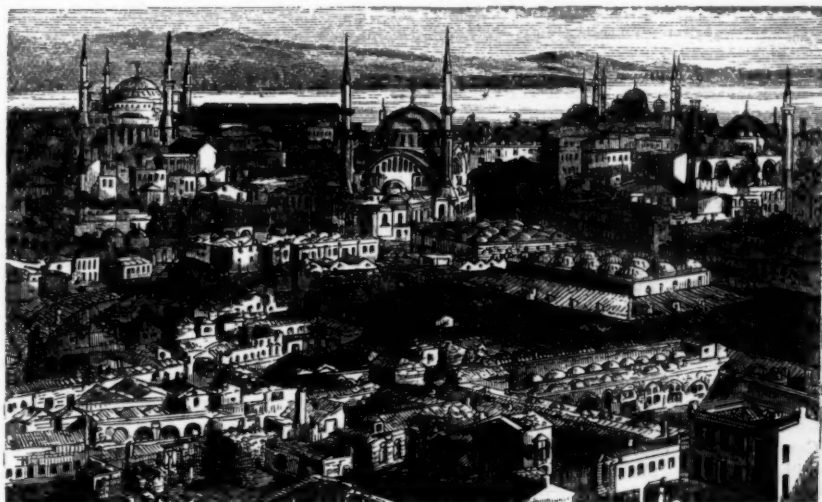
Although the children are now off for "Europe, Asia, and Africa," his question has not yet been answered.

"Those sly foxes hold a secret yet," Papa Brooks often says.

THE DEFENSES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

ROMANCE, poetry, the records of historians, and the tales of travelers, have so fully illustrated and fixed the city of the first Christian emperor in our literature, that probably it is as familiar to the imagination of the untraveled reader of

landscape beauty. There is not, perhaps, the gloomy and jagged majesty of Gibraltar and Ceuta, the grim Pillars of Hercules at the other gateway of the Mediterranean. But there are graceful and sunny heights; from the eminences above the busy



CONSTANTINOPLE.

the United States as any spot beyond the seas. Indeed, there is no city which accident and circumstance have combined to render more conspicuous for many centuries. The gateway, as it were, between Europe and Asia; European in locality, Asiatic in population and customs; a city of the East oddly and picturesquely grafted with many Western features and characteristics; a place where two civilizations have met and have long, but vainly, struggled to commingle—Constantinople offers contrasts more dramatic, and incongruities more interesting in sharply-defined contrariety, than any metropolis on the globe.

Nature is prodigal and lavish in her embellishment of the Ottoman capital. The situations and surroundings of Constantinople are picturesque and striking beyond description. Built on rocky heights, its glittering minarets and bulb-like domes rise above a scene replete with almost every marvel of

bazaars you may espy the sparkling waters of the three seas, the Euxine, Marmora, and the Mediterranean, and the two historic straits, the Bosphorus and the Hellespont, now called the Dardanelles; while just below, dividing Stamboul from Pera, runs the serpentine stream, the Golden Horn. To the northwest you have a clear view of the wooded heights of the Little Balkans; still more to the west, the summits of the Tekir Dag line the horizon.

Semi-barbaric art, rich, gorgeous, sensuous, has adorned this site with piles and edifices which give to the scene, as Constantinople is approached from the Dardanelles, an almost fairy-like aspect. It seems as though an imperial city of Persia or Hindostan had been conveyed hither and set down. It is needless here to speak of the palaces, the harems, the mosques, the bazaars, of the Turkish metropolis; suffice it to note the romantic interest they lend to Moslemized Byzantium.

Events have, for many centuries, consecrated to Constantinople many of the most thrilling pages and chapters in the history of the world. Call to mind its sieges, its transitions from monarch to monarch, from race to race, from creed to creed; follow its troubled career from the days of Persian power to those of Constantine, from its being made the seat of the Eastern and Christian Empire to its capture by the second Mohammed, and its frequent vicissitudes, dangers, and deliverances since it has been ruled over by the Osmanlis, and you will find no more dramatic or tragic narrative extant.

The attention of the world, as many a time and oft before, is now called to Constantinople, in consequence of the reopened and redispated Eastern question. The very pith of that European bugbear, indeed, is, What shall become of the city of the Eastern Cæsars and the Moslem caliphs? The decay of Turkish power, steadily and inevitably as it progresses, indicates that, ere very many years, its fair capital must fall into other, more vigorous, and European hands. The importance of Constantinople, in a commercial and military point of view, is immense. Whatever power holds it will command the access to and egress from the Euxine, and will in due time control the eastern end of the Mediterranean. Russia, pent up by it, craves it, to gain an outlet for her commerce. England covets it, so as to protect her empire in India, and to hold the Mediterranean at its eastern end, as she already does at its western end, by Gibraltar.

It is beyond the power of prudent prophecy to predict how soon the struggle for Constantinople will come. But it appears in the highest degree probable that a war will arise between Russia and Turkey ere many months, if indeed it will not have already come when these pages reach the public eye.

Such a war entered upon, Russia will aim boldly for Constantinople. That will be the prize which she will see ahead as the crowning reward of her struggle. To defend and save Constantinople, on the other hand, the Turks will strain every nerve, will exhaust every sacrifice; and if, at the last, it appears that the Turks found their enemy too much for them, it is not improbable that England would step into the breach, and with all her power resist the capture of Constantinople by the legions of Muscovy.

This becomes an interesting question, therefore: Can Constantinople be taken? What are its defenses? What advantages do land and sea provide for its safety? What can military art do to render it proof against assault?

One historical fact may be noted at the outset: that Constantinople, when last captured, was taken from the southern or Asiatic side, and that that capture occurred more than four centuries ago. Since that event it has resisted every attack; and the race that now holds it holds also the Asiatic shore opposite.

Many years ago Count von Moltke wrote a treatise on the defenses of Constantinople, in which that greatest of living military strategists in substance

gives it as his opinion that, with proper military precautions, which he proceeds to suggest in detail, the priceless site of the city could be made absolutely impregnable. General Macintosh, an English officer of eminence, came to the same conclusion when, twenty-three years ago, he examined the defensible features of the situation with reference to the eventualities of the Crimean War. A still more eminent military authority, Sir John Burgoyne, says that the one condition of perfect defense is the command of the neighboring waters by an adequate naval force. "If," he asserts, "we can secure the Dardanelles, we may play any game we please, with great or small means, in the neighborhood of Constantinople."

The English navy is supreme; an irresistible English fleet has remained at anchor in Besika Bay, just at the entrance to the Dardanelles, for the past nine or ten months. There can be little doubt that, if Constantinople were seriously threatened, this fleet would pass into the strait itself. And it may be added that even the Turkish navy is superior to the Russian, and the sultan would have in this circumstance an immense advantage over his hereditary foe.

By occupying the Dardanelles with her fleet, England would be able to control the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus; and, by the latter inlet into the Euxine, she could with little difficulty check any attempt the Russians might make to assail Constantinople by water on the east. In order, however, to retain her naval position in the Dardanelles, she would have to fortify the peninsula of Gallipoli at their entrance, so as to keep up communication with the Mediterranean, and thus insure exhaustless reinforcements of men and of provisions.

Now, a glance at the map will show us how admirably Nature has provided for the defense of Constantinople, and how herculean would be the task that Russia would impose upon herself if she attempted to capture it. We see that the city occupies a triangular space, of which the Sea of Marmora bounds one side, and that most important and celebrated though little stream, the Golden Horn, another. The third side is that which faces the northwest—that is, the interior of Turkey. The two water-sides could, of course, be amply defended by the English fleet, or, with little question, by the Turkish. It would be necessary to anticipate that an assault, should the enemy get so near, would come from the side fronting landward. It happens that across this side, from the Seven Towers to the Golden Horn, there stands a wall between thirty and forty feet high and four or five feet wide; at frequent intervals upon it are projecting towers. In front of this wall some fifteen or twenty paces is a lower wall, also having towers, and beyond is a dry ditch fifteen feet deep, with faced scarp and counterscarp. "Immense fragments of the wall," says Von Moltke, "and halves of towers have fallen, and lie on the ground unbroken; but there is no regular breach on the side toward the land. In those parts that have remained standing, the stones and mortar have hardened, in the course of fourteen centuries, to the

consistency of rock, and the whole is overgrown with gigantic ivy. Although the lofty battlements are visible from a distance of four or five miles, on an approach within cannon-shot range the wall completely disappears behind a thick wood of cypresses, which covers the extensive graveyards of the Moslems. It would, therefore, be very difficult to batter breaches in it, especially with field artillery; the effect produced by mortars would likewise be but trifling, as a space of more than a thousand paces behind the wall is occupied almost entirely by gardens."

It is a full mile from these fortifications to the thickly-settled quarter of Stamboul; while, in the old Seraglio and the Cyclobion, Constantinople has formidable citadels at either end of the town.

The most vulnerable quarter is that, on the other side of the Golden Horn, called Pera and Galata, with its population of one hundred thousand, mostly Christians, Jews, and Armenians. Here, strangely enough, the sultans have their great military establishments—their arsenal, dockyards, artillery-shops, and gun and cannon factories and founderies. The approach to Pera is undefended by walls and citadels, like that toward Stamboul. Yet Von Moltke thinks that this quarter might be defended with little difficulty by massing the main body of the beleaguered army on the plateau on the north of Pera, where earthworks could be thrown up, and either wing rest upon convenient ravines; thus leaving the more impregnable parts of the city to the natural and artificial defenses already spoken of.

The dangers to which the City of the Sultans is exposed from assault are, therefore, few and remote. It seems to be tolerably certain that it could not be captured by storm from the land-side; the Russians will have to wait long before they plant the standard of the double eagle on the citadel of the Seraglio, or rush over the ramparts to the sound of their national hymn. But, being impregnable to assault, how would Constantinople stand a long siege? What are the chances of starving the Moslems out?

So long as the contiguous seas and straits are commanded by an adequate and friendly naval force, the Turks have little to fear from this source. It is true that the supply of water which the Roman emperors once provided the city by an elaborate and costly arrangement has been grossly neglected by their Asiatic successors. It appears that, on the ranges of hills north of Constantinople, there are always in the spring heavy rains and snows. The water of the wells being scarce and bitter at best, the emperors built a series of canals, dammed up the water on the hills into artificial lakes, and the water was conducted by arched brick conduits for twenty miles to the city. Some of the aqueducts were one hundred feet high, and ruins of them may still be seen. The water thus conveyed was ample for the whole population; but, as an enemy might cut this source of supply at many points outside the walls, the emperors had a series of reservoirs built on elevations within the city, which were always kept filled against the eventualities of war. The

sultans have been so shiftless as to allow these splendid works to go to decay; the reservoirs have been built over or converted into gardens, while some are choked up with rubbish.

But, happily, there is another source whence Constantinople can derive an ample supply of water for an unlimited period, and that of an excellent quality. This source is the innumerable springs which well up on the Asiatic shores of the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora. The "Vale of Sweet Waters" near Scutari, whither the veiled ladies of the Seraglio and the harem repair in their close coaches on pleasant afternoons, is famous; and the name rightly describes the delicious water which is found everywhere in that vicinity. The Springs of Sultanieh, opposite Serapia, are especially notable for the abundance and the delightful taste of their waters.

The Turks need not fear being starved out so long as the Sea of Marmora does not fall into hostile hands. "The banks of this splendid inland sea," Von Moltke declares, "feed numerous flocks, and grow wheat, olives, wine, fruits, and vegetables, in great quantity. The fertile plains of Broussa are in constant communication with the capital by the port of Mudania, and the sea affords an endless supply of excellent fish." Besides, provisions can be brought in from the Mediterranean, through the Dardanelles, just as long as Russia fails to raise a fleet, or make an alliance with a power that has a fleet, superior to that of England or of Turkey—neither of which events is likely to happen soon.

The Bosphorus, with its bright waters and minaret-peaked shores, fairly bristles with defenses. That little narrow channel, but nineteen miles long from sea to sea, and in many places less than a quarter of a mile wide, winding in and out, and dividing two continents, is replete with terraced batteries, and forts of green sandstone, and round towers; and woe be to the Russian war-ship, of whatever calibre, that, having been able to enter its mouth, should seek to reach Pera amid the heavy guns which frown down upon the rapid and narrow stream! "A ship," says Von Moltke, "would here, while engaged in closest fight with one of the batteries, be raked from stem to stern by all the rest." Four great fortresses are the Cerberi, which guard the City of the Crescent on this the only side from which Russia could possibly reach it by water. Moreover, on both sides the eminences between which the Bosphorus flows, at the end toward the Black Sea, rise to heights of eight hundred feet; while at the other end, toward the Sea of Marmora, the hills are lower, but are precipitous in many places to the water's edge—so that, if an enemy attempted to land on the Asiatic shore, he would be exposed to a ruinous fire from a ground safely occupied by the defenders of the city.

Thus the Bosphorus presents superb natural advantages for protection, and recently its noble fortresses have been equipped with new armaments, so as to be ready for a deadliest defense. "Under the gray hills," says an English writer who lately visited the spot, "half hidden away in rich groves of cy-

presses, and faced with banks of flowers, the heaviest guns in the world are awaiting to contest with the invader the passage of the water upon which Constantinople stands." From Fanaraki, which boasts a hundred and sixty pieces of artillery, and its opposite neighbor of Anadoli Fener, with its sixty guns all ready to direct their overwhelming fire across the blue rocks which rise in ominous fashion at the entrance to the Bosphorus, and threaten to grind the inconsiderate to pieces, to Scutari and the Golden Horn, where long steel barrels peer from grass-covered embrasures, the ships of an enemy would have to run a gantlet of artillery which numbers its pieces by many hundred. The water below, too, would be a deadly mine, crowded with torpedoes, which would blow all but the stoutest ships to pieces. "Rock after rock, and hill after hill, would vomit forth such a tempest of iron that more potent seamen than the Russians might quail at the prospect."

But, as a fact, it seems highly improbable that Russia, even though she should fight the Turks single-handed, could advance even to within sight of Constantinople. Two great lines of defense, as will be seen by a glance at the map, will interpose between her army and the magnificent plain upon which the famous city of Adrian stands. The first of these is the Danube, which it will be difficult for the Russians to cross at the very outset of their campaign. But, having defied the Turkish gunboats on its "beautiful blue" waters, and forced the Turkish defenses on its left bank, another and far more formidable barrier will rise before them in the majestic range of the Greater Balkans, which stand in a compact and nearly straight line from east to west, as if Nature had thrown them up as a mighty fortress of rock to protect Constantinople from a northern invasion. Let us suppose, however, that the feat of crossing the Balkans has been achieved. The Russians are obliged to leave a large force at each point gained, and at every step southward their army grows less. Meanwhile, when they reach the plain of Adrianople, their task is but begun. Indeed, General Diebitsch did reach it in 1829, but could get no farther.

Constantinople has by no means to depend upon its own fortification for defense; Nature has given it bulwarks between Adrianople and her walls which it would task the highest military skill to overcome, if, indeed, it is not impossible to do so. The Russians would gaze through their glasses across the vast plains, and see rising before them barriers from which they might well shrink in despair. About twenty miles from Constantinople, on the west, and on the road to Adrianople, two little bays run into the main land. From the farther of these a line of hills six hundred feet above the level of the road frowns down upon it; on either flank is the sea. Batteries placed on these hills would command a plain several miles wide; and over this plain the assailing army must, perforce, march. These batteries could be held for a long time; for reinforcements could be added from the sea whenever the defenders flagged or their ranks were thinned. For ten miles these hills ren-

der access toward Constantinople impossible. The peninsula is, however, sixteen miles across. A gap of six miles lies between the hills and the Lesser Balkan range, which forms the line of defense on the other side. But these six miles are a mass of thick brushwood, interspersed and succeeded by swampy plains, parted by sharply-rising ground—just such a spot, in short, as would give the Turks an immense advantage, confronting, from abrupt eminences, a foe struggling amid brush and bogs.

They would be protected on either hand by the sea, and behind them they would have a well-watered valley, with pastures running along its gentle slopes, through which they could maintain direct and rapid railway communication with the capital itself. For a space of four hundred square miles they would have free range for their horses; and, should the enemy attempt to approach Constantinople by regular approaches, this space would be available for giving him endless annoyances. At the same time the Russian line of communication, extending as it must from the Pruth, across the Danube, the Balkans, and the plain of Adrianople, would be exposed throughout this long distance to being constantly broken; and here would be a perpetual danger, modified, but by no means got rid of, by robbing the assailing army of regiments to guard it.

A visit to those great arsenals and works of the sultan which stand near the Tophana, at Pera, almost in sight from the windows of the room where the ambassadors of the powers recently met in conference, would convince the most obstinate doubter of Turkish prowess how ample and formidable have been the preparations for defense in the matters of armament and munitions. Here, in the great storehouses which at once catch the eye as the Bosphorus is approached from the west, and in the yards contiguous, is gathered the material which is to serve for action in case of war. Krupp, Armstrong, and Fraser cannon, in long rows, show their yawning mouths. In the armories may be seen artillery, and Martini-Henry rifles, and carbines, and tons upon tons of shot and shell. The Tophana must be emptied before Constantinople becomes again the metropolis of the Greek Church.

It seems certain, then, that, as far as Nature and every resource of military art are concerned, the capture of Constantinople is a feat from attempting which even the iron-handed Colossus of the North might wisely shrink. Were the English joined with the Turk, such a capture may be set down as an impossibility. Good military authority asserts that forty thousand English, or eighty thousand Turks, could hold the European citadel of Mohammedanism for an indefinite period. And here is hinted an element in the defense of Constantinople which it is well not to leave out of sight. A war between Russia and Turkey would be a war of religions as well as a war of races—that is, the fiercest and most determined sort of war in which men or nations engage. Whatever the shortcomings of the Turk, he is not only a brave but a staunch and an effective soldier. His fighting qualities are amply proved by the entire

history of his career on both continents. His enemy need not count either on desertions or panics to give him an advantage. He must, on the other hand, reckon on obstinate, persistent, death-contemning resistance to the very end. Especially will this be so in a war in which the old warlike spirit of Islam will be aroused to its most desperate pitch. Man for man, the Turk fully matches the Russian for military service; in defense of his faith and of his homestead, he more than matches him, be the assailant Cossack or Muscovite. Added, therefore, to the natural and artificial defenses of Constantinople, would be the martial spirit and grim courage of the assailed army, commanded, as it would be to a great extent, by

English officers, trained not only in the strict school of Woolwich, but also by experience already derived from battles. Were it necessary to save Constantinople from the Russian and the Christian, the fierce and swarthy legions of Asiatic Turkey would swarm eagerly across the Bosphorus, coming to the aid of their imperiled caliph and their brethren in Europe. Thus, with ample communications, with great walls and citadels, with full command of the seas, with Nature everywhere favoring a perfect defense, with the self-sacrificing spirit of ardent religious faith, it may well be conjectured that the Turks are prepared to protect their splendid capital from whatever foe may attempt to wrest it from them.

OUT OF LONDON.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER VI.

ROUTINE.

I.

CAPTAIN SLEASBY would need a volume to do him justice, and therefore I must interrupt my annals of him here, only reserving the privilege of presenting him momentarily here and there, as occasion may offer. So intimately associated is his image with all my thoughts of Byemoor, that, were it removed, I should scarcely recognize the familiar surroundings.

After I had become tolerably well fitted into my brick-and-plaster shell, Hedgley advised my exploring the neighborhood, and offered himself as my guide, philosopher, and friend, in the enterprise. But I resolved to postpone such expeditions until I was better acquainted with the movement of affairs round about my own door-step. England is the home of routine, and some study of it is essential to a right conception of English character. The island has been so long settled, and its sides and ends are so close together, that its life has taken to circling in small eddies; petty events recur continually and with clock-like regularity, as they never can do, at least to anything like the same extent, in a vast continent like ours. As regards all the ordinary affairs of existence, prophecy is here as easy as reminiscence; and the satire of Mr. *Punch's* annual foretelling of the events of the coming year lies in the fact that it is merely a digest of the year that has gone by. Economy, in the complete sense of the word, is a necessity and a science; and there is as much difference between these islanders and us continentals as between the physical proceeding of the passenger in a crowded street and that of a California ranger. Unless everything traveled strictly in its appointed groove, and kept its fixed times and customs, the collision and pressure would soon cause the island to explode. Such narrow boundaries are perhaps a factor in civilization: England could not hold so

many savages as it contains Englishmen. Where each man must confine himself to his own square yard of space, self-interest teaches him the wisdom of decency and good manners; he is led to do the best with what he has, because he knows that he must put up with that or nothing. If, when one set of circumstances failed to suit him, he could roam off to another, there would be no inducement (other than his own sense of propriety) to supply deficiencies by expedients.

In England, if I am in doubt as to what day of the week it is, or even what hour of the day, I do not consult my watch or my calendar. I simply wait until something occurs, and that recurrence tells me what I want to know. That organ-grinder, for instance, informs me that to-day is Wednesday, instead of Tuesday, as I had supposed; and the arrival of the baker, instead of the milkman, proves the hour to be six, instead of half-past four. In a land where the sun, the standard regulator of time, appears so seldom, the social machine might easily run away but for these pendulum-like phenomena. Every Englishman is perforce his own solar system; he is moved by hidden influences at stated times, and travels his rounds inevitably and accurately. Certain philosophers have gone so far as to announce a theory of human automatism—a theory which only observation of life in England could have suggested; there is, perhaps, no people in the world who do so much of their daily work automatically. Statistics are laws, and tyrannous ones. Not only must fashionable people be out of and in town, be born and die, be married and divorced, at certain fixed seasons; but Parliament seems to have special days for particular kinds of blunders; railway-accidents and other calamities observe stated periods; and it might almost be affirmed that the criminal classes commit their crimes in prearranged succession, preferring to murder in spring, to forge in summer, to practise burglary in autumn, and to make up for lost time generally in winter. Philanthropy, on the other hand, is unquestionably a creature of routine in Eng-

land ; and, though you may burn to be charitable—say, on a warm day—custom will admonish you to restrain your feelings until the weather (and possibly your heart likewise) is cold.

In fact, there is only one thing in this country which holds itself above all rules and traditions, which refuses to be uniform, and which never can be counted on. It is the only thing that Englishmen themselves admit their inability to understand. There are, of course, many matters besides this which pass an Englishman's comprehension, but these he disposes of by the simple device of incredulity. Not so can he get rid of the present difficulty, whose reality forces itself upon his notice at every turn, and modifies his prospects and conduct every day. It is the weather, and the weather alone, which is the Briton's insoluble problem. It gives him no rest ; he has made, and is making, most strenuous efforts, what with weather-bureaus, meteorological charts in the *Times*, thermometers, and barometers, to discover a method in the madness, but in vain. They watch its vagaries curiously, and at each unexpected alteration they turn to each other with puzzled, admiring glances. Singularly enough, too, the weather is more uncertain in this home of certainties than in most other less precise countries. Probably this may be a wise dispensation of Providence, for, if the weather were as settled as the people, all England would become a mere machine-shop, and anything like real life would be impossible there. But the waywardness of their barometers wards off such death, as salt vivifies the sea ; and, instead of grumbling, they would do well to be thankful for it. They and their weather-changes throw one another into relief, and so become mutually picturesque. The only invariable thing which the Englishman can derive from his climate is his umbrella—that ill-favored symbol of suspicion and ungeniality.

II.

I TALKED over these matters with Hedgley one spring afternoon, sitting beside the fire in his comfortable little study. A fire is seldom out of place in England : even in the depths of summer you may generally kindle one after sunset ; and, on the other hand, the cold is never so severe as to necessitate anything hotter than an open grate. The evils of stove-life are so flagrant that I may spare to insist on them ; and the charms of an English fireside are perhaps not less well known ; yet I cannot deny myself the pleasure of pausing before one for a while. Every Englishman loves it, and has an instinctive prejudice against warming himself by any more artificial means than that and exercise ; though it must be admitted that gas-stoves do find their way into houses now and then—and set them on fire occasionally.

Anthracite coal is foreign to this happy land, and the better varieties of native coal burn so as to delight the beholder, and are most satisfactory to poke. I suppose a coal-fire in an open grate cannot be so picturesque as a log-fire on brass andirons ; but it is good enough for humanity, and cozier, perhaps, than its rival. It is more compact, too, and suits better

with the size and complexion of average modern rooms. The only objection to it is, that you become so dependent upon it as not easily to endure its temporary absence. The four walls become lifeless when the fire is extinguished ; the eye craves the vanished nucleus of light, life, and motion ; and the ear misses the soft rustling of the burning—busy, yet indolent. Even the sunshine cannot take its place, unless you go out-of-doors to enjoy it ; the white rays dim the beauty of the fairest room, and ungenerously reveal the secret of the dust-ridden atmosphere. The coal-fire woos to a cottage the man whom sunshine has driven from a palace.

Hedgley's study is an agreeable nook, to which I shall introduce the reader ; not because it is Hedgley's, but that it is typical of the way the rooms of many artistic and cultivated English people are getting to look nowadays. Opening the door and pushing aside the *portière*, we find ourselves in a sage-green retreat, set off with antique black oak, and brown-backed, gold-lettered books in long, low bookcases. Advancing about five paces across a Persian rug, we pause on a brown bear-skin, in front of a brass fender. Here is a great black-oak mantel-piece, with shelves or brackets above ; and a round, convex mirror in the midst of them, of which Hedgley is particularly proud. Up one jamb of the mantel, across the lintel, and down the other jamb, runs a quaint inscription in old-fashioned lettering. The shelves are covered with carved ivory or sandal-wood curiosities, Japanese and Indian porcelain, small bronzes, and a vase holding a royal sheaf of peacock-feathers. Besides the bookcases, there is a black-oak cupboard, with twisted legs and polished brass locks and hinges. Round the sage-green walls (which are warmed somewhat by the delicate tracery of gold that wanders over the paper) are hung pictures in flat gold frames ; not many of them, but beautiful for color or form. There is one broad window, the upper section of old stained glass, curtained by a soft, brownish-green fabric ringed on a bar of brass. Then there is a bronze chandelier of a severely simple design, light from which is communicable through a green pipe to an Argand lamp on the massive study-table. Lastly, in order to the contemplation of all these things, you are invited to sit down on either one of two comfortable but unpretending chairs ; or to recline on one of the broadest-bottomed, most luxurious lounges in all upholstery ! Such a room is pleasant at all times ; especially, perhaps, of a spring afternoon, when there is a veiled luminousness of sunshine without, and the air is cool enough to justify a good fire. Everything looks mellow, refined, and home-like ; and as the day declines, the firelight is reflected more and more brightly from the glistening Dutch tiles, and the brass knobs of the fender, and the twisted leg of the neighboring oak cabinet, and even from the gilt backs of the serried books, in their brown and maroon bindings. Impalpable blue layers of fragrant tobacco stretch and wind across the still air ; and in the pauses of conversation only the rustle of the flame, the ticking of our

watches, and the drawing of our pipes, are audible.

The fire is an excellent companion for an else solitary day; it amuses and gratifies without being obtrusive; and since nothing can obtain our full affection which does not make some demands upon us, we find occasion from hour to hour to rise and perform some trifling service or other for our warm-hearted friend. Of these, poking is the most important, and no well-conducted fire-worshiper will allow anybody, be he who he may, to wield the poker in his stead. There is a moment, half an hour or thereabouts after the fire has received a fresh supply of fuel, when the upper layer becomes fused into a continuous crust, black above, but red below, and arched, as it were, over the glowing cavity which the partial consumption of the smaller coals has left. To the unpractised eye the aspect of affairs might seem unpromising; but the connoisseur exults. A single, steady thrust, delivered point-blank at the key-stone of the arch, causes a great gush of flame to burst suddenly upward; two more will break the whole mass into fragments, above which roars and writhes a full-bodied vegetation of fire, such as might flourish on some southern slope in Tartarus. Or, again, when a bed of burned cinders and ashes has collected in the bottom of the grate, how good it is to force the poker along horizontally beneath the lowest bar, whereby the refuse sifts through to the pit, and all above grows brighter and hotter, as a lethargic mood is enlivened by a draught of fresh air! Sometimes the fire burns low ere we are aware of it, and we must pile the red-hot embers carefully together, and feed them with small mouthfuls of coal at a time, as we would give food to a starving person—not too much at first, lest the vital spark which we meant to foster be extinguished. Gradually this germ of life increases in volume and strength, until we might fling the whole contents of the coal-skuttle upon it, with no other danger than that of setting the chimney on fire. But, if the weather be very cold, too much freedom of blazing is not to be permitted; for, charming though it looks, it gives not out the maximum of heat, and what heat there is goes mostly up the flue instead of out to the room. Therefore, after the grate has been heaped high with sound fuel, and the conflagration is well under way, we throw a layer of cinders over the top. It seems a pity to do this, at first; the cinders look gray and dead, and the flame vanishes with a mortified air, as of one whose generous aspirations have been unexpectedly snubbed. But the dullness soon gives way to a glowing if sobered comfort; little feathers of white and purple flicker over the mounded surface, while the compacted incandescence underneath radiates outward an ardor of heat insupportable save at a respectful distance. Such a fire will last you from four to six hours without renewing, and all you can do is to give it a little polishing up with the hearth-brush once in a while.

At last night comes, and the lamp; and toward the small hours we suffer our companion of fifteen

genial hours gently to decay and fall to ashes under our eyes. As the last glow fades out, a little shadow of regret and loneliness settles over our spirits. Where has this glowing, blustering, kindly, brilliant fellow gone? Is his grave in the soot of the chimney, or among the dust of the ash-pit? Does he share our reluctance at parting, or has all his ardor been a vain show, devoid of any personal regard? Has he hopes of meeting us on the morrow, or has he taken flight for good and all? Well, away with him! if need were, we could even now conjure up another as good as he. But we cannot in the world find new human friends, to love and be loved, like those that are lost. Whatever can be twice alike, has no soul; and therefore let us waste no more sentiment over a cold grate. There was never anything here that knew or cared for us, and it is for that very reason that we have consociated together so agreeably.

III.

I HAVE followed my coal-fire to a premature grave, in order to have done with it; but it was about the middle of that spring afternoon that Hedgley arose and stretched himself, and proposed that we should have a look at the garden.

"What an absurd importance Englishmen attach to their gardens!" observed his guest, as we strolled out. "On an eighth of an acre of indifferent land, he will grow such a crop of pride and self-complacency as might furnish forth a British army returning from the conquest of Russia. The man who sells seeds in England has made a fortune; and there are several weekly newspapers, and even complete books, that circulate and grow fat by humoring the same mania."

"It's a creditable mania," returned my friend. "Bacon puts gardeners above builders, as products of a more refined civilization. A garden, you know, doesn't mean a kitchen-garden or a farm; but something useless except for its beauty."

"But your average Englishman living in the country doesn't care for his garden because it is beautiful. What he interests himself about is, that it shall be in the fashion as gardens go, and more irreproachable than his neighbors'. If you see him examining his roses closely, he is not luxuriating in their fragrance and beauty, but searching for bugs. If he contemplates his lawn, it is not for joy of its velvety greenness, but to discover whether James hath trimmed and watered it properly. If he loiters under the shade of his spreading beech-tree, it is with the pruning-knife in his hand—not that he may enjoy the green leaves veiling the blue sky. And so of other things."

"No great harm in that. Beauty is enhanced by order."

"It means simply that gardens have been crammed down the Englishman's throat before he is ready for them. Some few enthusiastic and æsthetic persons, who were—or fancied themselves—able to appreciate the real delight of gardening, have contrived to make gardens the fashion; and now

everybody with more ground at his disposal than his house can cover must have one. But they no more know the true use of it than a Digger Indian would know the use of Raphael's 'Transfiguration.' The Indian would make the picture into a wigwam, and the Englishman turns his garden into a topographer's map. If it could keep itself, independently of his meddling, at the highest pitch of trimness and condition, he would take no further interest in it. And it is worse for the mind to have beauty in sight, and to disregard it, than not to have it at all."

"That may be; but your whole argument is founded upon an assumption. Because you find a man doing his best to make what good thing he has better, or even to keep it from deteriorating, you assert that he is blind to its goodness. The first inference is against you. The beauties of Nature are meant to be meddled with—we can't keep our hands off them; and it is in that respect that Nature is more enjoyable than the fairest picture that ever was on canvas. We can only sit still and admire the picture; but we have a hundred ways of enjoying a landscape—of taking a part in it, so to speak; and each new way adds zest to the others. Who wouldn't lose his interest in a garden that was above his interference? By mowing my lawn every week, and bedding out my flowers, and pruning my trees and hedges, I imbue them with my own personality, and thus make them objects of affection; and he who loves as well as admires a thing of beauty, admires it better than the person of equal culture who admires without loving."

"I'm not discussing abstract theories," I interrupted, for Hedgley was wont to be interminable in this vein of remark, "but taking men as I find them. Look at Captain Sleasby. He potters about his garden for hours every day; and you can't affirm, knowing him for what he is, that his mind is refined and purified thereby. The truth is—not only with him, but, in a greater or less degree, with us and all men—that our perceptions are so strained and jaded that beauty, pure and simple, does not satisfy us. We don't want beauty; we want the fashionable distortion of it; and when that fashion changes for another, we shall acknowledge the distortion of the former. It is like women and their bonnets all the world over."

"I thought it was with Englishmen that you were finding fault," returned my friend, dryly. "If you admit that we and everybody else are as bad or worse, I need not defend them. Few people, I suppose, are cultivated enough to go into raptures over a mathematical curve, or, if there be any such, I don't want to meet them. But I think we are drifting into generalities," he broke off, blowing the ashes from his pipe-bowl.

"It is my fault, and it is I that lost by it. To return to our original point. Though you say that a garden is not a kitchen-garden, I have observed that in England the latter is never very far from the former; and I fancy the owners look upon their flowers as a sort of semi-æsthetic vegetable, whose apogee is an honorable place at the annual flower-show. And

finally—for I don't want to waste any more of this beautiful afternoon in listening to and refuting your arguments—what a thoroughly English trait this petty gardening is, take it how you will! Imagine an American settling contentedly down for life on a half-acre of ground, with a trowel, a pruning-knife, and a lawn-mower! For a year or two he might enjoy the amusement; but after that he would be bored—his ambition would begin to prick him. He would want the garden to grow bigger, or to change somehow. The prospect of repeating indefinitely the same processes on the same scale would become insupportable. Either that or his Americanism would evaporate out of him, and leave him just such a self-centred, unambitious, conservative monarch of the infinitesimal as his British cousin."

"It's true enough," said Hedgley, pondering sagaciously, with his hands in his pockets, "that we Americans don't care much for things that won't grow, either up or down, year after year. It has been remarked that we as a people are remarkably fond of our children. I think the reason is, that children change so fast. If they were like gardens, having to be begun all over new every season, and never getting beyond a certain point, we would scalp them the third year, and try something else. But hist! Agricola is going to whet his scythe."

IV.

HEDGLEY was very fond of seeing and hearing mowing; and I think it was in order to the enjoyment of this luxury, rather than for the lawn's sake, that he had the grass "attended to" so often. He used to declare that, of all modes of being awakened in the morning, the pleasantest was to hear the whetting of a scythe outside your window. And certainly it is a soothing and piquantly agreeable sound, which seems to take us back into the dawn of the world, when reaping was the most arduous labor incident to the blessed human race. It has a blithe, sharp, clinging quality, passing through several gradations, as the sharpening advances from the shoulder to the tip of the long, curved blade. Everything connected with grass-cutting is deliciously primitive and Arcadian, and the poor wretch who invented the mowing-machine has done as much to make the earth stale and dreary as any other individual in history. What an impertinent, rattling, superserviceable little busybody that mowing-machine is! How immeasurably distant in feeling and significance is its breathless, ludicrous, soulless clitter-clatter from the long, grand, leisurely, measured onset of the primeval scythe! The scythe itself, with its keen, rapacious blade, its irregular, crooked heft, and its funny, little twig-like handles, is the most picturesque of agricultural tools. Then how fascinating to watch the semicircular arm-sweeps and creeping, deliberate advance of the mower! There is freedom in his swing, and yet a heedful accuracy; he lays the grass gently aside; his hot shadow oscillates, pendulum-like, beside him. Anon the sharp edge clicks against a pebble. Agricola pauses, slowly sets the crooked instrument on end, wipes away the grass that sticks to it with his hard,

brown hand, wipes the sweat from his own brow, then draws the slim whetstone from his belt, and begins, "Clitho-clio! clitho-clio! clitho-clio!" He is never in a hurry, and never ought to be: the grass will wait for him. Each separate stroke has its stated time, like the beating of the mower's heart, and the play of his lungs, so that the scythe itself seems to come breathing toward us through the grass, with stealthy, snake-like motion. And yet there are people who will buy a mowing-machine, and congratulate themselves upon its possession.

Whether or not Englishmen appreciate gardens at their true value, there can be no doubt that they recognize their usefulness as an extension of available house-room, and as protection against the intrusion of the road. The faces of American houses have a way of resting their chins directly on the sidewalk, and brazening it out before the passers-by, which is distressing to civilized modesty. The evils of seclusion may be great, but they are not so deplorable as the evils of publicity. A mere house is not enough for a man to live in, and roads are not enough for him to walk in. Unless he can be out-doors and at home at the same time, he puts up with only half a life. These tiny English gardens provide that essential convenience, and the Englishman profits accordingly. He likes the open air more than we do, and makes himself more at home in it. His garden medicines him against many ailments, to relieve which we resort to pills and ointment. If I see Captain Slesby laboring with especial diligence in his vineyard, I know that he has been paying devotion to the grape in another form the night before, and is working off the effects. For the cure of nervous disorders I should exhibit a front garden with a high wall, instead of morphine or chloral; the smell of earth and flowers, the greenness of grass and leaves, the watching of vegetable growth, the lazy excitement of bedding-out and greenhousing. What better restorative for a harassed brain than to follow the slow spreading of moss over the garden-wall, or the silent, imperceptible creep of ivy up toward the eaves? Years, instead of being so many condensed lifetimes, as they are in the Bourse and in Wall Street, would be comfortable, thoughtful, sagacious days, of which not the restless getting up and going down of innumerable foolish suns would be the measure, but the dignified duration of beneficent seasons. How few the events of such a life, and yet how full of pith and meaning! It bears the same relation to the stock-broking method of existence that the afore-mentioned scythe does to the mowing-machine.

In England the seasons melt so gradually into one another, and have such a strong family resemblance, that they might all be mistaken for different moods of one. In what is called winter certain trees lose their leaves, and the coolness becomes a little cooler than it was in summer; but that is all. Snow, if by some accident it appears, is frightened at its own temerity, and generally melts into invisibility before it has well reached the earth. Ice is likewise a fleeting curiosity, the use and properties of

which few Englishmen understand. The sky is wondrous kind to England, and hides its face continually behind soft veils of clouds, out of very shame at its own partiality. In Hedgley's garden the last of his monthly roses are still in bloom when the first violets of the new year have become fragrant; and as for that lawn of his, over which we have lingered so long, it was greener in December and January than in June and July.

V.

I HAVE already alluded to the organ-grinder as part of the routine of Byemoor; he comes every Wednesday, and is a frozy Italian of the usual type, with a great facility in taking off his broad-brimmed hat, and a particular fondness for playing "Santa Lucia" and singing it at the same time. His singing is just what might be expected; but that is the only tune he ever does attempt. Perhaps, before he emigrated, he had some sentimental association with this piece of music. If so, what a singular instance is afforded of the dependence of sentiment on mechanism! He would have forgotten the tender episode years ago had his organ been constructed a little differently; but, as it is, he remembers it twenty times a day; and the memory has become the most inveterate and substantial fact of his existence. He does not himself know how large a part of him it is: only, if his organ were to break down, and he were to procure a new one, set to other measures than "Santa Lucia," I think the poor exile would pine away and die ere a week were over.

Although his voice is so harsh and untuneful, there are persons in a walk of life somewhat similar to his own whose tones are highly melodious. Some of the peddlers, hawkers, and old-clo' men, can chant their wares or wants in a voice distinctly audible half a mile away, and yet as musical and true as an organ-stop. It seems remarkable that such constant exercise of the voice should not destroy its smoothness and timbre, especially considering the life peddlers lead, and the weather they are exposed to. But there is probably more to be learned in respect to peddlers' chants than the laity would be apt to imagine. In the first place, it is always a chant repeated at regular intervals, and in precisely the same key. Doubtless, too, the chant fixed upon is the one which experience has proved to be easiest for the peddler's voice. Long practice strengthens his lungs, and also enables him to pitch the note so as to reach the maximum of distance with the minimum of exertion to the chanter. There are no two whose sing-songs are exactly alike, and there is, moreover, a great and comical contrast between that sing-song and the ordinary conversational chatter to which they descend when suddenly addressing a customer, or speaking to each other. They no longer seem the same person; they change from vagrant organ-stops to vulgar tramps; and, if they were wise, they would never speak to the public, whether near or afar off, otherwise than in that single bar of melody which they have trained themselves to deliver so well. It

would be interesting to make a collection of these various bars. One that I remember was the opening of Strauss's waltz, "An der schönen blauen Donau," and was particularly pleasing to the ear, though the words were nothing more imposing than "Any rags—bones?" Another fellow, who drove a donkey-cart, and possessed a female slave to do his errands and tedious jobs for him, was wont to repeat a petition for "Any old rags of any sort" to the tune of a passage in a well-known opera. All England is musical with these vagabonds, whose mode of life cannot be without its attractions; but it may be safely affirmed that their melodiousness is generally the only thing they have got worth purchasing, and the only thing unpurchasable.

The regular tradesmen have no such harmonious

quality; it needs a Bohemian mode of life to develop it. The milkmen, indeed, possess an inhuman caterwaul whereby they announce their presence, though why a caterwaul rather than any other kind of yell I am at a loss to conceive; perhaps it may be connected in some way with the fact that cats are fond of cream. The baker, too, has a call, but a very prosaic one; while the butcher contents himself with simply thumping on the back-door. But I have somewhere met with the suggestion that thoroughly honest, respectable persons rarely have good voices, or at least have not the power of using them musically. I cannot assert that the average British tradesman is always respectable and honest; but, so far as I have observed, he rarely possesses musical talent; and that is, at any rate, something.

CULTURE-HEROES OF THE ANCIENT AMERICANS.

THOSE events which mark the beginnings of civilization have in most ages and among most peoples been associated with remarkable personages. This was just as natural as that military exploits should serve to enwreath great names that have come down to posterity. The remembrance of decided advances made in the gray fore-time, the remote prehistoric days for the elevation of a tribe or people out of a condition of savagery, was kept alive and fresh by the personification of the movement itself. Its various stages were made the acts of an individual, often of mysterious origin, of superhuman parentage, and of divine or semi-divine attributes. If he were not a full-fledged deity at first, it only required the lapse of a few generations and the natural development of human credulity to constitute him such.

Nowhere than upon our own soil do we find a more interesting field for observing this tendency in the unenlightened mind. The idea of the divine, as portrayed in the mythologies and legends of the ancient inhabitants of this continent, must ever be an interesting subject for consideration. The belief in a supreme or at least in a supernatural being or beings is common to most of the tribes of aboriginal Americans. These deities are truly legion, and the legends of their remarkable origin, their conflicts with each other, and their conduct toward men, are so numerous and marvelous as to require only the hand of genius that produced the "Thousand and One Nights," to reveal their more than Arabian wonders.

In fact, this would be a much easier task in many instances than to reduce them to a rational basis. Still, many traditions, transmitted by the aborigines, are striking illustrations of either the indwelling conception of the divine in the mind, or of a forgotten revelation, fragments of which have floated down from a remote source, and been lost in a confused mass of religious fancies. The materials for the study of this subject have been collected in Mr.

H. H. Bancroft's splendid work, "The Native Races of the Pacific States," with an industry and a skill which rival, if they do not surpass, any previous attempt in the field of American antiquities. In the treatment of the subject before us, what is naturally omitted by the special scope of Mr. Bancroft's work is furnished by Dr. Brinton, in his "Myths of the New World," and the works cited therein. To the first author, especially, we are indebted for his comprehensive and critical presentation of so many culture-myths.

Among the rude and uncivilized tribes of the Northwest coast, the idea of divinity was very diverse, and in some cases obscure. The Tinneh, a great people occupying a vast expanse of territory, reaching from the Arctic Ocean southward to the fifty-fifth parallel of latitude, worship the "man in the moon," who, as they suppose, formerly lived among them as a poor and ragged boy. This boy once made so large a pair of snow-shoes that he attracted the attention and ridicule of the entire community where he resided, and became the object of much heartless sport on the part of the villagers. But soon there came a time of great scarcity; the hunter traversed the forests in vain; the earth bore no fruitage. Still, to their surprise, when every hope of success was exhausted, they were often led to freshly-killed game by some mysterious influence. Their benefactor soon proved to be none other than the poor boy with the great snow-shoes—the object of their ridicule. Though grateful to him at first, they soon forgot his benefactions when the time of plenty returned, so much so as on one occasion to refuse him a morsel of fat meat. The divine personage who had externally manifested himself to them in the guise of a ragged boy, now offended, took his departure to his residence in the moon. However, in a month, he returned, appearing as a full-grown man, forgave their ingratitude, told them that his home was in the moon, and that he would always assist them in the chase. One punishment, however, they must suffer,

namely, that henceforward animals should be lean the entire winter, and only fat in the summer.

The Nookas of Columbia have a tradition of a benefactor and teacher who appeared to them long ago. He came to them up the sound in a canoe of copper. The paddle in his hand was copper; even his clothing was of the same metal. This mysterious, copper-clad old man sojourned for a while among them, taught them the use of the metal which made him so conspicuous—told them that he came from the sky, and that some time in the future, when their land should be destroyed, they would all die, but, after death, rise and live with him above. Enraged at this prophecy of their destruction, they arose and killed him, and, in possessing themselves of the canoe, fell heirs to the benefits which arise from the knowledge of copper. They, however, repented of their crime when they realized, at too late an hour, that the copper-man was the incarnation of their deity, *The Great Spirit, The Man above*.

In both of these legends we observe the tendency, alluded to a moment ago, of first personifying the introduction of civilizing influences, and then of deifying that personification. In the boy with the great snow-shoes, suddenly elevated to the position of divine patron of the chase, we see clearly some inventive genius, who, ridiculed at first by his fellows, at last is acknowledged a benefactor on account of his discovery of improved appliances for hunting. The copper-man is nothing more than the introducer of copper among the Nookas.

Not so easy is it to interpret the legend of the lost paradise of the Okanagans (Columbians), in which their culture-heroine, the tall and fair Scomalt, figures so conspicuously. Long ago, when the sun was young and no larger than a star, far out at sea stood an island inhabited by a gigantic white race. It was called "White-Man's Island," and was presided over by the fair Scomalt. There came at last a time of discord; civil strife spread conflict and death all over this insular paradise, until its queen arose in her displeasure and said: "Lo! I will drive these wicked far from me; my soul shall be no longer vexed concerning them, neither shall they trouble my faithful any more." So she drove the rebellious to one end of the island, which she cut off from the main part of the island, and set it adrift at the mercy of the waves.

The tempests which beat upon it were so severe that all of its inhabitants perished except one man and woman, who, seeing their danger, made them a canoe, in which they escaped. For many suns they drifted to the westward, until at last they came to certain islands, and, steering through them, finally reached the mainland. So weather-beaten were these fortunate voyagers that their original whiteness had disappeared and their color changed to a dusky red. All the people of the continent were their descendants, and inherited the dusky hue of their storm-tossed progenitors.

Most of the Californian tribes worship a supreme being, whom they designate as *The One above, The Great One, The Old Man above*, the latter appella-

tion bearing a striking resemblance to the Scriptural name "Ancient of Days."

Father Boscana, one of the earliest missionaries to Upper California, as cited by Mr. Bancroft, records an interesting legend told him by the Indians of San Juan Capistrano, California. The mountaineers and lowlanders each had a different version of the legend, but agreeing substantially in the main points. It is as follows: An invisible and omnipotent being called Nocuma made the world and all that it contains. He made it round like a ball, and held it in his great hands; but it rolled around so much at first that he found it necessary to ballast it by inserting a piece of rock called *Tosaut* at its centre. The sea, which then was only a little stream encircling the globe, was so filled with fishes that no room remained for the increase of their numbers. Their very fins were crowded out of water, and motion was wellnigh impossible. It was with the greatest difficulty that the eldest and wisest of the fish, by counseling some of their dissatisfied comrades against the baneful effects of the sun and air, prevented them from forming a colony on the land. The want of feet was urged by these aquatic sages as being sufficient in itself to soon bring destruction upon the would-be colonists.

This little agitation of an important question brought about the removal of what was their greatest inconvenience. By the aid of a large fish they discovered and burst asunder the great rock *Tosaut*. In its centre they found a bladder filled with a substance which when emptied into the water made it all salt, and caused the sea to swell up and overflow a great part of the globe, and fix its boundaries as we find them at the present time. Nocuma then created man from the soil, calling him *Ejoni*. The creator then made a woman whom he called *Aé*. Their descendants replenished the earth.

One of their grandsons, *Ouiot*, proved himself to be a notable personage; his prowess was matchless, his dominion of the soil and race undisputed. At last he grew old, and his unnatural children, together with his somewhat aspiring subjects, plotted to kill him, alleging that he was no longer capable of governing them. They resolved that he should die by poison, and, though he was aware of their intentions and took every precaution for thwarting their purposes, still they succeeded in dropping a powder, made of the rock *Tosaut*, upon his breast while he slept. The cankerous mineral ate its way to a vital part, and proved fatal.

After the funeral was celebrated, a council was held to make arrangements for providing animal and vegetable food instead of the white clay on which they are said to have lived at first. While they consulted together, they were startled and overawed by a remarkable apparition. A being manifested himself to them whom they supposed to be *Ouiot*, but who declared himself to be greater than *Ouiot*. He told them that his name was *Chinigchinich* (the Almighty), and that it was his purpose now to create another race similar to themselves; that henceforth they should be his chosen priesthood, sorcerers to the

beings he was about to create. He then bestowed upon them divers gifts, saying: "One of you shall bring rain; another, dew; another shall make the green corn grow; another, seeds to ripen; and still another shall cause game to abound, and your children shall inherit these gifts forever." Then this remarkable and beneficent deity made the new race, male and female, out of the clay of the lake-bed, and from this pair the Californians suppose they descended. The places for the worship of Chinichinich were numerous, and always served as places of asylum as secure as a Greek altar or an Israelitish city of refuge.

Any attempts at determining the true significance of this legend might lead to hopeless and useless conjecture. When one has called it a creation myth, he has said all that can safely be ventured toward its explanation, unless some one of an ecclesiastical turn of mind might discover in these two separate creations the origin of priesthood and laity.

The greatest race of our predecessors in most of the Eastern and Middle States, the Algonquins, worshiped, with remarkably clear ideas of divinity, their god *Michabo*. The ordinary translation of the word would be "Great Hare," but Dr. Brinton sees still another significance in the word, and renders it by white or light, and from these he derives *dawn*.

Michabo was the reputed ancestor of this numerous race. He made the sun and moon, and from a grain of sand found at the bottom of the great waste of waters he fashioned the habitable land, set it growing, and floated it upon the waters, until it had grown so large "that a strong young wolf, running constantly, died of old age ere he reached its limits." He was the guardian of the Algonquins, the inventor of picture-writing, and of the fish-net in imitation of a spider's web, the founder of the meda-worship, the ruler of the winds, and preserver of the world. He was also a mighty hunter; one of his footsteps measured eight leagues, the great lakes were his beaver-dams, and his hands alone were sufficient to tear away and destroy the cataracts that impeded his progress. In the "moon of the falling leaf"—the golden-tinted autumn—it was his custom to seat himself by his wigwam-door ere he should retire for his winter's sleep, and with well-filled pipe to puff into the sky balmy clouds that floated over hill and woodland, filling the air with the haze of "Indian-summer."

The author above mentioned, in his examination of the etymology of the name of this deity, says: "From it is derived the words for the east, the dawn, the light, the day, the morning. Beyond a doubt, this is the compound in the names Michabo and Manibozho, which, therefore, means the great light, the spirit of light, of the dawn, or the east; and, in the literal sense of the word, the Great White One—as, indeed, he has sometimes been called." With this explanation of his name, the myths and traditions of his birth and attributes are easily understood. On the distant shores of the vast ocean whose waters were supposed to encircle the world, on the edge of the earth where the sun rises, his home was

situated; thence he was invoked to the medicine-lodge. In the meda-worship the winds, his messengers, were called from the east; and from this home, in the rosy dawn, with daily watch and care for his people, the god sent forth the great luminaries on their journeys, freighted with life and light to men from the storehouse of their divine maker.

Michabo was conceived of as possessing a two-fold character. He was adored as the god of light, eternally opposed to, and in perpetual conflict with, darkness; and again he was worshiped as the prince of the powers of the air. As the god of light, he was eternal; but, in order to his comprehension, it was necessary that he should have a parentage, even though his parents were acknowledged to be objects of his creation. He is grandson of the moon; his father is the west wind, and his mother a maiden who dies in giving him birth.

Dr. Brinton thus analyzes this remarkable genealogy: "The moon is the goddess of night; the dawn is her daughter, who brings forth the morning, and perishes herself in the act; and the west, the spirit of darkness, as the east is of light, precedes, and, as it were, begets the latter, as the evening does the morning." The Algonquins believed that from the moment of his birth their deity had prosecuted relentless war against the spirit of darkness. The legend which describes the struggle declares that it began on the mountains; the west was forced to give ground, for Michabo drove him across rivers and over mountains and lakes, until at last he came to the edge of the world. Here the fugitive spirit cried "Hold! it is impossible to kill me."

It was no restrained imagination that called into being such a similitude, such a parallel between the daily flight of night before the advancing sun, and the more subtle and ceaseless conflict which has been waged since the world began between the powers of darkness and the powers of light. The inhabitant of the solitary wilderness, used to the chase, familiar with the adventures of its progress and the excitements of its successful termination, easily beheld in the dawn appearing at first upon the mountain horizon, but rapidly pursuing its opposite element across earth and sky, woodland and lake, until the night was lost in the west, a chase, a conflict that must be endless, which even the instincts of a savage told him was going on about him.

Equally significant are those legends which describe him as prince of the powers of the air, for there, too, his contest is with the lowering storm and the rushing tornado; the bowlders of the prairies are hurled by the enraged combatants, and the lightnings and thunders are Michabo's weapons. At the termination of the conflict he is always victorious; the threatening storm and the rushing north-west wind are subdued, and their fierceness melted into gentle showers that water the fruitful vines. The flint-stone, the symbol of fire, he dashed in pieces and scattered to the four winds; the elements of cloud and terror were compelled to retreat before his presence. Such was the conception which the savage mind had of the divine. In him they recog-

nized the giver of all wisdom, all mental enlightenment; to him they attributed every success, and they recognized his assistance by offerings at the termination of the medicine-hunt or of any undertaking. This beautiful idea of the divine indwelling in minds beyond the influence of revelation cannot fail of eliciting admiration.

The Iroquois had a culture-myth bearing a striking resemblance in its meaning to the above. Twin brothers were born of a virgin mother, who died in giving them birth. Their grandmother was the moon, whose name was derived from the word for water, which seems natural enough, since in mythology the moon was the goddess of water, and, in the opinion of a certain school of prognosticators, still plays an important rôle with rain, tide, and weather. The names of these were Joskeha and Tawiscara respectively, the former meaning the White One, the latter meaning the Dark One.

The founding of Rome was not the only occasion on which twin brothers have quarreled. Joskeha and Tawiscara soon came to blows, the former using a stag-horn for his weapon, to the decided discomfiture of the latter, who used only the wild-rose. Tawiscara fled for his life, but the blood gushing from his wounds fell upon the ground and turned to beautiful flint-stones of crimson hue. The victorious brother then retired to the east, where the sun rises on the borders of the ocean, and there established his wigwam with his grandmother.

He became to the Iroquois all that Michabo was to the Algonquins. He transformed the earth from a sterile and arid waste into a blooming paradise; he discovered and destroyed the great frog which swallowed all the waters, for there was a certain water-goddess who differed from the moon in that she consumed instead of dispensing rain, and has often been personified as a frog, which, among the Aztecs, was cut from a single piece of emerald—or, in human form, holding in her hand the leaf of a water-lily, ornamented with frogs.

This patron god, having discovered fire, imparted its knowledge to mortals. He watched and watered their crops, brought them golden harvests, and stocked the forests with game. He, too, was the god of light, having his home in the rosy bosom of the dawn. It was, no doubt, a common occurrence for the idea of the supreme being to be attached to and confounded with some distinguished hero or civilizer who brought new powers or new light to a semi-civilized people.

Two traditions often became confused by the interchange of details, and in the course of years were resolved into one, which attributed finite qualities to a deity and infinite powers to a man. As a consequence of ignorance and the disturbing events of war, or the unsettling tendencies of migrations, tribes sometimes lost all recollection of the original name of their deity, and transferred his attributes and achievements to a notable personage, who had figured among them at no very remote period.

Something like this is noticeable in a few of the traditions current among the Pueblos concerning that remarkable and many-sided culture-hero, Monte-

zuma. It must be borne in mind that the mythical Montezuma is in no case to be confounded with either of the Mexican monarchs of the same name. The Pueblos believed in a supreme being, a good spirit, so exalted and worthy of reverence that his name was considered too sacred to mention. Like the ancient Hebrews, who designated Jehovah's as the "unmentionable name," the Pueblo called attention to Montezuma as a less sacred name, but at the same time declared its bearer to be the supreme god. The variety of aspects in which Montezuma is presented to us is due to the fact that each tribe of Pueblos had its particular legends concerning his birth and achievements. Many places in New Mexico claim the honor of his nativity—at a period long before those village-builders were acquainted with the arts of architecture, which have since given them their distinguishing name. In fact, this culture-god was none other than the genius who introduced the knowledge of building among them.

Some traditions, however, make him the ancestor and even the creator of the race; others, its prophet, leader, and lawgiver. Mr. Bancroft says: "Under restrictions, we may fairly regard him as the Melchizedek, the Moses, and the Messiah of these Pueblo desert-wanderers from an Egypt that History is ignorant of, and whose name even Tradition whispers not. He taught his people how to build cities with tall houses, to construct *estufas*, or semi-sacred sweat-houses, and to kindle and guard the sacred fire." It has been aptly remarked by one writer that Montezuma was the great "somebody" of the tribe to whom the qualities and achievements of every other were attributed.

Fremont gives an account of the birth of the hero, in which his mother is declared to have been a woman of exquisite beauty, admired and sought for by all men. She was the recipient of rich presents of corn and skins from her admirers, yet she refused the hands of all her suitors. A famine soon occurred, and great distress followed. Now the fastidious beauty showed herself to be a lady of charitable spirit and tender heart. She opened her granaries, in which all her presents had been stored, and out of their abundance relieved the wants of the poor. The offerings of love were made to perform their mission a second time. At last, when the pure and plenteous rains again brought fertility to the earth, the summer shower fell also upon the Pueblo goddess, and she gave birth to a son, the immortal Montezuma.

The intelligent chief of the Papagos, whose people occupy the territory between the Santa Cruz River and the Gulf of California, related a legend of the origin and offices of Montezuma, which, while it surprises the reader with its close resemblance to some leading points in the Hebrew and Chaldean Genesis and deluge accounts, still is conspicuous for its inconsistencies, and in its closing statements for the absence of any knowledge of time. In substance it is as follows:

The Great Spirit, having made all things—sky, earth, and the living creatures which inhabited it—

descended into the earth for the purpose of creating man also. Digging in the earth, he found clay, such as a potter uses; this he carried back with him to his celestial abode, and dropped it again from the sky into the pit from which he had dug it. Instantly Montezuma, the genius of life, sprang from the pit, and became a partner in the creation of other men. The Apaches were the next formed, and were so wild that they severally ran away as fast as created. Those were golden days which followed the birth of the race; the sun was very much nearer the earth than now, and his grateful presence rendered clothing useless. A common language between all men, shared even by beasts, was one of the strongest possible bonds of peace.

But at last this paradisiacal age was ended by a great deluge in which all men and living creatures perished. Only Montezuma and his friend, the coyote—a prairie-wolf—escaped. This wonderful animal, with semi-divine attributes, plays a remarkable part in the religion of many of the Pacific tribes, and furnishes us a parallel in our Occidental mythology with the half-human, half-brute combinations of Greco-Roman mythology. The coyote, gifted with prophetic powers, had foretold the approach of this great calamity, and Montezuma, heeding the warning, had built him a boat, which he kept in readiness on the summit of Santa Rosa. His sagacious friend, the coyote, also escaped in an ark made from a gigantic cane which grew by a river's side: having gnawed it down and crawled into it, he stopped up the ends with gum, and escaped. When the waters subsided, the two met again on dry ground. Montezuma then employed the coyote on several wearisome excursions in order to discover the extent of the land, which developed the fact that upon the east and south and west the water yet remained. Only on the north was there land.

The Great Spirit and Montezuma again created men and animals, and the former committed to his partner in the work the duties of governing the new race. These were, however, neglected by Montezuma, who became puffed up with pride, and permitted all manner of wickedness to prevail. The Great Spirit remonstrated with him, even descending to the earth for the purpose of moving his faithless and haughty vicegerent to restore order, but with no avail. Then, returning to his abode in heaven, he pushed the sun back to a remote part of the sky as a punishment on the race. At this, Montezuma became enraged, collected the tribes around him, and set about the construction of a house which should reach heaven. The builders had already completed several apartments, lined with gold and silver and precious stones, and progressed to a point which encouraged all to believe that their defiant purpose would be accomplished, when the Great Spirit smote it to the earth amid the crash of his thunder. Here the account becomes very confused—a great leap is made from Montezuma the culture-hero to Montezuma the emperor, and the two become confounded.

The legend states that, upon the defeat of his re-

bellious scheme, Montezuma still hardened his heart, and caused the sacred images to be dragged through the streets for the derision of the villagers; the temples were desecrated, and defiance to the Supreme declared. As a punishment, the Great Spirit caused an insect to fly toward the east to an unknown land, to bring the Spaniards, who utterly destroyed him.

The post-diluvian part of this story presents the hero in quite another light than that generally accepted by most of the Pueblo tribes, in which he is represented as having been the very model of goodness and beneficence—the founder of their cities, of which Acoma was the first and Pecos the second. Before taking his departure from his people, he prophesied that they should suffer from drought and from the oppressions of a strange nation, but promised them to return as their deliverer. He then planted a tree upside down, and bade them preserve the sacred fire notwithstanding their misfortunes, until the tree fell, at which time he would return with a white race, who would destroy all their enemies and bring back the fertile showers.

It is said that this tree fell from its place as the American army entered Santa Fé, in 1846. In the cramped, subterranean *estufa*, the Pueblo fed the sacred fire burning in the basin of a small altar. It was a warrior's vigil, for by turns their heroes descended into its suffocating atmosphere, thick with smoke, and charged with carbonic acid, to wait often for two successive days and nights without refreshment, often even until death relieved the guard.

For generations these strange architects and faithful priests have waited for the return of their god—looked for him to come with the sun, and descend by the column of smoke which rose from the sacred fire. As of old the Israelitish watcher upon Mount Seir replied to the inquiry, "What of the night?" "The morning cometh," so the Pueblo sentinel mounts the house-top at Pecos, and gazes wistfully into the east for the golden appearance, for the rapturous vision of his redeemer, for Montezuma's return; and, though no ray of light meets his watching eye, his never-failing faith, with cruel deception, replies, "The morning cometh."

One of the most ancient and revered gods of the Mexicans, prior to the days of the Aztecs, was *Tezcatlipoca*. All the attributes belonging to divinity seem to have been conceded to him. An examination of the prayers addressed to him on various occasions, and for nearly every imaginable purpose, at first leads the reader to suppose that the concept of god in the Mexican mind was nearer that which we have of the true God than was ever reached by the wisest of the Greeks. So long as *Tezcatlipoca* remains in his celestial abode, that supposition is well enough, but no sooner does he touch the earth than he plays a rôle quite inconsistent with his previous good character. From Mr. Bancroft's excellent translation of some of these prayers recorded in "Sohagun," I give the following extracts:

"O thou almighty god, that givest life to men, grant me in thy mercy everything needful to eat and to drink,

and to enjoy of thy soft and delicate things; for in grievous toil and straitness I live in the world. Have mercy on me, so poor I am and naked, I that labor in thy service, and for thy service-sweep, and clean, and put light in this poor house, where I wait thine orders; otherwise let me die soon and end this toilsome, miserable life, so that my body may find rest and a breathing-time."

The following prayer for restoration to health has often had its parallel:

"O god, be merciful and send away this sickness, which is killing me, and I will reform my life. Let me once be healed of this infirmity, and I swear to serve thee and earn the right to live; should I by hard toil gain something, I will not eat it nor employ it in anything save only to thine honor."

We also give two extracts from a lengthy and pathetic prayer for deliverance from poverty:

"O lord our protector, most strong and compassionate, invisible and impalpable, thou art the giver of life; lord of all, and lord of battles, I present myself here before thee to say some few words concerning the need of thy poor people, the people of none estate nor intelligence. When they lie down at night they have nothing, nor when they rise up in the morning; the darkness and the light pass alike in great poverty. . . . Our lord most clement, invisible, and impalpable, I supplicate thee to see good, to have pity upon them as they move in thy presence, wailing, and clamoring, and seeking mercy with anguish of heart. O our lord, in whose power it is to give all content, consolation, sweetness, softness, prosperity, and riches, for thou art lord of all good, have mercy upon them, for they are thy servants. I supplicate thee, O lord, that thou prove them a little with tenderness, indulgence, sweetness, and softness, which indeed they sorely lack and require. I supplicate thee that thou wilt lift up their heads with thy favor and aid, that thou wilt see good that they enjoy some days of prosperity and tranquillity, so they may sleep and know repose, having prosperous and peaceable days of life. Should they still refuse to serve thee, thou afterward canst take away what thou hast given; they having enjoyed it but a few days as those that enjoy a fragrant and beautiful flower, and find it wither presently."

We might continue to cite a number of equally excellent prayers, on various subjects, especially prayers in time of war—to the god of battles; for a ruler, that he may not abuse his power; to be rid of a bad ruler; prayer containing confession for sins; for penitents and for other objects: but the extracts above will suffice to show the elevated character of the god.

When we come to consider his character as portrayed in images and in legends of his terrestrial manifestations, the contrast is very glaring—the picture quite a different one from that drawn in our minds by these spiritual petitions. It is the old story over again, read a thousand times before, that the god of an unenlightened mind is but a reflection of its own moral condition. Use of the arts of deception, of witchcraft, and of cruel trickery, rather than the manifestation of power, characterizes the conduct of Tezcatlipoca in all the minor legends of his career among men.

His statue in the city of Mexico was cut from a

piece of obsidian, of a kind peculiar for its qualities of cleavage, and named *teotli*, or divine stone, from the fact that long, splinter-like knives were made from it for use at sacrifices. The idea intended to be conveyed by the expression of his countenance was that of youth, symbolical of his immortality. The adornments of the statue were of the costliest kind, consisting of gold and precious stones. In his left hand he held a mirror of gold bordered with a framework of precious feathers; on this the eyes of the god were ever intent, for in it he saw reflected everything that occurred on the earth. In the right hand he held four darts, the instruments of his wrath, for the punishment of sin; and, as symbolic of the swiftness of his movements, the fore-foot of a deer was attached to his right foot. His elegant vestments, made of the finest cloths, were wrought in gold, adorned with the plumage of tropical birds, and fringed about with rosettes of red, and white, and black.

In a dark chamber, surmounting the temple, sat the stone god, and into his holy of holies none but the priest dare enter under pain of death. At the corners of the streets seats of stone were constructed, shaded by green boughs—renewed every five days—where the invisible god rested when on his walks through the city, and so sacred were these holy resting-places that the king himself would not venture to sit thereon.

There came a time, however, when Tezcatlipoca was not content with having his effigy worshiped at Mexico, but wished to bring himself in more immediate contact with men. He accordingly descended from the sky on a spider's web, and, rambling through the world, came to that *Hesperia* of the Occidentals, the El Dorado of the Toltecs, called *Tulla*, where dwelt the sage and beneficent god *Quetzalcoatl*. There seem to have been four *Tullas*, but one of them, especially, tradition points out as the birth-place of the race, or at least the starting-point of the great migrations of peoples. Whether on this continent or not, is yet undetermined. *Quetzalcoatl*, of whom we shall soon speak more fully, was the god of this legendary paradise; his people never hungered, the soil spontaneously bore abundant harvests, happiness and peace reigned uninterrupted. His palaces were the most magnificent and costly in existence, whole houses being built of *chalchinitz* (a rare green stone of Mexico), or of silver, or of rich feathers. His subjects were very skilled; their commerce was with many peoples; they were artisans also, who carved beautifully in stone, and cast the precious metals into the most graceful devices.

Tezcatlipoca, envious of the magnificence enjoyed by *Quetzalcoatl*, determined upon his destruction. His first appearance at *Tulla* was in the rôle of a great ball-player, and *Quetzalcoatl*, being very fond of the game, engaged in play with him, when suddenly he transformed himself into a tiger, occasioning a panic among the spectators, in which great numbers were crowded over a precipice into a river, where they perished. Again the vicious god appeared at *Tulla*. This time he presented himself

at the door of Quetzalcoatl's palace in the guise of an old man, and asked permission of the servants to see their master. They attempted to drive him away, saying that their god was ill. At last, because of his importunities, they obtained leave to admit him.

Tezcatlipoca entered, and, seeing the sick deity, asked about his health, and announced that he had brought him a medicine which would ease his body, compose his mind, and prepare him for the journey which Fate had decreed that he must undertake. Quetzalcoatl received the sorcerer kindly, inquiring anxiously as to the journey and the land of his destiny. His deceiver told him that the name of the land was Tullan-tlapallan, where his youth would be renewed, and that he must visit it without delay. The sick king was moved greatly by the words of the sorcerer, and was prevailed upon to taste the intoxicating medicine which he pressed to his lips. At once he felt his malady healed, and the desire to depart fixed itself in his mind.

"Drink again!" exclaimed the old sorcerer; and again the god-king pressed the cup to his lips, and drank till the thought of departure became indelible, chained his reason, and speedily drove him a wanderer from his palace and kingdom.

To relate in detail the witchcrafts of this tricky god would require more space than we can here devote to him. After Quetzalcoatl's departure he directed his vicious magic against the Toltecs themselves, and allied himself in marriage with their king Vemac by a most romantic artifice. In the marketplace, just beneath the palace-windows, he appeared as a poorly-dressed vender of green peppers. The king's daughter, looking out, observed him, and the disguised god at once infatuated her mind with such a love for him that she refused to be quieted until he should be brought to her and made her husband. A search was made for him after the frenzy had nearly driven the princess mad, but he was nowhere to be found. Criers were sent out in search of him, calling out the name Toveyo, which he had assumed, but with no avail. After a few days, however, he reappeared at his old stand, vending green peppers. Here he was captured and brought before the king, who questioned him as to his origin and business, and commanded him, against his repeated protestations of his unworthiness, to accept the hand of the princess. They then washed and painted and dressed the cunning god, and celebrated the nuptials, and the king's daughter was restored to her right mind.

This act on the part of the king excited all his people to jealousy, and they spoke contemptuously of his conduct in marrying his daughter to a peddler. The king then commanded them to take Toveyo to war with them, and to retreat from him in the heat of battle, leaving him to the mercy of the enemy. This pleased the people, and they followed the king's commands, deserting Toveyo, together with a number of dwarfs and cripples, when the enemy approached. But the god was not to be outwitted, and, calming the minds of his deformed companions, he rose up alone to meet the enemy, and slew them without number.

Then was Vemac alarmed, and prepared a magnificent reception for Toveyo and his companions, and welcomed them into the city with great manifestations of joy. Toveyo gracefully received all the honors bestowed upon him, and said nothing of the treachery of which it was designed he should be the victim. He, however, was not to suffer such treatment without revenge. He appointed a time for a great festival, sent a crier to the top of a high mountain to call the people to its celebration, and, when the time came, he himself led the people in the dance, playing on a drum. The song and dance were infatuating, and rapidly grew more and more exciting, for the god led in everything himself, and by his subtle magic intoxicated their senses, so that the festive night became a scene of uncontrolled revel, and the roar of melody an inharmonious din. The happy throng was shortly transformed into a mob.

In the panic which followed, multitudes of people attempted to cross a stone bridge built over a fearful gorge or ravine, washed at the bottom by a rapid river. This bridge Toveyo broke in pieces when covered with people, and with a grim satisfaction stood by beholding their destruction. In most of the legends concerning his conduct toward his enemies, he verifies the declaration, "Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad."

A pleasing contrast presents itself as we turn from the consideration of the character of Tezcatlipoca to that of Quetzalcoatl, whom some have called the American Adam, others St. Thomas, and still others the Messiah himself. He is said by one of the old writers to have been the only one of the gods who possessed a human body, and that he was begotten of his father, the supreme being, by the simple exhalation of his breath. His name has been variously defined, but seems to be most frequently rendered "snake-plumage," or "bird-snake."

The serpent was everywhere considered an emblem of the vernal shower, and was thought to be in some way instrumental in bringing it, together with its refreshing and fructifying influences. So here, in the name of Quetzalcoatl, we find a progressive step indicated in the workings of the mind, an advance from the lower figure of the serpent alone to that of an aerial combination, which, while it contained all the virtues of the serpent, is lifted to a higher element—that from which the shower falls. The feathery vapor-cloud of summer is but the plumes or wings of the shower which the serpent symbolized.

From the distant East, from the fabulous Huehuetlapallan, this mysterious personage came to Tulla, and became the patron god and high-priest of the Toltecs. He is described as having been a white man, with a strong formation of body, broad forehead, large eyes, and flowing beard. He wore a mitre on his head, and was dressed in a long, white robe, reaching to his feet, and covered with red crosses. In his hand he held a sickle. His habits were ascetic; he never married, was most chaste and pure in his life, and is said to have endured penance

in a neighboring mountain, not for its effects upon himself, but as an example to others. Some have here found a parallel for Christ's temptation. He condemned sacrifices, except of fruits and flowers, and was known as the god of peace, for when addressed on the subject of war he is reported to have stopped his ears with his fingers.

Quetzalcoatl was skilled in many arts, having invented gem-cutting and metal-casting. He furthermore originated letters, and invented the Mexican calendar. The legend which describes the latter states that the gods, having made men, thought it advisable that their creatures should have some means of reckoning time, and of regulating the order of religious ceremonies. Therefore two of these celestial personages, one of them a goddess, called Quetzalcoatl to counsel with them, and the three contrived a system which they recorded on tables, each bearing a single sign. That sign, however, was accompanied with all necessary explanations of its meaning. It is, however, noticeable that the goddess was assigned the privilege of writing the first sign, and that she chose a serpent as her favorite symbol.

Upon leaving Tulla, driven from his kingdom by the vicious enmity of Tezcatlipoca, he ordered his palaces of gold, and silver, and turquoise, and precious stones, to be set on fire. The myriads of rich-plumed songsters that made the air of the capital melodious with song accompanied him on his journey, pipers playing on pipes preceded him, and the flowers by the way are said to have given forth unusual volumes of perfume at his approach.

After journeying one hundred leagues southward, he rested, near a city of Anahuac, under a great tree, and as a memorial of the event he cast stones at the tree, lodging them in its trunk.

He then proceeded still farther southward in the same valley, until he came to a mountain, two leagues distant from the city of Mexico. Here he pressed his hands upon a rock on which he rested, and left their prints imbedded in it, where they remained visible down to a very recent date. He then turned eastward to Cholula, where he was received with greatest reverence. The great pyramid was erected to his honor. With his advent the spirit of peace settled down upon the city. War was not known during his sojourn within it. The reign of Saturn repeated itself. The enemies of the Cholulans came with perfect safety to his temple, and many wealthy princes of other countries erected temples to his honor in the city of his choice.

Here the silversmith, the sculptor, the artist, and the architect, we are led to believe, from the testimony of both tradition and remains, flourished under the patronage of the grand god-king.

However, after twenty years had elapsed, that subtle, feverish draught received from the hand of Tezcatlipoca away back in Tulla, like an old poison in the veins, renewed its power. Again his people, his palaces, and his pyramidal temple, were forsaken, that he might start on his long and final journey. He told his priests that the mysterious Tlapalla was his destination, and, turning toward the east, proceeded on his way until he reached the sea at a point a few miles south of Vera Cruz. Here he bestowed his blessing upon four young men, who accompanied him from Cholula, and commanded them to go back to their homes, bearing the promise to his people that he would return to them, and again set up his kingdom among them. Then, embarking in a canoe made of serpent-skins, he sailed away into the east.

The Cholulans, out of respect to Quetzalcoatl, placed the government in the hands of the recipients of his blessing. His statue was placed in a sanctuary on the pyramid, but in a reclining position, representing a state of repose, with the understanding that it shall be placed upon its feet when the god returns. As the Pueblos looked for Montezuma, so did the Cholulans wait for the coming of Quetzalcoatl. When Cortes landed, they believed their hopes realized, and sacrificed a man to him, and sprinkled the blood of the unhappy victim upon the conqueror and his companions.

Father Sahogun, when on his journey to Mexico, was everywhere asked if he had not come from Tlapalla. No wonder when the fleet of Cortes hove in sight on the horizon, almost in the same place where Quetzalcoatl's bark had disappeared, that the Mexican, who had been waiting centuries for the prince of peace to return, believed his waiting to be at an end. No wonder that he inquired of the distant and mysterious Tlapalla. In this state of expectancy we find a most natural and fruitful soil for the operations of the Spanish conquerors. It is not our purpose to attempt a solution of the Quetzalcoatl mystery, if it is a mystery at all. Theories ranging from the most realistic to the most fanciful, the most commonplace to the most extraordinary, have been advanced for the explanation of his origin and nature, and still it is doubtful whether any of them are correct. Whether he was more than a mythical Nature-deity on the one hand, or a wise and princely stranger on the other, we submit to the reader's own judgment. As it is, the inquirer must wait for a more definite acquaintance with his history, until the silence of the great stone records on pyramids and temples is broken, and the Toltec cities, which lie buried under the perpetual shade of forests, are compelled to give up their secrets.

A FLORIDIAN ISLAND.

THE Atlantic coast of the Southern States is bordered by a chain of low and mostly long and narrow islands, separated from the mainland by estuaries, some of which broaden into great rivers and bays, while others form mere narrow creeks. Many of these islands, like Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, for instance, are but reaches of barren sand, with at best a scanty growth of coarse grass, a few thickets of myrtle-bushes, and some scattering palmettoes and yuccas, while others comprise thousands of acres of fertile soil.

Where these islands are narrow, sandy, and naturally well drained, they offer desirable sites for summer residences—the constant sea-breeze by which they are fanned rendering them cool and salubrious in the extreme. *Ante bellum*, the inhabitants of the unhealthy neighboring mainland were wont to escape to them during the hot months, leaving their plantations in charge of the overseer. Some of the larger fertile islands, however, often embracing freshwater ponds, marshes, and low, swampy grounds, are fully as malarious as the low mainland of the coast-region, with the exception of here and there an elevated situation on the ocean-side, where little summer villages sprang up for the accommodation of the neighboring planters.

The climate of these islands, so far as temperature is concerned, is delightful—the sea-breezes tempering the heat of summer, and the close approach of the heated current of the Gulf Stream imparting a mildness to the winters unknown in the interior. On them also almost every kind of tree and plant seems to flourish more luxuriantly than on the mainland. Here the long, fine fibre of the sea-island cotton was developed, and here it reaches its perfection.

The superior advantages of islands had been observed and noted in the time of Pliny, who, speaking of the origin of the various fruits grown in Italy, says that most of them were brought from the isles of the Archipelago. "The walnut-tree," he says, "came from Sardinia; the grape, the fig, the olive, and many other fruit-trees, were brought originally from other Mediterranean islands. The olive and other plants only flourish in the neighborhood of the sea." It is so here. The olive grows more luxuriantly and produces better crops on these sea-islands than in the south of Europe; and the fig, the strawberry, the pear, and the peach, are equally at home on them.

Following southward this chain of natural coast-defenses, we reach, at Amelia Island, the northeastern corner of Florida. This, though not so set down in our geographies, is undoubtedly one of the "Fortunate Isles," Nature having here manifested unwonted prodigality in the bestowal of her benefits; and a combination of favoring conditions—topographical, hydrographical, and climatic—sets it apart as one of the great centres of population, wealth, and civiliza-

tion. Here man is invited to build a great island-city—a semi-tropical New York, embowered in orange-groves, overtopped by date-palms, with broad streets and park-like open squares, shaded by evergreen oaks and magnolias; and gardens, the gorgeousness of whose tropical flowers should be mel- lowed by the sheltering broad leaves of the banana and the linear foliage of the tall and graceful bam- boo; and to stretch out beyond it and across the river into the neighboring mainland a checkered ex- panse of orange and lemon groves, orchards, fruit- gardens, and market-farms.

Evidently man has hitherto failed to understand this invitation aright. The Spaniards, who were shrewd people in such matters, it is true, seemed to appreciate the advantages of the island; for they made a settlement here at a very early period. "Old Town," a cluster of odd-looking houses on a bluff near its northern end, still keeps alive the memory of the swarthy Celtiberians whose names one may read on the moss-grown and brier-wreathed crosses in the ancient cemetery; but only the nucleus of the great city of the future exists in the pretty little town of Fernandina, with its three thousand inhabitants and its moderate business as a shipping- port. In place of the orange-groves, olive-orchards, vineyards, and market-farms, which are to be, there stretches a waste of "palmetto-scrub," pine-barrens, and jungle-like "hammocks," to the southern end of the island. The deer and the raccoon are hunted where millions of dollars' worth of fruit and vege- tables ought to be growing. The indications of Na- ture are unmistakable nevertheless.

A long, narrow strip of land, stretching from Cum- berland Sound on the north to Nassau Sound on the south, a distance of fifteen miles or more, and hav- ing a width of from half a mile to a mile and a half; the Atlantic Ocean, threaded near the shore by the steaming current of the Gulf Stream; on the east, a broad estuary (Amelia River); on the west, a belt of dense evergreen forest, backing the coast sand-hills to break the force of occasional gales from the eastward—these are some of the local causes of the exceptional climate of Amelia Island. In sum- mer, the constant southeastern trade-winds give a delightful coolness to the air, while the surrounding tepid ocean-tides moderate the cold of winter, and render killing frosts almost unknown, as the ripening of the banana and the guava in the gardens of Fer- nandina clearly proves. In fact, the frosts are slight- er and less frequent here than at places in the in- terior more than a hundred miles farther south. Add to this the fact that there are no swamps or ponds of stagnant fresh water on the island, and therefore no malaria or malarial fevers, and I need not further enlarge upon its climatic advantages.

The roar of the breakers, mellowed into a slum- berous murmur by distance, reminds me of the beach—the pride of the Fernandinians—which is one of

the finest on the whole coast, extending in an unbroken line the entire length of the island, and being as smooth and hard as old Ocean's rollers can make the shining, shell-strewn sand.

From our house on the hill near Old Town I get glimpses, through gaps in the belt of evergreen woods that borders it, of the dark-blue expanse of the Atlantic, and often on these clear, bright, glorious autumn days I think how pleasant it would be to ramble through the flowery fields and fragrant woods to the beach; but, alas! our Floridian paradise is a paradise lost. Its fields, which look so charming in the distance, are overgrown with green briars and beset with bur-grass, thorny cactus, and nettles, and the intervening thickets, even now in the last days of October, are swarming with mosquitoes of the most bloodthirsty type; so I postpone the ramble. A drive or a horseback-ride from town over the fine shell-road would be better.

In some of the towns and older settlements of Florida one is constantly reminded of the song of the homesick Mignon:

"Know'st thou the land? 'Tis there the lemon blooms;
'Bove shady groves the golden orange looms;
There gentle winds come sweeping o'er the land;
The myrtles stir and high the laurels stand."

Here, in town, every front-yard is a little orange-grove, and every garden boasts its row of bananas. Lemons, limes, and guavas, grow and mature their fruit side by side with the peach, the pear, and the plum, of cooler latitudes. Even the cabins of the negroes remind one of tropical pictures, so embowered are they sometimes in the peculiar foliage of hot climates.

As you leave the town, the scene changes. No suburban villas with their parks, gardens, and groves (though there are fine sites for such residences), meet

the view, but in their place a waste of "palmetto-scrub" and long reaches of pine-barrens, with here and there a little clearing and a squalid negro hut. The inhabitants are squatters on land which nobody thinks of sufficient value at present to claim possession of. Their cabins are built of logs or rough boards, are furnished with wooden chimneys plastered inside, and sometimes are thatched with palmetto-leaves. One even sees huts the walls of which also are covered with palmetto-leaves attached to a slight frame of poles. Who is so poor that he cannot have a house in a country like this?

Interspersed among the pine-lands are "hammocks," many of them as fertile as the best bottom-lands of the West. The forest-growth on these consists of live-oak, hickory, magnolia, sweet-bay, and many other species of trees, mostly broad-leaved evergreens, inwoven and sometimes almost smothered by climbing vines. So dense are some of these hammocks, especially at their margins, that it is impossible, without much labor with hatchet and axe, to pierce them. Others are more open, but the wildest luxuriance reigns in them all; and they are the paradise of the deer, the raccoon, and the panther.

In the rivers and creeks ducks and other waterfowl abound, and fish of many kinds and oysters are everywhere to be had for the taking.

Such is this half-tropical Floridian island in some of its most striking aspects, but I cannot put upon paper the intense blue of the skies which bend over it, or the splendor of the sunshine which envelops it, as in a sea of glory, day after day and month after month, all the year round. The song of the mocking-bird, and the fragrance of the magnolia and the yellow jasmine, are equally beyond my powers of description.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IF the indefatigable Dr. Schliemann does not succeed in reconstructing history, and transferring the Homeric tale from the region of fable to that of actual fact, he will at least have achieved a by no means vain or useless purpose—that of feeding and satisfying the eager and commendable curiosity of mankind. Never have the "finds" of antiquarian delvers and diggers—not even those of Layard in Assyria, or of his successor, George Smith, or of the slowly-toiling excavators of Pompeii—been so full of thrilling and romantic interest as the discoveries which the devoted German has made, or thinks he has made, on the famed plain of Troy, and now among the ruins of the only less-famed city of Perseus and Agamemnon. Unlike most of his countrymen, who are usually cautious, cool, incredulous, painfully weighing evidence on this side and that, and watching intently lest they should allow a sentiment of poetry or tradition to color the theories they construct, Dr. Schliemann has a perfect faith—we had almost said credulity—in the importance of his discovery, the

identity of the antique objects he unearths with those mentioned by the blind bard, and in the historic existence of events hitherto regarded as legendary. It was a German, we believe, who proved that the heroic William Tell never existed except in the lively imagination of the Swiss: it is a German who now tells us that Troy certainly was, and Priam, and Achilles, and Agamemnon, and Hector; that an elopement, breeding war, really took place on the part of Paris and Helen; and that he has found the treasure of the king, the citadel, and many other of the objects and places described in the "Iliad."

Dr. Schliemann has logically transferred his researches from the Troad to Argos, and, crossing the Ægean, has settled down to the excavation of the long-mysterious ruins of Mycenæ. Those ruins are, not improbably, contemporaneous with those of Troy; and from Mycenæ came the king who commanded the Hellenic forces before the Asiatic city, the brother of the outraged husband of Helen. Substantial results have

followed the painful digging of the German and his devoted wife, which enthusiastic couple "may have been seen" squatting on the ground under the rain, troweling up the earth, and every now and then bringing forth from oblivion golden diadems and goblets, ear-rings and necklaces.

Whether or not these ruins date as far back as the warlike monarch who, according to Homer, was not the first of the great men of earth, it seems at least clear that they existed as stately edifices at a period when glass and iron were unknown in Argos, that is, in the period which archaeologists designate as the "Bronze age;" and the same may be said of the Troy unearthed by Dr. Schliemann. As yet he has been able to find no writings or inscriptions, from which it would appear that the sepulchres of the gorgeously-arrayed bodies which he has found took place, in all likelihood, before the Greeks had adopted the Phœnician alphabet. Yet the artistic beauty of the pottery and jewelry which have so abundantly rewarded Dr. Schliemann's delving shows to what a high state of perfection the workmanship of goldsmiths and potters had attained in this unquestionably remote period.

Dr. Schliemann is not, indeed, entitled to the credit of discovering the site and making the first researches at Mycenæ, as at Troy; for the Treasury of Atreus, the Gate of the Lions, and the cyclopean walls which once surrounded the city, were excavated many years ago. No doubt the tombs which Dr. Schliemann has found are those of an ancient line of powerful and wealthy kings, who must have lived in gorgeous fashion, to judge by the splendor of their funeral ornaments; for one of them, at least, was buried with a crown of gold over two feet long, while their rings and other jewels, adorned with precious stones, further attest their luxury. We have as yet, doubtless, but a small installment of the discoveries the indefatigable doctor is destined to make at Mycenæ; and very likely, before he has completed his task, he may come upon inscriptions which will prove incomparably more precious to history than the golden treasures already found.

WHILE Dr. Schliemann is thus engaged in following up what traces he may of the historic truth of the Trojan War, we are reminded that, though living in what is sometimes called a "new" country, we have our antiquities as well as Argos and the Troad. Probably Dr. Schliemann would politely demur at calling anything not more than eight centuries old antique; but to us, whose oldest habitable buildings are scarcely two, a stone like that of Dighton, in Massachusetts, that bears an inscription which is believed to have been carved by the Icelanders in the year 1007, has the flavor of a really venerable curiosity. A meeting has been held recently in Boston, to consider whether a memorial should not be erected to the Norse discoverers of America, by whom Dighton rock is believed to have been left as an heirloom to a then unimagined nation. Of course it is proper to honor thus the intrepid Icelandic voyagers who, five centuries before Columbus, followed the Eric sons to Cape Cod

and the Narragansett; and the idea of preserving the carved relic they left should certainly be carried out.

But if we begin to erect monuments to all the supposed discoverers of our favored continent, there will be much work for the architects, and frequent calls upon the purses of the patriotic rich. There are the Welsh, for instance, who claim that certain of their doughty countrymen drifted as far as these shores in 1170, and who tell wonderful stories about Indian tribes in the interior who were found to understand that many-consonant vernacular which the Celt, certainly, alone in Europe, can either read or speak. Before Eric the Red, too, there were, in all likelihood, discoverers of what was to be America. Greek writers mention lands beyond the western waters, accounts of which were brought back by the venturesome Phœnicians; and there are learned men who imagine they have found evidences of Chinese or Japanese discoverers, who must at least have come over before the Icelandic expeditions.

The public-spirited antiquarians of Boston, however, may safely urge that, of all authenticated discoveries, that of Eric is the oldest. Here, it seems, there is no room for doubt; both Iceland, in its Eddas, and America, in its Dighton rock and other relics, furnish evidence that our coast was skirted for over a thousand miles by the Icelandic brothers; while the same hardy race sowed Greenland with villages, and spread terror throughout Northern Europe, so formidable was their prowess on the sea. We need not on this account, however, give up our loyalty to the name and memory of Columbus; for a discoverer is one who makes known to civilization a land either previously unknown or, if once known, forgotten and lost sight of; and it is pretty certain that the Europe of the fifteenth century was either ignorant or oblivious of the Icelandic discovery.

We have indirectly learned of a movement on foot among a few journalists designed to introduce into our newspapers the French custom of attaching the name of the writer to every critical article. In France this is made necessary by statute; in this country it would be hopeless to expect legal enactments enforcing the practice, and thus we can only look for its adoption by the influence of public opinion. Conservative as Englishmen are, they have gone further in this direction than we have, one of their critical literary journals now appearing with every article signed by the writer. No doubt there are many advantages in the anonymous system; so many, indeed, that we should think it better to adhere to established custom, were it possible to shut the columns of the newspapers against irresponsible and malicious persons. But, inasmuch as the present method permits anonymous writers to vent their spleen at pleasure, to stab at reputation with the immunity of an assassin in the dark, and under the protection of that vague generalization "we" to utter gross misstatements with the self-assurance of ignorance or the malice of envy, it is evident that a change ought to be made. It need not follow that independence in criticism would suffer therefrom. There

has always been a false notion that freedom in expletives is a necessary corollary of freedom in criticism. Searching criticism rarely offends if it is written in a dispassionate tone, with justice and discrimination, after evident study of the thing criticised, and with the clear purpose to establish the truth. And it is quite certain that this sort of criticism would be far more common if every critic knew that he would be held fully responsible for his utterances. As it is now, the critic thinks his principal function is to amuse his readers, that it is not necessary to be discriminating and just, but simply to say pungent and witty things that will entertain his readers, no matter who may suffer in consequence. A man over his own name would hardly like to face the world with the criticism that a great poem is "effusive idiocy," or a great painter "a pot-boiler," or a fine novel "a strain of lunacy," thereby proclaiming to all informed and just-minded persons the measure of his imbecility or the depth of his turpitude. The consequences would be quite too unpleasant to be tolerated, and in very self-defense the critic would be forced to understand what he is writing about, and, having arrived at just conclusions, to express them in a reputable manner.

The license of criticism has always been one of the surprising things in our civilization. Property is guarded with the utmost care, but reputation is scarcely protected at all. The law gives redress for vicious defamation, but none for reckless opinion. An artist, for instance, brings to a painting wide experience, large knowledge, and bestows upon it his best skill. Upon the picture thus earnestly thought out and laboriously evolved, his future almost depends. Such an artist has no right to expect good-natured flattery in the judgment of his painting, but he has an imperative claim upon the justice of every one who looks upon it. Neither ignorance, nor presumption, nor envy, should be permitted to deprive him of that which fairly belongs to him—the right estimation of his work. It is therefore monstrous that a so-called critic, after a hasty glance at a painting, should be permitted to publicly defame and damn it—permitted to do so wholly regardless of the fact whether his judgment is a just one, or whether he has acquirements that fit him for his self-assumed censorship. It happens too often, in America, that criticism is ridiculous puffery; it happens, on the other hand, much too often that criticism is malicious, or, in aiming to be "smart," immolates a victim for the sake of a laugh. It is a false and a strange civilization that relentlessly hunts down the thief, but lets the robber of reputations go unscathed; that places the value of a few coins above that which gives men consideration among their fellows, and enables them to reap the rewards of their labor.

AND how prompt all of us are to utter opinion! It is not yet one of the canons of morals that right to opinion has its limitations. "No one," once remarked a gentleman in our hearing, "has a right to a wrong opinion." This assertion in its effect was like the explosion of a torpedo. Every listener became agitated, and each

hotly resented this embargo upon established privilege. "Who is to decide whether opinion is right or wrong?" was the prompt demand. "No one," frankly admitted the first speaker; "but, while whether an opinion is right or wrong must remain uncertain, the acceptance of the law I have laid down would at least impress upon every one the obligation of caution in forming opinion, the necessity of knowing something about a subject in regard to which he is to act Sir Oracle, and would thus serve to form a sentiment, the purport of which would be that loose and thoughtless censure is an offense against justice, and in pure morals a crime." No one assented to this argument. It was considered a clear infringement on the right of everybody to give a judgment on anything under the sun at thirty seconds' notice. The right to judge was clamorously maintained, but the right of the judged to a just decision was most imperfectly understood; and yet was not the position of the solitary advocate defensible? While there is no tribunal before which it may be determined whether criticism is just or unjust, we may be sure that if we insist upon the dictum that opinion must not be uttered until after due examination, and as a result of study and knowledge, one may not always be right, but the effort to be so will extenuate any wrong he may commit. The current idea of the right of opinion is not far from saying that a judge may give a decision without hearing the evidence, and sentence to punishment without knowing whether the accused has a defense or not. There ought, moreover, always to be a presumption in the favor of that which we are judging. The author who has written, or the artist who has painted, has in all likelihood given study and thought to his performance. His purpose may be different from that which his critic supposes; he may be able to establish that his view of the subject is founded upon sounder principles than are those by which his censor judges; he has indisputably the right to explain his purpose, and set forth the laws under which he has acted, before a verdict can be rendered with any degree of fairness.

It seems to us that the function of criticism is commonly mistaken. It has never exercised the favorable influence upon art or literature claimed for it; the great aesthetic achievements in every country have preceded the epoch of criticism. When people begin to analyze and to formulate their impressions, they have lost the force that creates. It is right enough that we should study the principles that directed creative power, but, if we assume that this process is going to fire ambitious doers, we shall be in error. Criticism has no doubt elevated the taste of some people, but it has also made hosts of cynical skeptics: for one man it has taught how to understand and admire, two have had all their zeal and enthusiasm extinguished by it. It has been a restraint upon genius, rather than an encouragement to it; men have far more often fought their way into recognition despite it than by its aid. It seems to us that criticism can have but one distinct advantageous purpose, and that is, not to break butterflies on the wheel, nor to tilt at aspirants that

will be sure in the end to find their natural level, but to explain and to elucidate, to set forth purpose, to detect meaning, to expound principles, to point out what has been accomplished, to give the uninstructed person the benefit of another's knowledge, insight, and faculty of perception; to show the world of careless readers or observers the beauties and excellences they have overlooked. There is no need to expose the blunders of mistaken aspirants—they will die of their own disease; but there is need of looking into the heart of what has been worthily done, of discovering the meaning of original genius; to act for the general public as a guide, a Greek chorus, an expounder; to be a light that illuminates, rather than a free lance that destroys.

THE annual exhibition of the New York Water-Color Society, which opened in January, is peculiarly significant of the rapid growth of art-culture in our country. This society is just ten years old, and, when it gave its first exhibition a decade ago, it had but a meagre display of native pictures to offer to a public generally uninstructed in and prejudiced against water-color painting. To-day the society displays on the walls of the Academy a very noteworthy collection, and addresses a large constituency with whom pictures in water-colors are almost a passion. We know of no good reason why any one should make himself a partisan in behalf of either oil or water colors: each method has its purpose and its sphere; and hence an art-lover may give in his adherence to the transparent tints of one vehicle as suitable for certain classes of subjects, without losing or qualifying his admiration for the other.

The present exhibition of the Water-Color Society is very noteworthy in showing a general rise in the level of artistic execution. "Every one," a critic remarked to us, "has got on an elevator and reached a higher plane." This, unfortunately, while nearly true, is not entirely so. There is an occasional instance of a painter who has relaxed his attention or forgotten his skill; but altogether the exhibition is the most striking instance that we can recall of a general advance in execution along the line. Last year's collection contained a few paintings as good as anything on the walls this season; but there are now numerous instances of thoroughly good work—the bad pictures, for once in an exhibition, are the exception.

But, while cordially acknowledging this marked development of skill, it still remains a matter of regret that our artists cling so tenaciously to a narrow field of subjects, that genuine imagination enters so rarely into the selection or the composition of their themes. It is agreeable to observe the fidelity with which they reproduce the characteristics of our own scenery, or enter into the spirit of far-off landscapes; and it is peculiarly satisfactory to discover that the features and incidents of early American life form so frequently the subject of a picture. But our artists must have more audacity if they are fully to command the suffrages of the community; they must select with greater courage, with more dramatic insight, with larger imaginative power, with stronger human passion;

there must be more pulse in their veins, more fire in their brain, more energy in their will. An art can never be great that hangs upon the edge of human life, and feels none of the grand stir and agitation of the passions. We need in art the fascination of beauty, the charm of superb color, the incarnation of ideas, the thrill of effective action, and not merely a hundred prettinesses that do no more than give a little feeble pleasure, or win the idle satisfaction of the *dilettanti*.

WE have referred to the enlarged constituency which the water-color painters address. Unfortunately, in this country, the art-public is at best but a melancholy minority of the whole people. Artists multiply, and art-taste widens, but there is no general, broad, catholic art-instinct. Those who paint pictures, and those who admire them, constitute a sort of republic of their own, separated by distinct lines in their culture and their ideas of life from the rest of the nation. Were it not that art-feeling is marked and deep with this special class, we should be tempted to concede the truth of the recent criticism of a French critic that "art has absolute limitations of latitude and longitude, and is therefore unknown to many peoples." This assertion, strange enough, no doubt, to many readers, is made in a recent work by Charles Blanc. This Gallic critic feels assured that genuine art is not to be found outside of France, Belgium, and some parts of Germany; he admits that he cannot decide whether climate, or religion, or ideas and manners, or institutions, constitute the cause of this lamentable fact, but he thinks it clear that in certain communities the feeling for art is wholly unknown. Without quarrelling with this conclusion—for it seems to have some groundwork of truth—one is puzzled to understand the boundaries, defined by the astute critic. That some good paintings come from Germany, and many poor ones from Italy, we all know, and it is certainly surprising to find the art-faculty thus transferred from the south of the Alps to the north of them. Why modern Italy should be so prolific in inferior work is beyond our wisdom to say, but, despite this fact, no one, we imagine will deny the passionate art-impulses that underlie her civilization. It is certainly strange. In Germany and England there exists an art-set almost wholly apart from the rest of the people—one that is filled with measureless contempt for the Philistinism of the burgher class; one that makes and has its own world of feeling, judgment, and being, and which produces much of the noteworthy work of the period. A similar class is growing up in America; but in France and in Italy the artists and the people are fully in accord: they are one in their sympathies, their delights, and their instincts.

The logic of all this would seem to be that art-production is not necessarily an outcome of national proclivities. France and Italy have similar conditions; yet one leads the world in masterly work, and the other has not one painter of distinguished fame. England and Germany, with their dull, unsympathetic multitudes, altogether outdo the land where every bosom is filled with

the passion of beauty, the love of form, the intoxication of color, and a land whence come the most inspiring traditions, and which holds a majority of the best examples of past art.

These facts are encouraging for art in America. Were it necessary that art should be a product of some wide-spread sentiment, of a deep national feeling, we should need at least another hundred years to bring about any marked result; for we may be sure that, while the people at large may have the sort of liking for pictures that children have, they possess but the minimum of art-feeling. But the class to which we have referred separates itself from the indifference of the multitude, cherishes ideals and cultivates tastes unknown outside of its boundaries; is filled with its own purposes, aspirations, sentiments, and perceptions: and this class promises in the end to build up a worthy national art-history; and as ideas do, however slowly, at last permeate large masses, we may hope in the far future to see our people generally fall under the dominion of tastes they have now no natural power to comprehend.

To most men the inclination to "take sides" on all subjects and matters whatsoever is irresistible. The judicial mind is a rare product, even of a ripe civilization; there is something of excitement and combative joy in being a partisan, whether it be a partisan of a candidate or of political principles, of a questioned hero or event in history, or of a style of painting or pottery. It is amusing to observe, too, that men will eagerly take sides, grow red in the face, and dispute, and fume, and fret, and wax wroth with one another, about subjects which in no way affect their pockets, interests, well-being, or happiness, in any way. Events distant in time and place are scarcely less provocative of this disputative tendency than events near at hand and in progress.

Now, in the present quarrel between Russia and Turkey, we find that a very large proportion of the American press, and no doubt of the American people, too, are inclined to take very earnestly the side of Russia. Yet it seems very difficult to sympathize with either of these nations if we stop and consider what they have been and are, and what are their present ambitions. That there should be little pity or condolence for the Turk, indeed, is no wonder. Everybody feels that he is out of place in Europe; that he has abused his position there; that he is "unspeakable," as Carlyle says, in his utter incapacity to govern so much as tolerably. Cruelty, oppression, perfidy, bankruptcy, have ever followed in the wake of the career of the successors of Othman.

But why, on the other hand, should we sympathize with Russia? It is true that during the civil war the czar spoke some kindly words of interest in the cause of the Union; but they cost him nothing; and the only noteworthy aspect of his courtesy was the fact that it was an

utterance of sympathy from the most aristocratic of despots to the most republican of peoples. It would be illogical in the extreme to say that, because the czar was courteous then, we should approve of his expedients and ambition now.

The only other ground that we can think of for sympathizing with Russia is the theory that as a Christian power she is contesting with Moslem Turkey in order to better the condition of her Christian subjects. But who that has followed the thread of even recent Russian history can believe that she is going to undertake war for the philanthropic object of disenthraling an enslaved race, and procuring religious liberty for the Christians in Turkey? It is very clear, on the other hand, that her paramount object is dominion, and that the Bulgarian oppressions are but a cloak and an excuse. When has Russia been conspicuous for her zeal in freeing oppressed peoples? On the contrary, as has recently been said with force and truth, "she is the power which, throughout history, has been the most consistent upholder of absolutism in Europe—the only European power which has to this day no representative system, and which continues to be an absolute autocracy of the purest type."

Russia crushed Poland, and trod Hungary under foot to deliver her bound over again to despotic Austria. It is not twelve years since she visited on the Poles the most horrible oppressions, and the Poles are more truly Christian, certainly, than the Bulgarians; while even now, ever and anon, Polish victims may be seen in groups wending their way to the desolation of Siberia. Her cruelties committed in the Caucasus, and notably those imposed, within four years, upon the defenseless women and children in Khiva, the authors of which were decorated and promoted, place her at least on as low a level of savage barbarism in her methods of ruling as that to which the Bulgarian massacres have brought the Turks.

Russia has again and again proved the utter faithlessness of her pledges. She promised reforms in Poland forty years ago, and not one reform has been instituted yet. She agreed to leave Samarcand, and then Khiva, and her garrisons still hold both. The emancipation of the serfs alone redeems her history within the memory of living men from being a dreary narrative of tyrannies numerous and remorseless, of systematic cruelty to the races subject to her rule, and a haughty adherence to old despotic ways of governing by force. Surely there is little material here upon which to base the sympathies of an enlightened people living in the full light of liberty. There is no reason to believe that Russia would govern Bulgaria any more gently than she does Poland; and the example of her methods there should make us pause before we conclude that the substitution of the czar for the sultan in Turkey would benefit her oppressed races.

New Books.

TWO modern queens have received a kind of apotheosis at the hands of their contemporaries and of posterity—Mary Stuart and Marie Antoinette. The former, perhaps, is now oftenest regarded with mixed feelings of contempt and pity; but toward the latter the wellnigh universal sentiment is that respectful, tender, and compassionate admiration to which Burke gave such eloquent expression. Marie Antoinette, indeed, no more than others who occupy exalted station, escaped the shafts of detraction; but the unutterable tragicallness of her fate has completely obliterated the stains of scandal, and, as Sainte-Beuve strikingly remarks, she has become to modern minds what Hecuba and Andromache were to the ancients—"objects never named to inattentive ears, never contemplated without lively sympathy." The interest excited by her story is as fresh and engrossing as ever; and it is not surprising that a writer like Professor Charles Duke Yonge, who possesses a sort of instinct for the popular, should make her the theme of an elaborate work.¹ It should be said, however, at the start, that Professor Yonge's "Life of Marie Antoinette" does not take its sole *raison d'être* from the popular interest which the theme would be sure to inspire. During the past ten years no fewer than a dozen volumes of correspondence, disinterred partly from the archives at Vienna, and partly from collections in private hands, have been given to the world. This correspondence includes not only numerous letters from Marie Antoinette to her mother Maria Theresa, to her brothers Joseph and Leopold, emperors of Austria, and to several of her most intimate friends, such as Madame de Polignac; but also a regular series of letters from the imperial ambassador at Paris, the Count Mercy d'Argenteau, who was specially deputed by Maria Theresa to act as friend and adviser of her daughter in the new sphere to which she had been so early assigned. The letters, as a whole, cover the entire period between the arrival of Marie Antoinette in France, in 1770, and the dethronement of Louis XVI., in 1792; and they not only let in a flood of light upon the character and career of Marie Antoinette, but form an almost complete history of the most secret doings at the French court during the most eventful and momentous period in the annals of the nation. Seldom or never has the most intimate and interior life of a conspicuous public character been revealed so fully as these letters reveal that of Marie Antoinette; and not a few of them deal with topics almost too sacred for the profane touch of public criticism.

As none of this immense mass of valuable material has hitherto been incorporated with any life of Marie Antoinette, and as Professor Yonge has made extensive use of it throughout, it is evident that his work will easily supersede any and all of its predecessors. We may add that he has made it indefinitely more perilous than before for any English writer, at least, to follow him over the same field. It would be difficult to name an author who possesses fewer of the characteristic qualities of an historian, and in the case of Marie Antoinette he has avowedly undertaken the task of eulogist rather than of critic or judge; yet he is industrious and honest, and it is generally easy to find in his own record of facts ample material for the refutation of his often absurd and always dubious conclusions. Any reader who should accept, *verbatim et literatim*, Professor Yonge's estimate of the

character, qualities, and influence of Marie Antoinette, would certainly carry in his mind a most inconsistent and portentous portrait; but then the only excuse that could be offered for one who should perpetrate this folly would be that he was too dull, or too careless, or too prejudiced, to distinguish facts from rhetoric. We fancy, for example, that no one will be found to adopt Mr. Yonge's reiterated opinion that Marie Antoinette possessed in a high degree the "instincts and insights of true statesmanship," when Mr. Yonge's own narrative proves to demonstration that it was her mistakes of judgment on several critical occasions that sealed the fate of the monarch, if not of the monarchy. Beyond doubt, they were the mistakes of a loyal and lofty-minded woman and queen, and they wrought for themselves a terrible expiation; but, in contemplating the lamentable tragedy that closed Marie Antoinette's life, we cannot help feeling that one of the most poignant elements in her punishment must have been the consciousness that she was largely responsible for the awful fate which had overtaken not only herself but those whom she loved far better than herself. There is something chivalrous, and even touching, in the author's fidelity to the hapless queen whose story he tells; but it is evident that he has idealized her in his mind, and that he takes poetic license when he diverges from the chronicling of facts to the drawing of conclusions.

It only remains to say that Professor Yonge's fervid and picturesque style finds here a thoroughly congenial subject, and that the book is absorbingly interesting from beginning to end.

CURRENT gossip tells us that Mr. Tennyson is firmly convinced that he is possessed of dramatic powers which, if they could only find adequate expression, would establish his primacy among the poets of the time, even more securely than his lyric poetry has done; and the brief interval at which "Harold": has followed "Queen Mary," would seem to indicate that he will give himself no rest until he has either found that adequate expression, or proved his faith in himself to be a delusion. Whether "Harold" is an advance upon "Queen Mary" or the contrary, is a question which has already divided the critics, but it is quite evident that the two works are entirely different in character. Though "Queen Mary" was very far from being a mere "closet drama," it was yet addressed mainly to the reading public, and had to undergo extensive modifications before it could be produced upon the stage. "Harold," on the contrary, is, if not a genuine "acting play," plainly designed to be such, and could probably be put upon the boards without the elimination of a scene or the omission of a line. After this statement, it is hardly necessary to say that everything in "Harold" is on a much less pretentious scale than in "Queen Mary." The *dramatis personæ*, for example, are reduced from forty-five to twenty-three; the spectacular accessories are kept easily within the limits of modern stage-carpentry and scenic effects; the interest is concentrated almost too exclusively upon the three or four leading characters; and there is but one speech exceeding thirty lines in the entire play. Part of the concision and even rude directness of style was designed, doubtless, to bring home to us those primitive times when, as Carlyle says, men found it easier to act than to talk; but it is not to be believed that, if Tenny-

¹ The Life of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. By Charles Duke Yonge. With Portrait. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 473.

² Harold: A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 170.

son had had the reader chiefly in his mind, he would have left his work so bare of those imaginative flights and felicities of expression which no poet has ever surpassed him in, and which made even "Queen Mary" so charming a companion for a quiet evening. The ultimate destiny of "Harold" (at least in the author's intention) is the stage, and there only, perhaps, will its merits or defects be fully revealed.

This being the case, it is evident that the real test to apply to "Harold" regards the attractiveness of the characters which it creates, and the power with which they are delineated; and here the critic is, as it were, divided against himself. Harold, "the last English King of England," is a wonderfully real person, full of force and vigor, and endowed with all the virtues which Mr. Freeman assigns him in his painstaking "History of the Norman Conquest." His grand and noble figure dominates the entire drama, and though the sentiments which he erects into principles, and by which he shapes his conduct, have a decidedly modern flavor, this impairs in no perceptible degree the imaginative fidelity of the delineation. After Harold, the most skillfully-drawn character is that saintly enthusiast, Edward the Confessor; and William, Count of the Normans, is well portrayed in two or three brief but brilliantly forcible scenes. The least effective of the important characters are the two heroines, who are intended to contrast with each other, and to lighten the atmosphere of the drama, but whose *raison d'être* the reader never entirely succeeds in penetrating. Edith is good and weak, and Aldwyth is bad and weak, and neither really takes form in the imagination, though some of the finest verbal jewels of the play drop from the lips of the latter, while the sweetest and most touching of lyrics are placed in the mouth of the former. It is quite possible, however, that on the stage, and in the hands of a strong and experienced actress, Aldwyth might prove to have marked dramatic power. As to the minor characters, they are without exception remarkably well drawn, and though kept duly subordinate, are distinctly individualized.

The chief fault of "Harold," from the dramatic point of view, is that it is deficient in passion. Patriotism and superstition are the ruling motives, and both are impressively illustrated; but, unfortunately, patriotism, as Sir Thomas Browne says, "is but a cold affection," and not even the aid of metaphysical powers can render superstition alluring to modern sympathies. Love, hatred, revenge, jealousy, and ambition—all these enter into the story, but merely as incidentals; and, in consequence, the movement, though sufficiently rapid, is destitute of that fire, and vigor, and emotional force, that characterize great tragedies. Many of Shakespeare's historical plays set the heart throbbing and the blood galloping through the veins: "Harold" can be read with scarcely an acceleration of the pulse.

MANY readers of the JOURNAL in its weekly series will probably recall certain appetizing paragraphs giving vivid glimpses of the manners, customs, and characteristics of the German middle classes, which we extracted at the time from current issues of *Fraser's Magazine*. The papers from which these extracts were made have now been collected into a handy little volume, entitled "German Home Life,"¹ and we can commend it heartily as a book from which much entertainment may be derived, and no little instruction. The author (understood to be the Countess von Bothmer) is an English lady, who resided long in Germany, enjoying, as the wife of a Ger-

man gentleman of position and influence, exceptional opportunities for studying, not merely the superficial aspects of manners and institutions, but that intimate social life of a people which strangers so seldom succeed in penetrating. The facts with which she deals are for the most part such as have come under her own observation, and her comments upon them have been subjected to the test of personal experience; and partly on this account, partly by reason of her evident desire to be entirely fair and impartial, the book is remarkably free from those hasty generalizations and dogmatic pronouncements which usually characterize attempts to delineate a foreign people. The author will hardly be accused of entertaining any very keen admiration for German modes of life; but, on the other hand, she does not set down aught in malice, and exhibits none of that spirit which, in Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "Saxon Studies," for example, mars the interest of a most brilliant and suggestive work.

In scope, the treatise makes no pretension to either system or completeness; the aim is rather to present lively and authentic sketches of such characteristic and distinguishing traits of one people as would naturally prove interesting to intelligent members of another. While in the chapters on "Religion" and "The Church" topics for serious reflection are suggested, the author's chief object in those on servants, furniture, food, manners and customs, language, dress, amusements, women, men, and marriage, is evidently to be entertaining without being frivolous.

WITH the spell of Mr. Black's genius fresh upon us, it is difficult to assume a critical attitude toward his work; yet we think few readers of "Madcap Violet"¹ will dissent from our opinion that, excellent as it is in some respects, it is the least pleasing of all the author's stories. In the subtle and delicate delineation of character there is no falling off, and James Drummond touches higher levels than Mr. Black has hitherto been content to walk upon, at least with his men; but he appears to have fettered himself with conditions under which he frets more and more as the story goes on, and for which at the last he seems to take malicious revenge upon the reader's feelings. Of course we do not pretend to indorse the absurd proposition that every story should have a pleasant ending—human life, unfortunately, does not always conform to "the syllogisms of happiness;" but we certainly think that in the infliction of pain the novelist should be subjected to the same sort of restraints as the surgeon—he should not inflict it wantonly or unnecessarily, nor carry it beyond the point essential to the accomplishment of his legitimate purposes. Now, judging "Madcap Violet" even by this moderate standard, we hardly see how Mr. Black can acquit himself of the charge of wanton cruelty. The dénouement of the story is too shocking for contemplation; one instinctively puts it out of the mind. And the offense is aggravated by the fact that there is not even an artistic necessity for anything of the kind. The faults and errors of the characters involved had been amply expiated by the sufferings already endured; there was no Gordian knot which the author could dispose of only by cutting it; everything apparently had been prepared for the customary and expected ending; and the final catastrophe seems like a mere caprice on the author's part, indulged at the last moment, and for which no adequate lines had been laid in previous portions of the story. If it was Mr. Black's design to exemplify in its intensest form the perversity and the irony of human fate, he has succeeded; but, even so,

¹ German Home Life. Uniform with "French Home Life." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 26mo, pp. 372.

¹ Madcap Violet: A Novel. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 427.

his book lacks the unity of a dominating purpose, and is destitute of the impressiveness of true tragedy. Another characteristic which distinguishes "Madcap Violet" from the author's previous works is that it contains no agreeable woman. As a portrait, Violet is a skillful piece of work, and is probably true to Nature; but she exercises no such charm upon us as that of Sheila in "The Princess of Thule," Bell in "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," and Wenna in "The Three Feathers." There is no central figure around whom the reader's sympathies cluster; Violet repels as often as she attracts, and James Drummond excites rather an intellectual curiosity than a personal interest. Even in the accessories of the story Mr. Black seems to have made an unfortunate choice; for the glimpses which we get of London social life and suburban scenery are but a sorry substitute for the splendid scenic background against which he usually outlines his characters.

AN aspirant for fame as a writer of fiction would do well to read Mr. Hamerton's "Wenderholme,"¹ if for nothing else to see how much talent and what painstaking labor can be bestowed upon a story which, after all, shall fail of even such success as would encourage further effort in the same field. There is enough raw material in "Wenderholme" to furnish forth a dozen ordinary novels. Its studies of character have a photographic realism and minuteness; it brings out very effectively the contrasts of social life in an English shire; its "situations" are natural, and in themselves not without interest; the plot, if commonplace, is no more so than in many admirable stories; and the narrative throughout displays the dexterous literary workmanship that characterizes all Mr. Hamerton's writings. If it were as good as a whole as it is in its several parts, it would be a great novel; but, somehow, it lacks cohesion, movement, and vitality, and we hear too plainly to maintain any illusion on the subject the roll of the machinery and the voice of the prompter at each change of scene or persons. The difficulty with Mr. Hamerton is, that he looks at human life with the feeling of a painter rather than of a dramatist. Natural scenery, physical peculiarities, external features, he represents with unsurpassed skill and fidelity; but when he comes to delineate human character he pursues the same method, and instead of vitalized persons we have a series of still-life pictures indicated in terms of psychology. The impression of artificiality thus produced is intensified by the great length of the novel, the keenness of the author's perception being dissipated by contact with too many details. Though considerably abridged, as Mr. Hamerton tells us in the preface, from its original form, the story is still much too long; and we think the advice which led him into the evident over-elaboration is proved by the result to have been unsound.

IF Mr. Hamerton's work suffers from a too-labored minuteness, the new volume of the "No-Name Series" ("Is That All?")² is injured still more by its extreme sketchiness and brevity. The author has plainly not allowed himself room to work out his conceptions, and the book impresses one rather as the framework or outline of a novel than as a novel in itself, though it must be admitted that the framework is put together with remarkable skill. The opening chapters are exceedingly appetizing, and we do not recall a work in which the cul-

tivated, refined, and somewhat quaint society of an old New England town is depicted with such insight and vivacity. The characters, too, if partaking too much of the aspect of "types," are individual enough to awaken a divided interest and sympathy, while the plot seems to promise indefinite opportunities for that *finesse* and delicate limning in which the author excels. Just, however, as the interest of the situation fully reveals itself, the weaver drops his shuttle, snaps his threads, and, singling out a few of them, ties the ends in a knot, and offers it as the completion of the design. This precipitously abrupt ending is the only inartistic feature of a story which we confess to have read with more pleasure than its extreme tenuity would seem to justify. As to the authorship, there are several characteristics which point to the conclusion that it is a woman's work; but, on the whole, we are inclined to say that if we are not indebted in this case to the author of "Malbone," we must congratulate him on a disciple who follows in his footsteps with such fidelity.

THE extreme rarity of really good short stories is apt to make us exaggerate their merits when they do present themselves, but, after making due allowance for this tendency, Mr. Boyesen's "Tales from Two Hemispheres"³ are still deserving of very warm praise. Two out of the six which the little volume contains very nearly reach the level of Mr. Harte's earlier stories, which we take to be the best that have been written in our time; and the others are less good only because their themes are less pleasing. The intimate intermingling of the quaint, Arcadian simplicity and romanticism of the Norse life and people, with the hard practicality and self-sufficiency of American character, does not, in Mr. Boyesen's hands, produce the effect of incongruity, but rather serves to bring out by way of contrast the characteristic attractions of each. If we Americans, when we desire to see ourselves as others see us, could only look through Mr. Boyesen's eyes, the process would be relieved of its proverbial disenchantment; he fixes his attention only upon what is good in our society, character, and manners, and (perhaps rightly) ignores the incidental crudeness and garish vulgarity. American women, especially, are placed under obligations, for more hearty and flattering yet discriminating homage than that of Mr. Boyesen has never been offered them. Writing, as he does, in an alien tongue, the artistic precision and elegance of the author's style are surprising. A very few unusual terms are wrongly applied, but in general his language is not only idiomatic but remarkably correct and even polished.

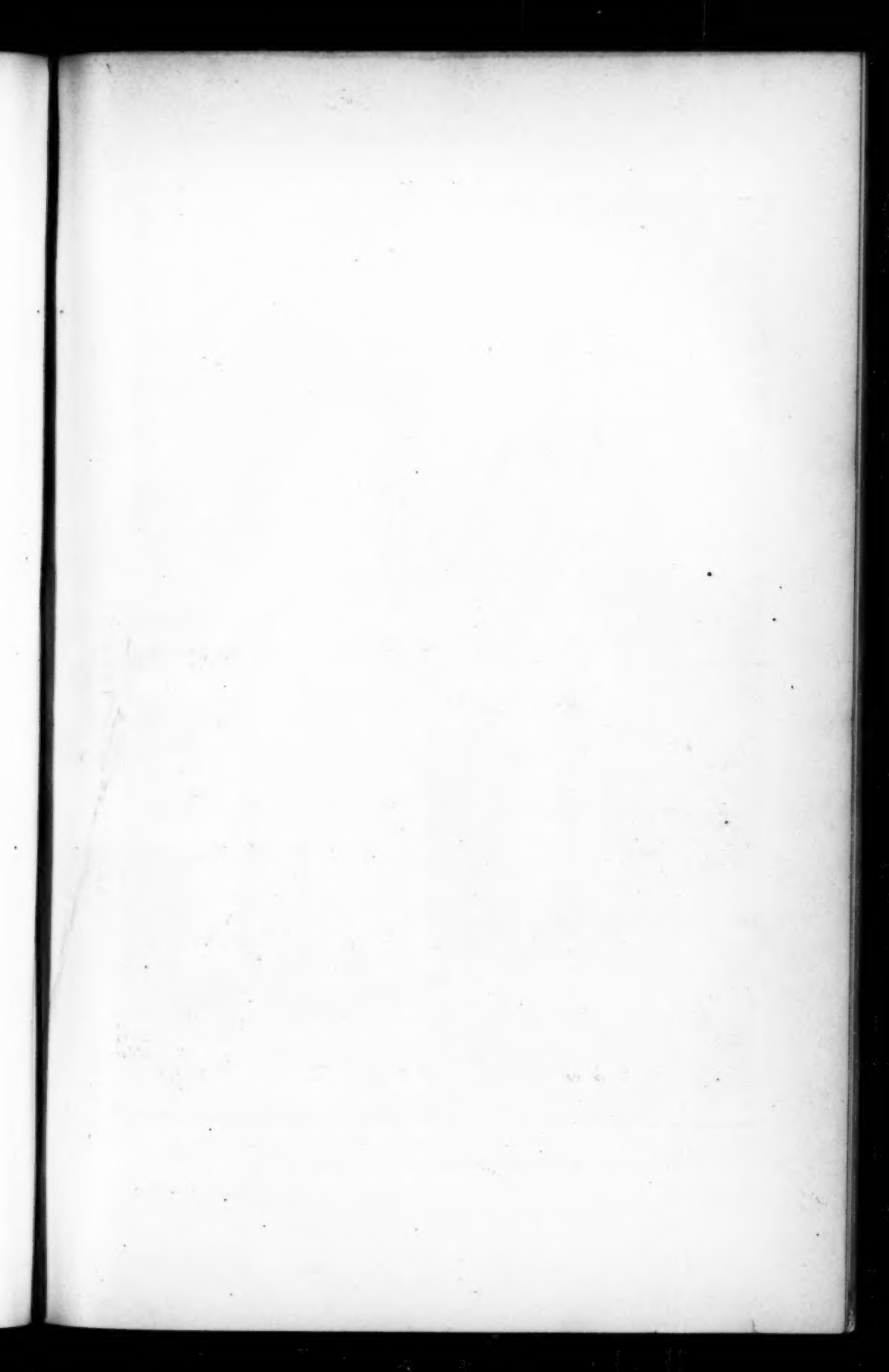
IN the construction and gradual development of plot, "John Maribel"⁴ shows some skill, and at times it is animated in narrative and picturesque in description. The style is tolerably good, the author only occasionally indulging in that gushing sentimentality which no canons of taste have so far been able to wholly suppress in the average American female novelist. The characters are well drawn; the peculiar defect of the book being the sketchy character of the chapters, which are like so many jerky episodes, often without coherence or fusion. The characters, moreover, often come and go vaguely and uncertainly, the reader being not unfrequently puzzled to understand who certain personages are, and whence they come. The incidents of the story occur in the Southwest, and as a rule they have *vraisemblance* to the place and the period.

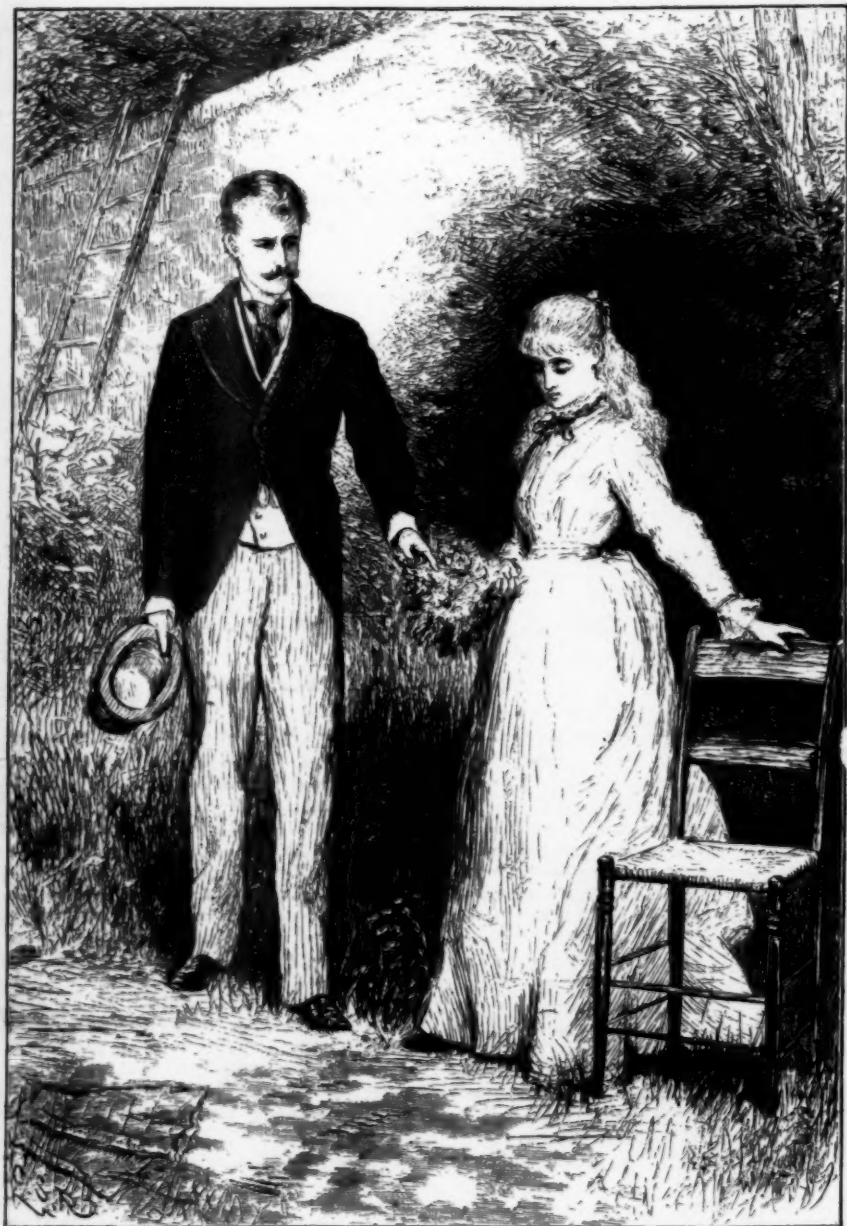
¹ Wenderholme: A Story of Lancashire and Yorkshire. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 12mo, pp. 433.

² No-Name Series. Is That All? Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 244.

³ Tales from Two Hemispheres. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 304.

⁴ John Maribel: A Novel. By Maria Darrington Deslonde. New York: Carleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 412.





"He tapped the flowers significantly with his forefinger as he spoke."

"Cherry Ripe!" Chap. X.